C. Holmden

ÆSOPS FABLES,

With

THEIR MORALLS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE

Grammatically translated.

Illustrated with Pictures and Emblems.

Together with the History of his LIFE and DEATH, newly and exactly translated out of the Originall Greek.

Philostr. Imagin.

Κορυφαῖα δὲ τῷ χορῷ ἡ ἀλώπηξ.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. D.* For *Francis Eglesfield*, and are to be sold at the signe of the *Marygold* in *Pauls* Church-yard,

MDCLI.

c. 66

C. Inglis M.D.

16. Estienne Perret, XXV fables des animaux, vray miroir exemplaire, par lequel toute personne raisonnable pourra voir la conformité et vraye similitude de la personne ignorante aux animaux bestes brutes. Anvers, Christophle Plantin. 1578.

1 vol. in-fol. de 26 feuillets. (Brunet, III, 681.)
Volume orné de gravures assez belles.

Mat^eyt in stede van antwoorde door den baner-heere van Selles, ende
van alle t' ghene dat naemaels ghehandelt is ghewees tusschen den

Voorts tot blyckelicker verclaringe zyn hier by gevoegt copyen der brieven van de voors. Staten geschreven aen Syne Ma^teyt : midts oock van de onderwysinghen ende brieven ghesonden door Syne Ma^teyt in stede van antwoorde door den baner-heere van Selles, ende van alle t' ghene dat naemaels ghehandelt is gheweest tusschen den

"Time brings opportes to pass
And various maxims teaches
Jesus came preaching on an ass
An ass now comes & preaches."

To the Reader.

Reader,

I *Do not know thee, and therefore cannot fit thee with an* Epithet. *Who, or whatever thou be, I here preſent thee with a new* Edition *of what thou haſt already had; onely a little larger, a little better, and the method a little alter'd. Do not wonder to find ſo much* reaſon *in this little book amongſt* birds *and* beaſts, *it is but what* Men *have loſt and they have gathered up: Thou maiſt well allow* Owls, Daws, Buzzards, Woodcocks, Apes, *and* Aſſes *to talk together in old times, when as we now find the ſame creatures ordinarily in every* Pulpit: *ſo that what were* Fables *in* Æſops *time, are* Truths *in ours. If with the* ſugar *of theſe* fictions, *thou take down the wholeſome* pills *of the* Morall, *the* Authour *hath his end in writing, and I mine in publiſhing. Let* Children *look upon the* pictures; *look thou further. If thou reade the* Fable, *thou maiſt be as merry as others*

with their ſack and claret; if thou reade the application, *thou maiſt learn as much as in the ſchools of the moſt ſevere* Philoſophers. *Farewell, and enjoy it, either for* delight, *or* profit, *or* (*which is beſt of all*) *for both together.*

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ÆSOPS *Fables.*

FAB. I.

The Dunghill-Cock, *and* precious Stone.

THe Cock whilſt he ſcratched in a dunghill, found a precious ſtone: ſaying, what do I find a thing ſo bright? If a Jeweller had found it, none ſhould have been more jocund then he, becauſe he knew the price of it. But, indeed, it is uſeleſſe to me, neither do I much value it. Yea truly, I had rather have a grain of barley, then all Jewells.

Morall. *Underſtand by the Jewell, art and wiſedome. By the Cock, a fooliſh man and voluptuous. Neither do fooles love liberall arts, ſeeing they know not the uſe of them: nor a voluptuous man, whom pleaſure onely delights.*

A *Cock* (the *dung hill* ſcraping) chanc'd to ſpie
Among the Dirt, a precious *Jewell* lie;

Which he disdaining cries, What profit can
This yield to me? if, happily, a Man
(Knowing the virtue) had this *Jewell* found,
'Twould make his heart with present joy abound:
But in my eye one Barley-corn is more
Then all the *Jewells* on the Indian shore.

The Morall.

The precious Stone *described here, implies*
High-prised Arts *and their rich* Mysteries:
The Cock *a sordid* Nature, *whose desire*
(*Like the dull Swine, that wallow in the mire*)
Doth greater joy in earthly pleasures find,
Than the endowments of a virtuous Mind.

FAB. 2.

The Wolf *and* Lambe.

A Wolf drinking at the head of the fountain, saw the Lambe afarre off below drinking. He runneth and chideth the Lambe, for that he troubled the fountain. The Lambe, trembled besought him that he would spare him being innocent. That he could not, nor would trouble the drink of the Wolf, seeing he drank farre beneath.

neath. The Wolf on the other ſide thundereth: ſaying, Thou church-robber, thou doeſt nothing: thou alwayes doeſt me miſchief: thy father, mother, all thy hatefull generation is conſtantly againſt me. I will make thee ſmart for it to day.

Morall. *It is an old ſaying: that it is an eaſie matter to find a ſtaffe to beat a dogge. A mighty man if he liſt to hurt eaſily takes occaſion. He hath offended ſufficiently who cannot oppoſe.*

A Thirſty *Lambe* walks to the Rivers ſide,
Where ſhe is by a ravenous *Wolf* eſpide,
Whoſe curriſh nature (ſtill on miſchief bent)
Thus picks a quarrell with the innocent
And harmleſſe Beaſt: What villain mov'd thee thus
Juſt in our preſence (as in ſcorn of us)
Ere we could drink to foul the Chriſtall Spring?
The *Lamb* affrighted at his menacing,
Repli'd, great Sir, the cauſe of my offence
Was through my ignorance, not inſolence;
Nor did I know, that you were preſent here:
At which the *Wolf* 'gins more to domineere,
And anſwers, ſlave thou ly'ſt; have not I ſeen
How ready thou, and all thy friends have been
To croſſe us ſtill? for which (without delay)
Thy bloud for all thoſe former wrongs ſhall pay.

The Morall.

So Great men oftentimes o're-ſway with might
The Poore, againſt reſpect of Law or right.

FAB. 3.

The Eagle, the Frog, and the Mouſe.

THe Mouſe waged warre with the Frog. The contention was concerning the Empire of the fen. The battell was fierce and doubtfull. The craſty Mouſe lurking under the weeds, ſets upon the Frogge treacherouſly. The Frogge being better in ſtrength, and more able in valour and leaping, challengeth his enemy the open field: each of them had a ſpear of a bulruſh. Which battel being ſeen farre off, the Kite maketh haſt unto them: and whileſt neither of them is aware, for the heat of the battell, the Kite ſnatcheth away, and teareth in pieces both the Champions.

Morall. *In like manner it happeneth to factious citizens who being inflamed with a deſire of rule, whileſt they contend amongſt themſelves to be made Magiſtrates, do put their eſtates, and alſo their life very oft in danger.*

THe *Frog* and *Mouſe* at variance did ſtand,
Who ſhould be King, and rule the Mariſh land;
And therefore to decide this fatall jarre,
They undertake a long and doubtfull Warre:

The

The crafty *Mouſe* in ambuſh cloſely lies,
That ſhe th' unwary *Frog* might ſo ſurpriſe:
The *Frog* ſuſpects the Plot, and therefore ſhe
To open combate dares her enemie;
Not willing to prolong the warre; agreed
Both parties meet; each brandiſhing a Reed
In ſtead of Spears: While at each others ſight
Their courage makes them eager on the fight:
Which ſcarce begun, the Kite comes flying by,
(To both of them a fatall enemie)
And, ſtooping, quickly parts the Warriours fray,
Making both *Mouſe* and *Frog* become her prey.

The Morall.

So factious men inflamed with deſire
Of bearing rule, imprudently aſpire
Beyond their reach, and fooliſhly contend;
But haſten their own ruine in the end.

FAB. 4.

The Dog *and the piece of* Fleſh.

A Dog ſwimming over the river, carried a piece of Fleſh in his mouth. The Sunne ſhining, as it fell

out, the ſhadow of the fleſh ſhined in the waters: which ſeen, he greedily catching at it, loſt that which was in his jaws. Therefore being amazed with the loſſe both of the thing, and alſo of his hope, firſt, he was aſtoniſhed, afterwards getting heart again, he barked out thus: O wretch, there wanted a moderation to thy greedineſſe. There was enough, and more then enough, if thou hadſt not doated: now thou haſt leſſe then nothing by thy fooliſhneſſe.

Morall. *We are put in mind of modeſty by this fable, we are put in mind of wiſdome, that there be a moderation in our deſire; leſt we loſe certain things for uncertain.* Surely, Sannio *in* Terence *ſpeaks cunningly*; I, *quoth he*, will not buy hope at that rate.

BY chance a hungry *Dog* had robb'd the Pot,
Or from the Cook a piece of Fleſh had got;
Wherewith he nimbly croſſe a River flies,
To ſhun purſuit of following enemies.
But as he paſt, within the waters clear,
The fleſhie ſhadow did to him appear;
Who not content, but covetous of all,
Dives for the ſhadow; lets the ſubſtance fall:
So both being loſt, when he could neither find,
He cries, Fool thank thy over-greedy mind.

The Morall.

Be not too covetous t' encreaſe thy ſtore,
But what thou undertak'ſt conſult before;
Leſt Fortune may thy undertakings croſſe,
And thou buy future hopes, with preſent loſſe.

FAB. 5.

The Lion and other Beasts.

THe Lion had made a covenant with a sheep and with certain other beasts, that there should be a generall hunting. They go to hunt, a Hart is taken. They divide him. Every one beginneth to take up their severall shares as it was agreed, the Lion roarted out, saying, one part is mine, because I am the worthiest. Also another part is mine, because I most excell in strength. Furthermore, I challenge a third part, because I have sweat more in catching the Hart. And lastly, unlesse you will grant me a fourth part, farewell friendship. His fellows hearing this, do depart empty and still, not being so bold as to mutter against the Lion.

Morall. *Faithfulnesse hath been ever rare, it is more rare now a dayes, but it is and hath been always most rare amongst potent men. Wherefore it is better that you live with your equall. For he that liveth with a potent man, must necessarily depart oft-times from his own right. You shall have equall dealings with your equalls.*

A Gen'rall day for hunting being decreed
Amongst the Beasts, they mutually agreed

(The ſports being ended) equall ſhare ſhould fall
Of what they ſlew to recompence them all:
So out they go to hunt the nimble Hart,
Who ſlain, each Beaſt according to deſert
Expects his ſhare: to whom the *Lion* thus
Firſt ſpeaks, you know my friends that unto us
Belongs one part by right of dignitie;
A ſecond too pertaineth unto me,
In that my ſtrength doth above yours excell;
A third is alſo mine, you know it well
'Cauſe in purſuit I took the greateſt pain;
A fourth part now there onely doth remain,
Which as a gift from all your loves I take,
And for your kindneſſe, recompence will make:
So all the Beaſts depart, nor durſt they ſhew
An angry look, although deluded ſo.

The Morall.

As here the Lion (*right pretending*) *claims*
The others due: ſo for unlawfull gains
(Injuſtice oft prevailing) poore men ſtand
Aloof whileſt others do poſſeſſe their Land;
Not daring ſeek their own; ſo much the fear (bear.
Of Greatneſſe awes them, though great wrongs they

FAB. 6.
The Wolf and the Crane.

THe Wolf devouring a Sheep, by chance the bones ſtuck in his throat. He goeth about, deſireth help, but no man helpeth him. All ſay, that he had got a juſt reward of his greedineſſe. At length he induceth a Crane by many flatteries, and more promiſes, that her long neck being thruſt into his throat, ſhe would pluck out the bone which ſtuck in it. But ſhe asking her reward, he mocked at her. Thou fool, quoth he, go thy way; Haſt thou not enough that thou liveſt? Thou oweſt me thy life. If it had pleaſed me, it was in my power to bite off thy neck.

Morall. *It is a common ſaying, that is loſt which thou doeſt to an ungratefull man.*

HUnger ſore bit the *Wolf*; which he to eaſe,
Roving for prey, upon a *Lamb* did ſeiſe;
And it devoured: but through too much haſt
Of feeding, croſſe his ravenous throat ſtuck faſt
One of the ribs, which ſo the *Wolf* did pain,
That he to many often did complain;
But none would lend him help: at length he goes
And to the *Crane* his griefs ſad cauſes ſhows;

Entreating her to uſe her beſt of skill,
And down his throat by thruſting her long bill
To draw the bone that did afflict him ſo;
For which ſhe ſhould not unrewarded go;
But have her full content: the eaſie *Crane*
(Won with fair words, and hope of future gain)
Effects the Cure, and then demands her pay:
To whom th' ingratefull *Wolf* did ſcoffing ſay,
What pay fond fool canſt thou expect of me?
Is't not enough that thou eſcapeſt free,
Not hurt at all, when I with little ſtriſe
Had power but now to take away thy life?

The Morall.

To gratifie ungratefull men, doth prove
Thy loſſe and harm, on others place thy love.

FAB. 7.

The Countrey-man *and the* Snake.

THe Countrey-man brought home a ſnake, found in the ſnow almoſt dead with cold. He laid him to the fire. The Snake receiving ſtrength, and poyſon from the heat, afterwards not enduring the flame, infected all the cottage with hiſſing. The countrey-man runneth unto him, and ſnatching up a ſtake, expoſtulateth with him

him the wrong with words and blows, whether he would thus requite him? Whether he went about to take away life from him, who gave him his life?

Morall. *It cometh to passe sometimes, that they will do you hurt to whom you have done good, and that they will deserve ill of you, of whom you have deserved well.*

IN depth of Winter (numb'd with cold) a *Snake*,
Seeming half dead upon the ground did lie,
On which a *Husbandman* did pitty take,
As he by chance that way was passing by;
So bears her home, then layes her by the fire,
The heat whereof did soon the cold expell,
That suddenly the *Snake* began respire;
And (feeling strength) with her old venome swell:
But quite forgetfull of the good receiv'd,
Or what the man to save her life had done,
(Whereof she almost lately was bereav'd)
To throw abroad her poyson she begun,
And hissing flies at him with all her might;
Which he perceiving, fetcheth weapons straight,
Replying, Villain, dost thou thus requite
My kindnesse, and my love pursue with hate?
For this ingratitude thy life shall pay,
And what I sav'd, I now will take away.

The Morall.

So oftentimes we (by experience) see
Those prove our greatest enemies whom we
Do most befriend; and those to whom we show
Most love, to us most spitefull often grow.

FAB.

FAB. 8.

The Bore and the Asse.

WHileſt the ſluggiſh Aſſe mocked the Bore, he was wroth, and gnaſhed his teeth, ſaying; O thou moſt ſlothfull Aſſe, truly thou haſt deſerved ill, but although thou haſt been worthy of puniſhment, yet I am unworthy to be revenged of thee. Mock on; thou mayeſt ſafely, for thou art out of danger for thy ſluggiſhneſſe.

Morall. *Let us do our endeavour, that when we hear or ſuffer things unbeſeeming us, we ſpeak not, nor do things unworthy of us: for evil men and deſperate, for moſt part do rejoyce, if any good man do reſiſt them. They value it much, that they ſhould be accounted worthy to be avenged of. Let us imitate horſes and great beaſts, which paſſe little barking curres.*

WHile the dull *Aſſe* the ſturdy *Bore* derides,
The *Bore* whom moderation wiſely guides,
Replies, dull villain, that the world may ſee
How much I ſlight thy ſcoffes, although from me
Thou juſt revenge deſerv'ſt, jeſt on thy fill,
Thy baſeneſſe guards thee, and withholds my will.

The Morall.

Be not much mov'd when foul aſperſions grow;
Leſt falſe untruths like veri'ties may ſhow. FAB.

FAB. 9.

The City-Mouſe, *and* Countrey-Mouſe.

IT pleaſed the City-Mouſe to walk into the Countrey. A Countrey-Mouſe ſaw him, inviteth him, preparation is made, they go to ſupper. The Countrey-Mouſe fetcheth forth whatſoever he had laid up for winter, and bringeth out all his proviſion, that he might ſatisfie the daintineſſe of ſo great a gueſt: notwithſtanding, the City-Mouſe frowning, condemneth the ſcarcity of the Countrey; and then highly extolls the plenty of the City. Returning home, he leadeth the Countrey-Mouſe with him into the City, that he might make good in deed that which he had in words boaſted of. They go to the banquet which the City-Mouſe had gloriouſly prepared. As they were at the banquet, the noiſe of a key is heard of them in the lock. They begin to tremble, and running, fled away. The Countrey-Mouſe both unacquainted, and ignorant of the place, had much ado to ſave himſelf. The ſervant departing, the City-Mouſe returneth unto the table, calleth the Countrey-Mouſe. He ſcarcely having put away his fear, creepeth out: And asketh the City-Mouſe drinking unto him, whether this danger be often. He anſwered that it was daily, and it ought to be ſlighted. Then ſaid the Countrey-Mouſe,

is it daily? verily, your dainties savour more of gall then of hony. I, in truth, had rather have my scarcity with security, then this plenty with such anxiety.

Morall. *Riches have indeed a shew of pleasure, but if you look within them they have danger and bitternesse. There was one* Eutrapelus, *who when he would hurt his enemies most of all, made them rich, saying that he would revenge himself of them, for that they should receive with their riches a great bundle of cares.*

THe *City-Mouse* that many dayes had spent
Within her native soil, on travell bent,
The Countreys sweet varieties to see,
Is by a *Countrey-Mouse* met happily;
Who entertains her with the choicest fare
Her Larder could afford, nor did she spare
For any cost, which the delightfull field
To welcome unexpected guests could yield:
Yet this pleas'd not the *Citie-Mouse*; the meat
Seemed too course for her nice chaps to eat;
And therefore she intreats the *Countrey-Mouse*
To walk with her, and view her City house,
To see what entertainment she could give,
And how deliciously she still did live:
So both agree, and to the City come;
Which entred, they approch a spacious room:
And after welcome given a dainty feast
The *City-Mouse* provideth for her guest:
Both fear themselves and heartily do feed:
But midst their junkets with unwelcome speed
They hear the turning of a key, whose fear
Enjoyns them quickly to forsake their chear,
And shift into a hole, from whence they see
One of the household servants hastily
Enter the room (the which unusuall sight
Doth much the trembling *Countrey-Mouse* affright)
But he not staying long, the City Dame
Returneth to the Banket whence she came;

And

And calls her friend, offring a choycer bit
To her, then any ſhe had taſted yet:
But fear had ſpoild her ſtomach, ſo that ſhe
(Glad to depart) replieth, If this be
The ſauce you have unto your City fare,
Give me my own, (though courſe) 'tis void of care:
Such fears perplex not us, nor griefs moleſt
Our homely roofs; we undiſturbed reſt,
Though courſe our fare; when dangers more then (great
Attend the dainty Junkets which you eat.

The Morall.

The poore mans happie life is here expreſt,
While he content with his eſtate remains,
Above the rich, although of wealth poſſeſt;
For care to get, or fear to loſe his gains,
Doth ſo perplex his troubled mind, that he
Scarce lives a day or houre contentedly.

FAB. 10.

The Eagle and the Daw.

AN Eagle having gotten a cockle, could not pluck out the fiſh by force, or art. A Crow coming unto her gives her counſell. She perſwadeth her to ſoar aloft, and to caſt down the cockle from an high, upon the

the ſtones: for that it would ſo come to paſſe that the ſhell would be broken. The Crow tarrieth upon the ground, that ſhe may wait for the fall. The Eagle throweth it down, the ſhell is broken, the fiſh is ſnatched away by the Crow, the Eagle being mocked grieveth.

Morall. *Do not give credit to every one, and take heed that you look into the counſel which you ſhall receive of others. For many being conſulted with, do not give counſell for them who aſk counſell of them, but have an eye to themſelves.*

THe *Eagle* finds a Cockle, and with pains
Labours for what the faſtned ſhell reſtrains;
Which the ſly *Daw* beholding with deceit,
Pretends t'inſtruct the *Eagle*, how to get
The fiſh with greater eaſe; and bids her flie
Aloft, and with the Cockle mount the skie;
Then let it fall againſt ſome rock, that ſo
The ſhell might open with the ſudden blow:
Which done, the *Daw* that ſubtly watcht her prey
Snatches the meat, and nimbly flies away;
Leaving the cheated *Eagle* all alone,
Her ſad miſhap and folly to bemone.

The Morall.

Do not belief in every one repoſe;
For ſeeming friends prove oft the greateſt foes;
In faireſt Meadows dangerous Adders lie,
And moſt deceit is clad with flattery:
Which in deluding Counſellers is ſhown,
Not for thy gain, but profit of their own.

FAB.

FAB. 11.

The Crow and the Fox.

A Crow having gotten a prey, maketh a noiſe in the boughs of a tree. A Fox-cub ſeeth him jetting, runneth unto him. The Fox doth very kindly ſalute the Crow. I have heard (quoth ſhe) very often that fame is a lier, now I find it in very deed. For as by chance I paſſe by this way, ſpying you in a tree, I come running unto you, blaming the report: For the fame is, that you are blacker then pitch, and I ſee that you are more white then ſnow. Truly in my judgement you ſurpaſſe the Swans, and are fairer then the white ivory. If ſo be, that as you excell in plumes, you ſo excell alſo in voice, in truth, I will call you the Queen of all the birds. The Crow being allured by this pretty flatterie, prepares himſelf to ſing. But the Cheeſe falleth out of his bill as he was preparing to ſing, which being ſnatched up, the Fox-cub laugheth heartily. Then at length it ſhames the miſerable Crow, and irketh him of himſelf, and the loſſe of the thing, being mixed with ſhame, grieveth him.

Morall. *Some are ſo greedy of praiſe, that they love a flatterer with their own reproch and loſſe. Such ſilly men are made a prey to paraſites. If ſo be that you will avoid*

avoid boasting, you may easily shun that pestiferous sort of flatterers. If you will be Thraso *you shall never want a* Gnatho.

THe *Crow* had got a prey, and with it flies
To feed upon a Tree, which *Vulpes* eyes,
And fain would gull her of it; wherefore he
To work his plot, thus greets her craftily;
Hail, Mistresse, hail, Fames untruths now I sing,
And to your worship joyfull tidings bring:
Fame stiles thee black as Soot, but I have found
Her rumours false, in whiteneſſe you abound
Beyond the Snow, or lillies of the field:
For which the joyfull *Crow* seems thanks to yield,
Clapping her wings; but as she strove to speak,
The bait she had, dropt from her empty beak:
Which the *Fox* nimbly catching, leaves the *Crow*
To learn more wit when she is flatter'd so.

The Morall.

Affect not empty Titles, nor the light
And windy praises of the Parasite;
For they for their own ends do most applaud;
Which being obtain'd, they slight whom they defraud.

FAB.

FAB. 12.

The Lion *and other* Beaſts.

A Lion which had made very many enemies by his cruelty in his youth, paid for it in his age. The beaſts recompence him like for like: The Bore ſetteth on him with his tuſh, the Bul with his horns; eſpecially, the young Aſſe deſiring to aboliſh utterly the old name of ſluggiſhneſſe, layeth at him luſtily with words, and with his heels. Then the Lion ſighing deeply ſaid, theſe whom I have hurt in times paſt, hurt me now again, and deſervedly. But they whom I have ſometimes done good unto, do not now do me good again. yea, even they hurt me without cauſe. I was a fool that made ſo many to be my enemies, but more fooliſh that truſted falſe friends.

Morall. *Be not lift up in proſperity, be not fierce. For if fortune ſhall change her face, they whom you have hurt will avenge themſelves. And ſee that you make a difference amongſt your friends. For there are certain that are not your friends, but of your table and eſtate. Which eſtate in very deed ſo ſoon as ever it ſhall be changed, they alſo will be changed: it ſhall go very well with you, if they be not enemies.* Ovid *complaineth juſtly:*

Few

Few foes I found, when Auſter fill'd my ſail,
The wind proves croſſe, my friends unfriendly fail.
Neptune begins to frown and curl the wave,
My friends are gone, the ſavage ſea 's my grave.

THe *Lion* weak and old, that erſt was ſtrong,
And too unjuſtly meaner *Beaſts* did wrong;
Now for his tyranny doth pay; the *Bore*
With his ſharp tusks his aged ſides doth gore:
The *Bull* aſſaults him with his horns: the baſe
And ſordid *Aſſe* with undeſerv'd diſgrace
Spurns at him too, the which perplexed more
The noble Beaſt, then all the blows before:
Who thus cries out: I oft have injur'd them,
And juſtly merit they ſhould me contemn:
But the dull *Aſſe*, whom I eſteem'd my friend
Forſakes me too: unhappy I to lend
Affection to his baſeneſſe, and to move
The wrath of ſuch as would more faithfull prove.

The Morall.

If fortune raiſe thee to a high degree
Of bearing rule, let not thy actions be
Too much ſevere; but ſuch, as Juſtice may
Command the Vulgar duely to obey;
Leſt fortune change, and thou (of friends forlorn)
Be made of thy Inferiours a ſcorn.

FAB.

FAB. 13.

The Aſſe *and the little* Dog.

WHilſt the dog flattered his maſter and the family, both the maſter and the family make much of the dog. The aſſe ſeeing that, groaneth very deeply. It began to irk him of his condition: he thinks it unequally ordered, that the dog ſhould be welcome to all, and be fed from his maſters table, and alſo attain that by idleneſſe and play, and contrarily, himſelf to carry packſaddles, be beaten with a whip, never to be idle, and yet to be hatefull to all. If theſe things be gotten by flattery, he determineth to follow that art which is ſo profitable. Therefore at a certain time his maſter returning home, he about to try the matter, runs forth to meet him, leaps upon him, beats him with his hoofs. His maſter crying out, the ſervants ran unto him, and the fooliſh aſſe, which thought himſelf civil; is beaten with a cudgill.

Morall. All of us cannot do all things, *as* Virgil *ſaith in his* Bucolicks, *neither do all things become all men. Let every one deſire that, let him try that which he is able. For we know that which is ſpoken more ſignificantly in Greek,* An aſſe to the harp: *So alſo* Boetius, *An aſſe*

put

put to the harp. Nature reſiſting, our labour is in vain. You ſhall neither do nor ſay any thing, if *Minerva* be unwilling, *witneſſe* Horace.

THe ſtrong-Back'd *Aſſe*, whoſe labour to his Lord
Commodity and profit did afford,
Perceiving oft the little *Dog* (whoſe uſe
No profit to his Maſter could produce,
But kept for pleaſure onely) ſport and play,
And fawning on his maſter, every day
Fed well, and liv'd at eaſe, while he with pain
Still wrought, and yet could no ſuch love obtain,
Grows envious, and reſolves the like to try:
So leaping on his Maſter lovingly;
He paws at him with his fore feet, then layes
His noſe cloſe to his lips, and loudly brayes:
Friſking about in ſuch a ruſtick ſort,
As a rude *Aſſe* could do to ſhow him ſport.
Whereat the Maſter much affrighted, cries
For help: his ſervant to him quickly hies:
Who ſaw how bold the ſordid *Aſſe* did grow,
Requites his paſtime with a cruell blow.
Thraſhing him well, till he with grief repents,
And quite forſaketh ſuch fond merriments.

The Morall.

'Twould ſeem a thing prepoſterous to ſee
A Buffon plac'd i' th' ſeat of dignitie:
As much ridiculous it is for one
To meddle with anothers function.
And they but trifle time who think they can
Reach th' apprehenſion of another man:
For let them ſtrive till death, none can partake
Of ev'ry Art, Nature doth the Artiſt make.

FAB. 14.

The Lion *and the* Mouſe.

THe Lion being weary with heat and with running, reſted under the ſhadow upon green leaves: a flock of Mice ran over his back, he awaking catched one of the company. The captive beſeecheth him, crieth that he was not worthy that the Lion ſhould be angry at him. He bethinking himſelf that there was no praiſe in the death of ſuch a ſilly little beaſt, lets go the captive. And not very long after, as the Lion by accident runs through the chaſe, he fals into ſnares, rore he may, get forth he cannot. The Mouſe heareth the Lion roring pitifully, knoweth his voice, creepeth into the holes, ſeeketh the knots of the ſnares, findeth them being ſought, gnaweth them being found, the Lion eſcapeth out of the nets.

Morall. *This Fable perſwadeth clemency in men of power. For as humane things are unſtable, ſo mighty men themſelves ſometimes need the help of the baſer. Wherefore a wiſe man although he may, will be affraid to hurt any man whomſoever. But he that feareth not to hurt another, doth exceeding fooliſhly. Why ſo? Becauſe although, truſting in his own power he feareth no man; it will peradventure come to paſſe afterward, that he may fear. For it is evident that it hath happened to ſe-*

mons

mous and great Kings, that they have either needed the favour of base men, or feared their anger.

OPprest with heat a *Lion* in the shade
For his repose his wearied limbs had laid,
And fell asleep; 'bout whom a troop of poor
And little mice, that never durst before
Approach his presence, merry pastimes make,
Till with their sports the angry Beast they wake.
Whose fury forc'd them all to fly, but one;
Which not so nimble as the rest alone
Is left behinde and by the *Lion* caught,
Whereat amaz'd, the silly *Mouse* besought
The noble *Lion* vengeance not to show
For this her first offence, but let her go;
The *Lion* soon consenteth, since the bloud
Of one so base could do him little good.
And so the *Mouse* departs; but ere the day
Was fully spent; the *Lion* seeking prey,
And traversing the Forrest, chanc'd to be
Entrapped in a net unwarily;
So struggles to get loose, but prov'd too weak
With all his strength th' intangling net to break.
Wherefore for help a hideous noise he makes,
And with his roaring al the Forrest shakes;
Which when the *Mouse* now heard, she runs with speed,
Remembring how the *Lion* once her freed;
And though but weak, by gnawing o' the net,
The stronger *Lion* did at freedome set.
So thanks on both sides giv'n they part agen,
The *Mouse* t' her hole, the *Lion* to his Den.

The Morall.

Though smiling Fortune seem a while to blesse,
And raise thee to the height of happinesse,
Insult not o're the weak, least Fortune may
Divert her smiles, and thy estate decay,
And thou as much in need of others stand,
As they of thee, when thou dist them command.

FAB.

FAB. 15.

The young Kite, *and his* Mother.

A Kite lay ſick in his bed, at the point of death. He intreats his mother to go and beſeech the gods. His mother anſwered, that there was no help to be hoped for from the gods, whoſe holy things and altars he had ſo oft violated with his rapines.

Morall. *It becometh us to reverence the Gods. For they help the godly, are againſt the ungodly, being neglected in proſperity they will not hear us in our miſery. Wherefore be mindfull of them in proſperity, that they may be preſent, being called upon in our adverſity.*

THe young Kite ſick beſought his dam to pray,
And for his health upon the Gods to call;
But ſhe replieth, Sonne, thou every day
Didſt in thy health into deboiſtneſſe fall:
And thinkeſt thou the Gods will comfort lend
To thee, whom thou ſo highly didſt offend?

The Morall.

In thy beſt dayes let not too haughty pride
Puffe up thy thoughts; ſo cauſing a neglect
Of God, whoſe laws ſhould be thy chiefeſt guide,
Leſt he whoſe pow'r can raiſe and wrath deiect,
When in thy need his aid thou doſt implore,
As much ſcorn thee as thou didſt him before.

FAB. 16.

The Swallow and other Birds.

AS ſoon as the flax began to be ſown, the Swallow perſwadeth the little Birds to hinder the ſowing, telling often, that there was a conſpiracy againſt them. They laugh at her, calling the Swallow a fooliſh propher. The flax now growing up and waxing green, ſhe admoniſheth them again to pluck up that which was ſowen. They laugh at her again. The flax waxeth ripe, ſhe exhorts them to deſtroy the ſtanding flax. When they would not hear her adviſing, no not then indeed, the Swallow leaving the company of the Birds, gets unto her ſelf the friendſhip of man, enters a league with him, dwels together with him, cheereth him with ſinging. Nets and ſnares are made of the flax for the reſt of the birds.

Morall. *Many neither know to provide well for themſelves, nor will hear him who adviſeth them well. But when they are in dangers and loſſes, then at length they begin to be wiſe, and to condemn their own ſluggiſhneſſe. Now are they wiſe enough. This and that ſay they, ought to have been done. But it is better to be* Prometheus *then* Epimetheus. *Theſe were brethren. The names are Greek. One of them took counſel before the thing was*

to be done, the other after the thing: which the interpretation of their names declareth.

THe painfull Husband-man his ground doth ſow
With fatall Hempſeed; him the *Swallow* ſpies,
And knowing what great danger thence would grow,
To all the *Birds* with haſt away ſhe flies,
And counſels them, that they with ſpeed repair
(And ere the ſeed too deep a root did take,)
To ſpoil and pick it up with greateſt care,
Leſt if thereof the Fowlers nets ſhould make,
It prove the ruine of them all, and they
With loſſe of life repent their fond delay.
But the dull Birds, void both of cares and fears,
Slight her adviſe, untill the curſed grain
Sprouts forth, and green upon the ground appears:
Whereat the wiſer *Swallow* once again
More earneſtly perſwades them not to loſe
So fit occaſion; but while yet they may
Prevent a future ill, their ſtrength to uſe,
And not to let the time quite ſlip away:
Untill the Hemp grown fully ripe, at laſt
All hope to ruine ſuch a foe be paſt.
Yet ſtill the birds her counſell do neglect,
For which the *Swallow* quite forſakes the field,
And as they her, ſo ſhe doth them reject,
And her ſafe neſt among the houſes build,
Where ſhe at quiet reſts, when hourely cares,
And fear of death the others do perplex,
While the ſly Fowler with his hempen ſnares
And crafty gins each minute doth them vex:
So that nor day nor night they truely can
Aſſure their ſafety, if eſpi'd by man.

The Morall.

Thus they who ſlight good Counſell, headlong run
On miſchief, and repent when th' hurt is done.

FAB. 17.

Jupiter *and the* Frogs.

WHen the nation of the Frogs was free, they beſought *Jupiter* to give them a King. *Jupiter* laughed at the requeſts of the Frogs. They notwithſtanding, were inſtant again and again, untill they inforced him. He caſts them down a beam. That vaſt weight ſhakes the water with a great noiſe. The frogs being terrified, are ſilent. They adore their king. They come nearer by little and little; at length caſting away fear, they leap upon him, and down again from him. The ſluggiſh King is made a ſcorn and a contempt. They importune *Jupiter* again, they beſeech him to give them a king, which may be valorous; *Jupiter* gives them a Stork. He walking through the fen very ſtoutly, devoureth what Frogs ſoever he meeteth with. The Frogs then complained in vain of the cruelty of this King; *Jupiter* heareth them not. For they as yet complain even at this day. For the Stork going to reſt at evening, they coming forth of their dens, do ſecretly murmure with a hoarſe croking, but they ſing to the deaf. For *Jupiter* will have it ſo, that they which prayed againſt a mild king, ſhould now ſuffer an unmercifull one.

Morall. *It is wont to fall out to the common people even*

as

as to the Frogs. Who if they have a king somewhat more wild, they charge him to be sluggish and cowardly, and wish that at length they may have a man. And contrarily if at any time they get a valiant king, they condemn his cruelty, and commend the clemency of the former, whether for that we alwaies mislike our present estate; or because it is a true word, That new things are better then old.

THe *Frogs* desire a King; and for that end
To *Jupiter* their earnest prayers send;
Jove smiles to see their folly, and denies
Their suit at first; but tired with their cries
He'mongst them throws a Log; whose heavy fall
With terrour so amaz'd the *Frogs*, that all
Crouch down for fear, and with amazement stand
In readinesse t'obey their Kings command;
Till waiting long, when they at last perceiv'd
'Twas nothing but a senslesse Log, bereav'd
Of life and motion, all the *Frogs* bestride
His lumpish back, and their mild King deride,
Desiring *Jove* to give them one, that may
With awfull pow'r the Marish Empire sway,
And not a liveless Block. *Jove* therefore sends
The *Crane* to them, which stalking proudly bends
His mind to tyranny, devouring still
The *Frogs* to please his appetite and will.
Weary whereof, the *Frogs* repine again;
But *Jove* will hear them now no more complain:
The *Crane* must govern still; since (not content)
They murmur'd at a peacefull Government.

The Morall.

How good so ere the King, we daily see
Subjects repine; and if he peacefull be,
They count him dull; if much severe, they cry
And murmure hourly 'gainst his tyranny

FAB. 18.

The Doves and Sparrow-hawk.

THe Doves on a time made warre with the Kite: whom that they might conquer, they chose the Hawk for their King. He being made their king, playeth the enemy not the King. He plucketh and teareth them in pieces, no lesse greedily then the Kite. The Pigeon repent of their enterprise, thinking it had been better for them to endure the Warres of the Kite, then the tyranny of the hawk.

Morall. *Let no man grieve too much of his own condition: for (as* Horace *saith)* nothing is every way happy. *I indeed would not wish my lot to be changed, so that it be tolerable. Many having gotten a new condition have wished the old again. That is the nature almost of us all, that it repents us of our present state.*

DIssention grown betwixt the *Doves* and *Kite*,
The Doves too weak with such a foe to fight,
The *Sparrow-hawk* to be their King elect,
Hoping she would their innocence protect,
uell th' insulting Kite; but she possest
with greater cruelty oppress
e *Doves*, who now with sorrow rue
ice; since to their losse they knew,

'Twas

'Twas ſafer with the *Kite* at warre to be,
Then to endure the *Sparr-hawks* tyranny.

The Morall.

Change ſeldome brings a better, every one
Should therefore reſt content and covet none.

FAB. 19.

The Thief *and* Dog.

A Thief on a time reaching bread to a dog, that he would hold his peace, the dog anſwered I know thy deceits. Thou giveſt me bread that I ſhould leave off barking. But I hate thy gift: for if I ſhall take thy bread, thou wilt carry all things out of theſe houſes.

Morall. *Beware you let not go a great benefit for a ſmall. Take heed you truſt not every man. For there are men who by deceit will not onely ſpeak courteouſly, but alſo deal kindly.*

A *Thief* with a fellonious intent
By night to rob a houſe in ſecret went;
A *Dog* eſpies him; but the crafty knave,
To pleaſe the Curre and his diſcov'ry ſave;
(Leſt he ſhould bark too loud) offers him bread,
Which the good *Dog* refuſing, anſwered;
Villain, thou giv'ſt a morſell, but wouldſt do
A greater harm, ſhould I but ſuffer you.

The Morall.

Beware to whom you truſt, or faith impoſe,
Leſt for a little gain you greater loſe.

FAB. 20.

The Wolf and Sow.

THe Sow was about to bring forth pigges. The Wolf promiſeth that he will be the keeper of her young. The Sow anſwered, that ſhe had no need of the courteſy of the Wolf: If he would be accounted religious, if he deſire to do an acceptable thing, let him go further off. For the love of the Wolf did not conſiſt in his preſence, but in his abſence.

Morall. *All things are not to be believed of all. Many will proffer their pains, not for the love of thee, but of themſelves: ſeeking their own profit not thine.*

THe *Sow* had litter'd; when the *Wolf* to her
With ſeeming care his ſervice did prefer,
To guard her pigs, leſt danger perchance might
(The *Sow* b'ing abſent) on her young ones light.
But the wiſe *Sow* replies, ſhe needed none
To guard her Young, her ſelf could do't alone:
Knowing his abſence ſafer farre would be
To her and them, then the *Wolfs* Company.

The Morall.

It is not ſafe to truſt or credit all;
Leſt ſome (pretending love) intend thy fall.

FAB.

FAB. 21.

The birth of the Mountains.

ONce there was a report that the mountains would bring forth. Men come and ſtand round about, expecting ſome monſter, not without fear. At length the mountains bring forth, a mouſe cometh out. Then all the ſpectatours did almoſt die with laughing.

Morall. Horace *toucheth this fable.*

Mountains in travell are, the wonder's thus,
A mouſe comes forth: O moſt ridiculous!

But he noteth boaſting. For braggers they profeſſe and boaſt of great things, but ſcarce perform ſmall. Wherefore thoſe Thraſoes *are juſtly a matter of jeſt and ſcorn. This fable doth alſo forbid vain fears. For the fear of the danger is for the moſt part greater then the danger it ſelf: yea, it is many times ridiculous which we fear.*

'TWas rumour'd that a *Mountain* big, ſhould be
Deliver'd of a monſtrous Prodigie;
Men eaſie to believe, and glad to know
Whereto th' event of this report ſhould grow
In troops flock thither: So the time drew nigh
Of this long look'd for ſtrange delivery;
And from the *Hils* vaſt womb skips forth a *Mouſe*,
To the Spectatours ſo ridiculous.

That (seeing they deluded were) retire,
And laugh at what before they did admire.

The Morall.

Great boasters here are shown, deluding some
With vanting words; but when to proof they come,
And men expect like actions, they appear
So vain, they merit nothing but a jear.

FAB. 22.

The old Dog *despised by his* Master.

THe Master hastens on the hound, which was now grown old. He calls on him in vain. His feet are slow, he maketh no haste. He had caught a wild beast, the wild beast slips out of his teeth. His master chides him with strokes and words. The dog answered that he ought of right to be pardoned; that now he was grown old, but he had been stout when he was young. But as I see, quoth he, nothing pleaseth without commodity. You loved me being young: you hate me now become old. You loved me bringing in preys: you hate me now slow and toothlesse. But if you were thankfull, whom you loved in times past, being young, for your benefit sake, you would love now, being old, for the sake of his profitable youth.

Morall.

Morall. *The dog ſaid well: For as* Ovid *ſaith*; Nothing is loved but that which brings profit. Behold, take away from a greedy mind the hope of gain, no body will be ſought for. *There is no remembrance of a paſt commodity, and the favour of a future, not great; the chiefeſt thankfulneſſe is for a preſent benefit.* Indeed it is a ſhame to be ſpoken, but if we confeſſe onely the truth, The common ſort doth approve friendſhip by their profit.

A *Hound* grown weak with age, not able now
To keep the *chaſe*, and ſuch like paſtime ſhow
As in his youth he did (yet willing ſtill
Equall t' his power to pleaſe his Maſters will)
The Game being ſtarted follows; and atlength
Faſtens; but wanting his accuſtom'd ſtrength,
Lets go his hold, and loſeth quite his Game,
Not able longer to purſue the ſame:
Which when the Huntſman ſees, he angry grows
And beats the half-lame *Dog* with many blows;
Yet all would not prevail: the *Hound* no more
Could gain the ground which he had loſt before,
But panting falleth down: for which the Man
With fury threatens the poore *Curre* again
That he ſhould loſe his life, ſince now unfit
For uſe, he longer did not merit it.
The *Dog* replies, Sir, if you gratefull were,
You ought remember ſtill the faithfull care,
And ſervice of my youth; and not when age
Hath weakned me, with undeſerved rage
Haſten my death; but as for profit then;
So do for love and cheriſh me agen.

The Morall.

So we behold too often in this vain
And thankleſſe age for the deſire of gain
Old Servants ſhaken off, although their care
T' enrich their Maſters their undoing were.

FAB.

FAB. 23.

The Hares *and the* Storm.

THe Woods roaring with an unaccuſtomed whirl-wind, the trembling Hares begin to fly away haſtily. But as they were flying, there being a fen in their way, they ſtood doubtfull, incompaſſed with dangers on both ſides. And which was a provocation of greater fear, they ſee frogs drowned in the fen. Then one of the hares wiſer and more eloquent then the reſt, ſaid, why do we ſo vainly fear? we have need of courage: we have indeed nimbleneſſe of body, but we want courage. This danger of the whirl-wind is not to be runne from, but to be ſlighted.

Morall. *In every thing there is need of courage. Virtue without confidence, lieth underfoot, for confidence is the captain and Queen of virtue.*

AFfrighted with the noiſe of ſudden ſtorms,
The light-foot *Hares* forſake their open *forms*
And to the Woods retire; but there the noiſe
Doth more increaſe, for the winds lowder voice
Roar'd 'mongſt the trees; from thence again they fly
Seeking a place of more ſecurity:

But

But farre they had not gone, when in their flight
A pale their journey ſtopt, which did ſo fright
The trembling *Hares*, that all amaz'd they ſit;
At length one finds a breach, and thinks it fit
Through that to runne, and make no longer ſtay;
But this plot fail'd them too, for in their way
As they ſhould paſſe, a ſtanding Pool they ſpie
Wherein a multitude of Frogs did ly,
As they ſuppoſed, drown'd; and therefore fear
Commands them further not their courſe to ſteer:
So they conſult what now is beſt to do:
Backward they dare not, forward cannot go:
Leſt while they ſhun the *Storms* the preſent waves
If they ſhould enter, might become their graves.
Amidſt this gen'rall fear up ſtarted one
(More ſolid then the reſt in judgement grown,
By age and long experience) who thus ſaid,
Stand not amazed Friends, nor be diſmaid,
Though *Storms* at firſt affrighted us, yet they
Cannot ſtill laſt, or yet admit they may,
Our warm and furlin'd Coats can well withhold
The ſtrongeſt *Storms*, and ſhield us 'gainſt the cold;
Yet thoſe are weak ſupporters to the Mind;
That beſt withſtands the power of the wind;
And if our ſelves with patience we can arm,
We ſoon ſhall ſee the fury of this *Storm*
Waſt its own ſtrength: ſhe ſcarcely this had ſaid,
But the inraged Tempeſt was allaid.

The Morall.

Man like the Hares, *with adverſe trouble croſt,*
Muſt not at firſt deſpair as he had loſt
All hope of future help; but ſtedfaſt ſtand
(Arm'd with the ſhield of Patience) 'gainſt the hand
Of the Worlds greateſt tempeſts, which once paſt,
He ſhall arrive i' eternall reſt at laſt.

FAB.

FAB. 24.

The Wolf and young Kid.

WHen on a time the Goat was to go to feed, ſhe ſhut up her Kid at home charging him to open to no body, untill her ſelf ſhould return. The Wolf which had heard that afarre off, after the departure of his damme, knocks at the doors, counterfeits the Goats voice, commanding the doors to be opened. The Kid perceiving the deceit, ſaith, I will not open them: for although thy voice imitates the Goats, yet indeed I ſee a Wolf through the chinks.

Morall. *For children to obey their parents, is beneficiall to themſelves, and it becometh a young man to give eare to an old.*

THe *Goat* goes out into the field to feed,
Leaving at home her young and tender *Kid*;
Commanding her that ſhe ſhould ope the dore
To none till her return: the *Wolf* that bore
No good intent, in ambuſh lies hard by,
And hears their talk, who therefore preſently
Knocks at the dore, and fains a *Goat*-like voice,
But the young *Kid* replies, friend ceaſe your noiſe,

Here

Here is no entrance; for your faigned note,
Tells me you are a *Wolf*, and not a *Goat*.

The Morall.

Do as thy Parents bid, and be not led,
Astray by Counsell of each foolish head.

FAB. 25.

The Hart *and the* Sheep.

A Hart accuseth a sheep before a Wolf, crying out that she did ow him a bushell of wheat. But the sheep indeed was ignorant of the debt. Yet nevertheless, by reason of the Wolfs presence, promiseth that she would pay it. A day is appointed for payment; it comes. The Hart warns the sheep of it. She denieth it. For what she had promised, she excuses it done for fear, and the presence of the Wolf: and that a forc'd promise ought not to be kept.

Mor. *The sense of the law is, It is lawfull to drive back force by force. From this small fable a certain new one doth arise. That it is lawfull to refell craft by cunning.*

THe *Hart* pretends the *Sheep* did ow a debt
Long due to him, and now demandeth it,

Before

Before the *Wolf*: the *Sheep* durſt not deny,
Though guiltleſſe, when her greateſt foe was by,
But freely it confeſt, and ſo a day
Appointed was when ſhe the ſame ſhould pay:
Which drawing nigh, the *Hart* demands his due;
To whom the *Sheep* replies, My friend to you
I nothing ow, once I confeſt for fear,
But now deny. The *Wolf's* not preſent here.

The Morall.

Force and fraud are good weapons to defend,
Where force and fraud are uſed to offend.

FAB. 26.

The Countrey-man *and* Snake.

A Certain Countrey-man had foſtered up a Snake. And on a time being angry, ſtrikes the Beaſt with his hatchet. He eſcapeth not without a wound. Afterwards the Countrey-man falling into want, ſuppoſed that miſhap befell him, for the injury done to the Snake. Therefore he humbly requeſteth the Snake that he would come back. He ſaith that he did forgive him, but that he would not return: and that he could not be ſafe with the Countrey-man, who had ſuch a great hatchet at home. That the mark of the wound was gone, yet the remembrance thereof ſtill remained.

Morall.

Morall. *It is not ſafe to give credit to him the ſecond time, who hath once violated his faith. Indeed to forgive an injury, is truly a point of mercy. But to beware to a mans ſelf, is both befitting, and a point of wiſdome.*

A *Countrey-man* once kept a *Snake*, which he
Had foſter'd long, till one day furiouſly
He ſtruck the ſame; for which the injur'd *Snake*
Flies to the Wood, and did his houſe forſake:
She being gone, the man at length grew poore,
Yet could no reaſon call to mind therefore,
Unleſſe the abſence of the *Snake*; ſince he
Without deſert abus'd her wrongfully:
He therefore, nimbly to the Thicket flies
To ſeek her out, whom he at laſt eſpies:
And ſeeming greatly for his wrong to mourn,
Asks pardon firſt, then begs ſhe would return,
And live with him again; the *Snake* replies,
Although the wound were cur'd, his injuries
Were not forgot; nor would ſhe venture more,
To live where ſhe had found ſuch wrong before.

The Morall.

Once truſt thy friend, a ſecond time beware,
It's noble to forgive; but, have a care.

FAB. 27.

The Fox and Stork.

A Fox-cub invited a Stork to Supper. She poureth out the food upon the Table: which being liquid (the Stork in vain attempting with her bill) the cub licketh up. The poore bird goeth her way deluded, is both shamed and agrieved of the injury. A few dayes after she returneth, inviteth the cub. There was set a glasse-vessell full of meat; which vessell sith it was of a narrow neck, the Fox might behold the meat, and also be hungry; taste she could not, but the Stork easily sucked up all with her bill.

Morall. *Laughter deserves laughter, jest deserves jest, deceit deserves deceit, and fraud deserves fraud.*

THe *Fox* to Supper did the *Stork* invite,
The *Stork* accepts his kindnesse, and at night
Meets with her promise to partake her share
(As she supposed) of most dainty fare;
But the sly *Fox* deceitfully provides
Nothing but liquid stuffe, which spreading glides
All thin about the Table; so that she
Could nothing eat, while the *Fox* hastily

Licks

Licks it all up: the *Stork* but little ſhows
Of outward anger, and away ſhe goes
Hungry as when ſhe came. But many dayes
Were not out-worn, when ſhe again repayes
The *Fox* with like deceit, invites him home,
To dine with her, the *Fox* doth kindly come,
VVhere ſhe provides a veſſell made of glaſſe,
Fill'd full of liquour too, whence nought could paſſe,
To feed the hungry *Fox*: beſides the neck
Too narrow for his head: when her long beak
Sucks it all out; Yet kindly ſhe intreats
Her neighbour *Fox* to taſte of ſuch courſe meats
As ſhe prepar'd; but he poore hungry *Curre*
Seeing himſelf requited well by her,
For his old craft; with ſhame departs away
To his own home, his hunger to allay.

The Morall.

An ancient Proverb ſayes, 'tis no deceit,
Deceivers to delude, as here we ſee
The Stork *inſtructed by the* Foxes *wit,*
Returns upon him his own knaverie.

FAB.

FAB. 28.

The Wolf *and painted* Head.

A Wolf oft turneth about a mans head found in a carvers ſhop, wonders at it, thinking (that which indeed it was) that it had no ſenſe. O fair head, ſaith he, there is in thee much art, but no ſenſe.

Morall. *Outward beauty is acceptable, if the inward be preſent. But if we muſt want one of them, it is better to want the outward then the inward; for, that without this doth ſometime bring hatred, that a fool is ſo much more odious by how much he is beautifull.*

WIthin a Painters ſhop a *Wolf* eſpies
The figure of a mans *Head* carv'd in wood,
WVhich viewing well, on all ſides caſt his eyes;
But when he ſaw, and rightly underſtood
It was not what it ſeem'd in outward ſhow,
O head moſt fairly fram'd cries with diſdain,
That man ſhould ſo much skill on thee beſtow,
Yet neither ſenſe nor Art in thee remain!

The Morall.

Externall ſhape and beauty of the face,
Decks not a Man; but the internall grace.

FAB.

FAB. 29.
The Jay *and* Peacock.

A Chough adorned himſelf with the feathers of a Peacock. Then ſeeming to himſelf very brave, ſcorning his own kind, he betook himſelf to the company of the Peacocks. They at length underſtanding the deceit, ſtript the ſilly bird of his colours, and whipped him. *Horace* in his firſt book of his Epiſtles relates this little fable of a jackdaw. He ſaith, that on a time, a jackdaw being decked with feathers which ſhe had gathered together, that had fallen from other birds, afterwards when each bird had taken away her own feather, ſhe became ridiculous. Leſt if perhaps the flock of birds ſhall come to fetch again their own feathers, the jackdaw cauſe laughter, being ſtript of her ſtollen colours.

Morall. *This fable reproveth them, who carry themſelves more loftily then is fitting: who live with them that are both wealthy and more noble. Whereby they are oft-times become poor and ſcorn'd. Well doth* Juvenall *adviſe; This ſentence deſcended from heaven,* γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, *that is,* Know thy ſelf.

The

THe *Jay* her ſelf with *Peacocks* plumes adorns;
And fair in her own fancie, proudly ſcorns
Her fellow *Jayes*; and doth aſſociate
Her ſelf amongſt the *Peacocks*; but their ſtate
Brooking no ſuch deceit, when they perceiv'd
Her fooliſh pride, they quickly her bereav'd
Of theſe gay feathers, with diſgrace expell
Her from their preſence quite, again to dwell
Amongſt her equalls, who with ſcoffes deride
Her borrow'd ſhape, and too ambitious pride.

The Morall.

Ambitious unthriftis ſo, that vainly ſpend
Their wealth, and 'bove themſelves aſpire, itb' end,
when they no longer can their pride maintain,
Prove beggers, reaping nothing but diſdain.

FAB. 30.

The Ant *and the* Fly.

A Fly contended with an Ant, bragging that ſhe was noble, the other ignoble; that ſhe did flie, the Ant creep; that ſhe was converſant in kings houſes, that the other did lie hid in boles, gnaw corn, and drink water: ſhe boaſted that ſhe fared ſumptuouſly, and yet notwithſtan-

withſtanding, obtained theſe things by idleneſſe. On the contrary, the Ant gloried that ſhe was not ignoble, but content with her own degree, that the fly was a vagrant, ſhe her ſelf conſtant in a place; and that grain and running water did ſavour as well to the Ant, as paſties and wine to the Fly; and that ſhe obtained theſe things not by ſlothfull idleneſſe, but by diligent labour. Furthermore, that the Ant was merry and ſafe, beloved of all and to conclude, a pattern of labour: that the Fly was full of anxiety, alwayes in perill, troubleſome to all, hated of all; and finally, a pattern of ſlothfulneſſe. That the Ant being mindfull of winter did lay up proviſions aforehand. That the Fly did live for a day, either to be continually hungry, or certainly to die in winter.

Morall. *He that goes on to ſpeak what he will, ſhall hear what he will not. The Fly if ſhe had ſpoken well, had heard well. But I aſſent to the Ant. For a mean life with ſafety, ſeemeth to be more deſireable, then a glorious life with danger.*

THe boaſting *Flie* upbraids the painfull *Ant*,
That ſhe ignoble was, and much did want
The dainty fare whereon *Flies* daily feed,
While in the Courts of Kings their lives they lead,
Sucking the ſelf ſame liquour, feeding too
On the ſame meat, as Princes us'd to do:
But ſhe poor *Emmet* on the ground did creep,
And her baſe dwelling but in Molehills keep,
Feeding on roots and thinneſt water made
Her choiſeſt drink. But th' *Emmet* anſwering, ſaid,
Fond braggard, ceaſe thy boaſting, though our fare
Be not ſo rich as yours, yet know we ſhare
Nothing but what we rightly call our own,
And truly labour for; whereas you none
Poſſeſſe at all, but what you get by ſtealth,
And ſecretly purloin from others wealth,
For which y' are ſcornd of all, and ſcarce can move
One minute ſafe: we purchaſe all mens love,

And

And by our painfull induſtry do give
Inſtruction t' other Creatures how to live;
Storing for VVinter: you perchance a day
May richly feed, and all the ſummer play
And hunt about, but if one nipping Froſt
Preſent it ſelf, your pleaſures all are loſt.
Not able to withſtand the ſmalleſt cold,
Nor yet for want of food your lives to hold
One little VVinter; while in midſt of heat,
VVe gather ſuſtenance with pain and ſweat,
That by our gath'rings we may live at eaſe
VVhen you for want of due relief deceaſe.

The Morall.

The Gallants riot and his vain expence
Is here expreſt, the Plough mans providence:
Where, while one waſtes, the other gathers wealth,
And though obſcurely, lives in perfect health.

FAB. 31.

The Ox *and the* Toad.

A Toad being ambitious to match an Ox, ſtretched out her ſelf. Her young one exhorted his dam to deſiſt from her enterprize, for that a Toad was nothing

to an Ox. She ſwelled the ſecond time, her young one cryeth out, Mother, although you burſt, you will never overcome the Ox. And when ſhe had ſwelled the third time, ſhe burſt.

Morall. *Every one hath his own gift. This man ſurpaſſeth in beauty, another in ſtrength: one in wealth, another in friends. It becometh every man to be content with his own. Another man is able of body, thou in wit. Wherefore let every one conſider himſelf, and let him neither envy his ſuperiour, which is miſerable, nor deſire to contend with him, which is a point of folly.*

THe *Toad* beholds the *Oxes* comely ſtature,
And envying to ſee ſo large a Creature,
How he in greatneſſe did her farre excell,
Collecteth all her venome, 'gins to ſwell,
And queſtions of her Daughter ſtanding by,
Whether the *Ox* or ſhe ſeems in her eye
The fairer now? the Daughter anſwered ſtraight,
Good mother ceaſe your ſwelling, leſt too late
Your folly you repent, and burſt; for ſtrive
Till death, you can to no ſuch height arrive:
Yet neretheleſſe the *Toad* attempts again;
The third time too, untill with extreme pain
The poyſon burſteth through her tender skin,
Not able longer now to keep it in.

The Morall.

Nature all gifts beſoweth upon none;
Some wiſe we ſee, ſome fair, ſome crooked grown,
Wherewith all ſhould content them, and not be
Envious at anothers quality.

FAB. 32.

The Lion and the Horſe.

A Lion came to devour a horſe; but wanting ſtrength by reaſon of his age, he began to think on ſome cunning: he profeſſeth himſelf a phyſician; delayes the Horſe with a long circumſtance of words. The Horſe ſets deceit againſt deceit, and fraud againſt fraud, he feigneth that he had lately pricked his foot in a thorny place, beſeecheth the phyſician to look into it, and pull out the thorn. The Lion conſenteth. But the Horſe with all the force he could, ſmites the Lion with his heel, and forthwith betakes himſelf to his feet. The Lion with much ado, at length recovers himſelf again (for he was almoſt killed with the blow) and ſaith, I have a juſt reward for my folly, and he is rightly eſcaped away. For he hath revenged deceit with deceit.

Morall. *Diſſembling is worthy of hatred, and to be eath'd with diſſembling. An enemy is not to be feared which openly ſhews himſelf an enemy. But he that pretends good will, when as he is an enemy, he onely is indeed to be feared, and moſt worthy of hatred.*

Hungry

HUngry, yet weak with age, A *Lions* mind
Is to devour a lusty *Horse* inclin'd;
Yet durst not seise on him, by open strength,
And therefore with himself thus plots at length
T' insinuate with him, and by some sly way;
The *Horse* into his power to betray;
The *Lion* therefore feigns himself to be
Skilfull i'th' Art of learn'd Chirurgery,
Boasting what wondrous cures he had done:
But th' *Horse* perceives his craft; and making mone,
Replies, Grave Sir, none hath more need of you,
Nor more desires your help, then now I do;
For leaping yesterday the hedge, a prick
Struck in my Hoof, and there so fast doth stick,
That I by no means can pluck out the same,
But fear if it should fester, 'twould me lame;
Your kind assistance therefore, Sir, I beg:
The *Lion* wills him show to him his leg,
Which lifting up, the *Lion* comes to view
The place, close looking, the *Horse* backward threw
His hardned hoof, and on the forehead strook
The *Lion*, that he fell'd him, then betook
Himself to nimblest speed, and posts away;
Leaving the *Lion*; who sore wounded lay,
Strugling for life; which he recovering said,
Thus for my folly I am well apayd.

The Morall.

He is the fearfull'st foe, who by pretence
Of love, seeks t'undermine pure Innocence.
And merits most revenge: when open foes
May easly be withstood with open blows.

FAB. 33.

The Horſe and the Aſſe.

A Horſe trimmed up with trappings, and a ſaddle, ran along the high way with a very great neying. But by chance a loaden Aſſe hindred him as he was running. The Horſe fuming with anger, and fiercely chewing his foaming bridle: What, quoth he, thou dull, ſlothfull Aſſe, doeſt thou hinder the Horſe? Give way, I ſay, or I will trample thee under my feet. The Aſſe contrarily not daring to bray, gives place quietly. But as the Horſe was ſwiftly flying forward, and ſtraining on his pace his groin burſt. Then being unfit for race and ſhew, he is ſtript of his rich harneſſe, and is ſold to a car-man. Afterwards the Aſſe ſeeth him coming with a carre, and ſaith unto him; Hoe good ſir, what brave furniture is there? where is your guilded ſaddle, your ſtudded girts? where is your glittering bridle? O friend, it muſt needs ſo happen to you being ſo proud.

Morall. *Moſt men are puffed up in proſperity, being neither mindfull of themſelves nor of modeſty. But be-*

cauſe

cauſe they grew proud in proſperity, they fall into adverſity. I would adviſe them to be wary who ſeem to themſelves to be happy. For if the wheel of fortune ſhall be turned about, they will find it a moſt miſerable kind of adverſity, to have been in proſperity. That evil alſo is added unto the heap of their misfortune, that they ſhall be deſpiſed of thoſe, whom they themſelves have deſpiſed, and thoſe will laugh them to ſcorn, whom they themſelves have laughed at.

A Stately *Horſe*, with Trappings richly deckt,
Champing the foaming bit, meets in his way
A loaden *Aſſe*, whom he thus proudly checkt,
Villain, how dar'ſt thou thus our journey ſtay?
Quickly give place, and ſtop not my career
Leſt with my feet I force thee; if thou ſtand
In this preſumption long: the *Aſſe* for fear
Though loaden ſore, obeyeth his command,
And lets him paſſe; the *Horſe* runs ſwiftly on,
Needing no ſpurre; the courage of his mind
Hurry'd him forward; farre he had not gone,
But burſt a gut, and became broken wind;
Which when his Maſter ſaw, and that his *Horſe*
Wanted that ſwiftneſſe as before he had,
Deems him not able to maintain the courſe,
And fit for nothing but a Carriers pad;
He therefore ſells him unto one, that ſtraight
Loads his proud back with Hampers; whom the *Aſſe*
Meeting again out of his ſtately gate,
Thus ſcoffingly derideth as they paſſe:
Alack my friend, where's now thy golden bit,
Thy ſtately Saddle? what's become of all
Thy rich attire, or how bereft of it
Didſt thou into contempt thus baſely fall?

The Morall.

Many in proſp'rous ſtate are puffed ſo,
They ſcarce themſelves or their own beings know,

'Till adverſe Fortune turning her croſſe wheel,
They headlong to their own deſtruction reel;
And onely this to their ſad fate can ſay,
I once was rich, now fallen to decay.

FAB. 34.

The Birds and Beaſts.

THe Birds had a fight with the foure-footed Beaſts. There was hope on both ſides, fear on both ſides, and danger on both ſides. But the Bat deſerting his fellows, falls off to the enemy. The Birds overcome, the Eagle being Generall and leader. And they condemn the runnegado Bat that ſhe ſhould never return unto the Birds, that ſhe ſhould never fly in the day time. This is the reaſon that the Bat never flyeth but by night.

Morall. *He that denieth to be partaker of adverſity and danger with his fellows, ſhall be without proſperity and ſafety with them.*

BEtwixt the wing'd Inhabitants of th' Air
And fourfoot *Beaſts*, fierce warres incenſed were
The fight was fierce and doubtfull, but the ſtrong
And active *Beaſts*, ſeem'd the beſt warriours long:

For

For which the *Bat* forſakes her winged crew,
And treach'rouſly into their army flew;
But when the *Birds* the *Eagle* choſen had
To lead their hoaſt, and him their Sov'raign made,
The *Birds* orethrew the *Beaſts*; ſo now the *Bat*
Would fain again unto the *Birds* retreat:
But not admitted, they her guilty find
Of higheſt Treaſon, and her ſtraight confin'd
From their Dominions, charging her no more,
On pain of death by day in Air to ſore;
But lurking from the ſight of them, by night,
When others go to reſt, begin her flight.

The Morall.

No faithfull ſubject ought for refuge fly
From his own Country; to an Enemy.
For who his Native ſoil leaves in diſtreſſe,
Ought ever to be barr'd her happineſſe.

FAB. 35.

The Wolf *and* Fox.

A Wolf, when he had ſufficient booty lived in idleneſſe. The Fox-cub cometh unto him, inquireth

of him the cauſe of his retiredneſſe. The Wolf perceived that there was a plot laid for his victualls, diſſembleth ſickneſſe to be the cauſe, deſires the Fox to go to pray unto the gods for him. She grieving that her deceit ſucceeded not better, goeth unto a Shepheard, acquaints him that the den of the Wolf was open, and that the enemy being ſecure, might eaſily be overthrown unawares. The Shepheard falls upon the Wolf, ſlayes him. The Fox enjoyes both the den and the prey. But ſhe had but a ſhort comfort of her wickedneſſe, for not long after the ſame Shepheard taketh her.

Morall. *Envy is a filthy thing, and ſometimes deſtructive even to the authour himſelf.* Horace *in his firſt book of Epiſtles,*

The envious man repines, and frets to ſee
His neighbours thrive and proſper; Sicily
Her tyrants greateſt tyrant was envy.

GLutted with over-feeding in his den,
The *Wolf* takes his repoſe, whoſe preſence when
The *Fox* long miſt, he ſtraight ſuſpects that he
Had ſome proviſion gather'd ſecretly,
Which kept him in: deſirous of a ſhare;
For which he ſtraight doth to the *Wolf* repair,
And with fair language greets him; asking why
So long they wanted his good Company.
The *Wolf* likes not his coming, and complains
A ſore diſeaſe his abſence now conſtrains,
Wiſhing the *Fox* his friendly prayers to ſend
To *Jove* for him, that his diſeaſe may end.
So the deluded *Fox* departs, much griev'd
That he in expectation was deceiv'd,
And changing grief to open malice, flies
To call the Shepheard, ſhewing him where lies
The lurking *Wolf*. The Shepheard plac'd his Net,
And kill'd the *Wolf*, which done, the *Fox* did get
Poſſeſſion of his houſe and prey; but there
He long time ſtaid not ſafe; for in that ſnare

VVhich

Which caught the *Wolf*; the *Fox* entangled lay,
And for his treachery his life did pay.

The Morall.

Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find
A greater Torment, then an envious mind;
which gnaws the heart untill it ſelf deprive
It ſelf of joy, to ſee another thrive.

FAB. 36.
Of the Stag.

A Stag beholding himſelf in a clear fountain, commends the high and branching horns of his forehead, but condemns the ſmalneſſe of his ſhanks. By chance, while he thus muſeth, and judgeth himſelf, in comes the hunter. The Stag flyeth more ſwiftly then darts, and the Eaſtwind driving the ſtorms. The dogs purſue him fleeing. But as he entred into a very thick wood; his horns were hampered in the boughs, and then at length he commended his legs, and condemned his hornes, which cauſed him to be a prey unto the dogs.

Morall. *We ſeek things to be ſhunned, and we ſhun things to be deſired. Thoſe things pleaſe which hurt us, and thoſe things diſpleaſe which do us good. We deſire bleſſednesſe, before we know where it is. We ſeek the excellency of wealth, and the highneſſe of honours: we think bleſſednesſe to be placed in theſe things, in which, not-*

withſtanding, there is much labour and pain. That our lyrick Poet ſignifieth notably.

Fierce Boreas rends the lofty pine,
Ambitious Tow'rs fall low,
Shafts that fly from Jov'es *hand divine*
Eaſily the mountains bow.

THe glorious Sun diſplayes his beams
Upon the fair and gliſt'ring ſtreams,
Whither the *Hart* repairs to drink,
And ſtanding on the Rivers brink,
Grows proud to ſee the ſpreading horns
Which his moſt ſtately brow adorn:
But looking further, when he ſpies
His little feet and ſlender thighs,
Diſmay'd he ſtands that they ſhould be
Supporters of ſuch Majeſty;
While muſing thus, at length he hears,
The noiſe of Hounds, when ſtruck with fears,
Away he poſts, and takes the Wood,
Where he ſuppoſ'd moſt ſafety ſtood:
But in his flight his ragged Horns
Still faſtning 'mongſt the thickeſt thorns,
Withheld his ſwiftneſſe, ſo that he
Became a prey t' his enemy,
Who thus complains before his death,
Why boaſter with unhallowed breath,
Didſt thou commend thy branchers ſo
Which now do prove thy overthrow:
And thy ſwift feet more proudly ſcorn;
Which, hadſt thou kept the Plains, had born
Thee ſwifter then the whiſtling wind,
And thy purſuers left behind?

The Morall.

So uſefull things too often we reject,
Becauſe not fair in ſhew; but ſtill reſpect
The worlds gay vanities, which rather throw
Deſtruction on us, then a good beſtow.

FAB.

FAB. 37.

The Viper *and the* File.

A Viper finding a File in a ſhop, began to gnaw it. The File ſmiled, ſaying, What fool? what doeſt thou? Thou mayeſt wear out thy teeth, before thou canſt waſt me, which am wont to bite upon the hardneſſe of braſſe.

Morall. *Again and again ſee with whom thou haſt any thing to do. If you whet your teeth againſt the more hardy, you ſhall not hurt him, but your ſelf.*

A *Viper* finds a hardned File and gnaws
The ſame for anger 'twixt her poys'nous jaws;
To whom the ſmiling File replies; fond Aſſe,
What doſt attempt? thou maiſt devour Braſſe
With farre more eaſe then me; for ſtrongeſt ſteel
Yields to my ſtrength, if it my harſhneſſe feel.

The Morall.

Contend not raſhly, leſt orecome with ſtrength,
Wholly the harm redound to thee at length.

FAB.

FAB. 38.

The Wolves and the Sheep.

ON a time there was a league between the Wolves and Lambs, with whom by nature there is discord: hostages were given on both sides. The Wolves gave their young ones, the sheep a band of dogs. The sheep being quiet and feeding, the young wolves howl for desire of their dams. Then the wolves rushing in, cried out, complaining that they had broken fidelity and the league, and tear in pieces the sheep, being left destitute of the guard of the dogges.

Morall *It is a folly if in a truce you deliver your guard to the enemy. For he that was an enemy, hath not yet perhaps left off to be an enemy: yea perchance he will take occasion, that he may set upon you being destitute of help.*

WE often have by long experience seen
What hate betwixt the *Wolves* and *Sheep* hath been.
But now a League is made; and pledges are
On both sides given, lest a future war
Unjustly might arise, the silly *Sheep*
Deliv'red up their Dogs were wont to keep
Their Confines safe; the *Wolves* with willing heart
Unto the sheep do with their young ones part.

So

So the *Sheep* walk to paſture quietly;
Who abſent, the young *Wolves* ſtraight howl and cry,
Wanting their Dams to ſuckle them; which noiſe
When the *Wolves* heard knowing their young ones voice
They the unguarded *Sheep* at paſture take,
And them a prey to their injuſtice make.

The Morall.

When thou a league concludeſt with thy foe,
Conſult what pledges from thy part may go,
Leſt weakned by their abſence, thy baſe foe,
Make that pretence to work thy overthrow.

FAB. 39.

The Wood *and the* Clown.

AT the time the trees ſpake, a countrey-man came unto a wood, deſiring that he might take a helve for his hatchet. The wood conſenteth. The countrey-man having fitted his hatchet, began to cut down the trees. Then and indeed too late it repented the wood of her eaſineſſe to yield. It grieved her that her ſelf was the cauſe of her own ruine.

Morall. *Beware of whom you deſerve well. There have been many, who have abuſed a benefit received, to the deſtruction of the authour.*

When

WHen Trees had ſpeech, 'tis ſaid in time of yore
A Countrey-man demanded from their ſtore,
That they to him would one ſmall Shrub afford,
To make his Ax a helve; The Trees accord:
But he no ſooner fitted had the ſame,
When back again unto the *Wood* he came,
And lopt down all the Trees; who mournfull cry
And weep for their too ſoon facility,
That they by granting his deſire had wonne,
Their own ſad ruine and deſtruction.

The Morall.

Beware to whom thou giv'ſt, for ſome there be,
That with moſt ill requite a courteſie.

FAB. 40.

The Belly *and* Members.

ON a time the foot and hand accuſed the Belly, that their gains were devoured by it living idle. They command that either it labour; or that it deſire not to be nouriſhed. It entreateth once, and again: yet notwithſtanding, the hands deny nouriſhment. The belly being emptyed by hunger, when all the joynts began to fail, then at length the hands would be officious, but that too late. For the belly being weak, through lack of uſe, refuſeth meat: ſo whileſt all the members envy the Belly, they periſh with the periſhing Belly.

Morall.

Morall. *Even as it is in the ſociety of the members, ſo it is in humane ſociety. One member needs another: a friend needeth a friend. Wherefore we muſt uſe mutuall offices, and mutuall works. Neither riches, nor the top of preferment can ſufficiently defend a man. The onely and chief ſtrength, is the friendſhip of many.*

THe hands and feet the *Belly* did accuſe
Of ſloth, and now to feed it do refuſe,
Bidding her labour too, elſe ſhe no more
Should that devour, which they did labour for;
The *Belly* intreats earneſtly, but they
The more deny; and her complaints gainſay.
Untill through want of food ſhe 'gins to faint,
While all the members ſuſtenance do want;
Which hands and feet perceiving, and how breath
Began to fail, for fear of haſty death,
Their Folly they repent, and now would fain
Recover ſtrength, and fall to work again.
But 'tis too late, for being at firſt deny'd,
The whole decay can never be ſupply'd.
Since the chief member dying, hands and all
Supportleſſe muſt in the ſame ruine fall.

The Morall.

Look what eſtate we in our bodyes ſee,
The ſame concordance muſt in Kingdomes be;
Friends muſt their friends ſupport, and all unite,
T'uphold the chief; leſt while his good they ſlight,
If in the State a diſſolution grow
They pluck on them a gen'rall overthrow.

FAB.

FAB. 41.

The Ape and the Fox.

THe Ape prayeth the Fox, that ſhe would give her a part of her tail, to cover her buttocks: becauſe that was a burthen to her, which would be of uſe and honour to her ſelf. She anſwereth that ſhe had nothing too much, and that ſhe had rather have the ground ſwept with her tail, then the buttocks of the Ape ſhould be covered.

Morall. *There are who need, there are others who have too much, yet notwithſtanding, it is not the manner of the rich, to make happy the needy with their ſuperfluity.*

A Tail-leſſe *Ape* intreats the *Fox*, whoſe tail
Buſhy and great upon the ground did trail,
To lend her part, ſince he ſome well might ſpare,
Having too much, and not his ſtore impair;
Friend, quoth the *Fox*, content thy ſelf; for were
My tail twice bigger, thou getſt not a hair:
Among the dirt my tail ſhould rather ſlide,
Then the leaſt ſcruple cover thy backſide.

The Morall.

Too many miſers ſo, e're to the poor
They'l give a doit, will let them ſtarve at dore.

FAB.

FAB. 42.

Of the Deer *and the* Oxen.

THe Deer flying from the hunter, betook himſelf into an Ox-houſe; he prayeth the Oxen that he might hide himſelf in the crib. The Oxen tell him, that it cannot be ſafe; for that the maſter and ſervants would be preſent anon; he ſaith, that he ſhould be ſafe; ſo that they would not betray him. The ſervant entreth in, ſeeth him not, being hid in the hay, goeth out. The Deer began to be proud, and to fear nothing now. Then one of the Oxen, being grave both in age and counſel, ſaith, It was an eaſie thing to deceive him which is a mole, but that thou ſhouldeſt lie hid from the maſter, who is as quick-ſighted as *Argus*, this is the work, this is the labour. By and by after, the maſter entereth in: who that he may correct the overſight of his ſervant, viewing all things with his eyes, and groping the crib with his hand, layeth hold of the horns of the Deer under the hay; he cries out unto his ſervants, they run unto him, ſhut in the beaſt and take him.

Morall. *In adverſe and perilous caſes ſafe ſhelters are hard to be found; either becauſe fortune doth ſtill purſue*

men

men in misery, as it hath begun, or else because they being hindered by fear, and void of counsell, do betray themselves through want of wit.

A Hunted *Deer* an open Barn espi'd,
And in he ranne, in hope himself to hide,
Praying the *Oxen* that their crib might be
A covert for him in's extremitie.
Free leave they grant, but safety they deny;
For that their Owner or his Hind would spie
His branched head: the *Deer* with thanks repayes
Their kindnesse, and full confidently stayes
His safety with their secrecy; with this
Enters the Hind, who finding nought amisse
Departs, the *Deer* unseen; whereat right glad,
As if the worst were past, held nothing dread.
To whom a grave wise Ox replies--- forbear
To be secure, when there's most cause of fear,
This Hind's a Mole, our Owner's full of eyes.
Soon after this, their Owner comes and pryes
In every place and corner to correct,
His servant's carelessenesse, his Hind's neglect.
Feeling the crib, to learn what store of hay
Was stuffe therein, his hand he chanc'd to lay
On the *Deer's* head; then bids his men appear
To shut the doors, and so they take the *Deer*.

The Morall.

The Deer *implies, what poore shifts fearfull men*
Distracted trust to, still the first in ten:
The Oxen *honest natures do expresse,*
Willing to succour any in distresse:
The Hind the usuall neglect implies
Of servants: and the Husbandman that pries
And oversees each corner, points unto
What each good thriving Husband-man should do.

FAB.

FAB. 43.

The Lion *and the* Fox.

A Lion was ſick, the beaſts viſited him, the Fox alone neglecting his dutie. The Lion ſends an embaſſage unto her, with a letter, admoniſhing her to come. That the preſence of her would be moſt acceptable to him being ſick. Neither ſhould there be any danger wherefore the Fox ſhould fear. For firſt of all the Lion was indeed moſt friendly to the Fox, and therefore deſired to have ſpeech with her. And furthermore, that he was ſick, and kept his bed, that although he would do that which ought not to be done, yet he could not hurt. The Fox writeth back, that ſhe wiſheth that the Lion may recover his health, and that ſhe would pray for that to the gods, but yet that ſhe would not come to ſee him. That ſhe was terrified with the footſteps; which indeed ſith they were all towards the Lions den, and none turning back, that it was a ſigne that many beaſts had entered in, but that none had come forth.

Horace; I will tell that, which once the wary Fox anſwered the ſick Lion: Becauſe the footſteps terrifie me,

All of them looking towards thee, none back again.

Morall

Morall. *Take heed how you truſt words; unleſſe you take good heed, you ſhall oft have words onely given you. We are to take a conjecture both of words and deeds, and by one you are to judge of the other.*

A *Royall Brute* through age unapt to take
A prey abroad, his den a trap doth make,
Feigns himſelf ſick; and when the ſmall beaſts came
On ſingle viſits he devour'd the ſame.
The wily *Fox* excepted, moſt Beaſts went
As bound in duty; Then the Lion ſent
An embaſſy to *Reinard* to requeſt
A viſit of him; ſince he lov'd him beſt;
(And therefore long'd to ſee him,) there's no dread
Of violence, for he was now even dead
With pain, and could not if he would offend,
Nor would he, though he could, ſo dear a friend,
Whom he deſires to ſee without delay.
Reinard ſends word---that he to *Jove* will pray
For his *Lord's* health; though he to ſee him dare
Not come, the footſteps of theſe beaſts appear.
His will to warineſſe; ſince all do go
Towards the den, but few or none come fro.

The Morall.

Whereon you ground your confidence beware;
Seeing fair words are often but a ſnare.

FAB.

FAB. 44.

The Fox *and* VVeaſell.

THe Fox being ſlender with lack of meat, by chance crept into a corn-chamber through a narrow chink. In which when ſhe had been well fed, and afterward trying to go forth again, her belly being over full, hindered her. The VVeaſel farre off ſeeing her ſtrugling, at length admoniſheth her, that if ſhe deſire to get out, that ſhe return to the hole ſlender, at which ſhe entered in when ſhe was empty.

Morall. *You may ſee many to be merry and chearfull in a mean eſtate, void of cares without any troubles of mind. But if theſe ſhall become rich, you ſhall ſee them to go carefull and never to look merrily, but full of carking, and overwhelmed with troubles of mind.* Horace *in his firſt book Epiſt. 7. ſets out this fable thus:*

By chance a gaunt Fox *had crept through a narrow chink into a corn-chamber, and being fed, aſſayed in vain to go forth again when her belly was full.*

To whom a weaſel afarre off, ſaid, if thou wilt go thence, make thy ſelf empty, through the narrow cranny, which thou wenteſt in at when thou waſt empty.

A Fox

A *Fox* with fasting long, thinne, lean and poor,
Seeks entrance at a Farmers Garner door;
But being lockt, at length he views a place
Broke in the Wall, which he might easly passe,
And in he goes, where meeting his desire,
He stuft his guts so full, that to retire
When he attempted, he could find no way,
His big swoln belly did his passage stay.
Whom thus the *Weasel* Counsells, if from thence
He would depart, he must have patience
Untill his paunch as empty grow, and thin,
As 'twas at first when he there entred in.

The Morall.

This Fable shows, how glad, and void of care,
Many with mean estates contented are:
But stuff'd with wealth, what troubles of the mind,
And anxious fears rich Misers daily find.

FAB. 45.

The Stag *and* Horse.

THe Horse waged warre with the Stag. But being at length driven forth of the pastures, he craves the help

help of man. Returns with the man, goeth into the field, ſo he that was conquered before, now is made the conquerour. But yet nevertheleſſe, the enemy being overcome and brought under, the conquerour himſelf muſt needs ſerve the man. He bears the horſeman on his back, and the bridle in his mouth.

Morall. *Many ſtrive againſt povertie, which being overcome by good fortune and induſtry, they oft-times loſe their libertie. For being indeed Lords and conquerours of poverty, they begin to ſerve riches, are forced with the whips of covetouſneſſe, and are checked with the bridles of niggardlineſſe, neither yet do they keep any meau in ſeeking; neither yet indeed dare they uſe the good which they have gotten, for a juſt puniſhment of their covetouſneſſe.* Horace *ſaith concerning this matter, in his firſt book, Epiſtle 10.*

The Stag being too hard for the horſe in fight, drove him from the common paſture, untill the horſe being too weak in that long fight,

Implored the help of man, and taketh bridle.

So after that the violent conquerour departed from the enemy,

He throweth not the horſeman from his back, nor the bridle from his mouth.

So the fooliſh man that feared poverty, loſeth liberty, which is better then gold, and ſhall carry his maſter.

And he ſhall be a ſlave for ever, who will not be content to uſe a little.

THe *Stag* and *Horſe* a ſingle combat fight;
The *Horſe* repulſt, is driven t' open flight:
Wherefore to get his honour loſt again,
He humbly ſupplicates the help of man;
Who mounted on his back with ſpear and ſhield,
His preſence makes the *Hart* forſake the field,
And fly amain: ſo he that was before
Vanquiſh'd, is now become a conquerour;

Yet

Yet not quite free; but as a ſubject ſtill
To Man, Man rides and rules him at his will.

The Morall.

As here the Horſe *ſuppreſt his mightieſt foe,*
Yet ſtill a ſubject ſtands; So thoſe that grow
To great eſtates; from anxious cares not free,
Live in an everlaſting ſlaverie.

FAB. 46.

Of two Young men *and the* Cook.

TVVo youngmen pretend to buy meat at the Cooks; whileſt the Cook was otherwayes buſie, the one filtches meat out of the basket, giveth it to his fellow to hide under his garment: The Cook, when as he ſaw that a piece of meat was ſtoln from him, began to accuſe both of them of theft. He that had taken it away ſwears by *Jove* that he had none of it: and he that had it, forſwears it likewiſe, that he took away none of it. To whom the Cook ſaith: to me indeed the thief is now unknown; but he by whom you ſware, he looked on him, he knows him.

Morall.

Morall. *If we have committed any ſinne, men do not preſently know it; but God ſeeth all things, who ſitteth upon the heavens, and ſeeth into the bottomleſſe deeps: which if men would conſider, they would ſinne more ſparingly, and more warily.*

TWo crafty Knaves (well vers'd in ſlight of hand)
Into a Cooks ſhop went, where they demand
What price meat bears, but while the buſie Cock
Forc'd to the fire on his roaſt to look,
One ſnatch'd a piece of meat, the which (to ſave
His future oath) unto his mate he gave,
Who had a cloak his knavery to hide,
The Cook returning to his chapmen ſpi'd
Some meat was gone; then ask'd them, who 'twas took
His meat away that hung on ſuch a hook.
The Thief raps out an oath, that he had none
Of the Cooks meat, if any piece were gone;
And the Receiver dares as boldly ſwear,
He thence took none, if any ſuch there were;
Then quoth the Cook, the Thief I cannot learn;
But that God knows, by whom ye both have ſworn.

The Morall.

All ſecret thoughts are open to God's ſight
And he that ſees in ſecret, will requite.

FAB. 47.

The Dog and the Butcher.

WHen on a time a Dog had ſtoln a piece of fleſh from a Butcher in the ſhambles, he preſently betook himſelf to his feet as faſt as he could. The Butcher being troubled for the loſſe of the thing, at firſt held his peace. By and by recollecting his mind, he thus cryed to him afarre off: O thou thievish Curre, go thy wayes; thou maiſt go ſcot-free: For now thou art ſafe by reaſon of thy ſwiftneſſe; but hereafter thou ſhalt be looked unto more narrowly.

Morall. *This Fable ſheweth, that for the moſt part all men do become then at length more wary, after they have received a loſſe.*

A Sly *Curre* in the ſhambles had deſcri'd
A buſie *Butcher* turn his head aſide
From his Stalls end, whereon a Calves-pluck lay,
Off plucks he it, and therewith ranne away:
By this, the *Butcher* turn'd his head again,
And ſees him runne, but ſince he cannot gain
His Pluck, he plucks up a good heart, and ſayes,
VVell, thou ſly *Curre*, for this time go thy wayes,

But

But henceforth I will watch you, that you ſhall (ſtall.
Snatch no more Calves-plucks from my once robb'd

The Morall.

Till they receive ſome damage many men
Are careleſſe ſots; but wiſe and carefull then.

FAB. 48.

The Dog *and the* Sheep.

A Dog ſueth the Sheep crying out that ſhe did ow him a loaf, which ſhe had borrowed, ſhe denied it; the Kite, the Wolf, and the Vulture are called in for witneſſes. They affirm the matter. The Sheep is condemned, being condemned the Dog ſnatcheth, and teareth her in pieces.

Morall. *Very many men are undone by falſe witneſſes, as every one knoweth; and alſo this little fable moſt excellently ſhoweth.*

A *Dog* the harmleſſe *Sheep* arraigns,
Pretending ſhe from him detains
A loaf of bread (by bond long due.)
So cenſure each way doubtfull hew,

Till witneſſes produced are
On the *Dogs* part; too potent farre
For th' injur'd *Sheep*, whoſe innocence,
(Arm'd with an unſtaind Conſcience)
Proof ſufficient as ſhe thought,
No other teſtate with her brought:
When as the *Vulture*, *Wolf*, and *Kite*,
The Sonnes of Murder, Rapine, Spite,
And enemies t' an honeſt cauſe,
(Too many ſuch abuſe the Laws)
With execrable oaths averre,
The debt firm to the *Dog* from her.
Fair Juſtice then, whoſe cleareſt eye
Through ev'ry corner cannot prie,
Of perjur'd ſouls, inforced ſtands,
With equall and impartiall hands,
The rigour of the Law to lay
Upon the *Sheep*; who muſt obey
Though wrong'd; and ſubject to her foe,
Ev'n as he pleaſeth, ſuffer ſo:
Who, ſooner was not ſentence paſt,
But he with more then cruell haſte,
(His malice grown to ripeneſſe) ſlew
The ſilly beaſt, to feaſt the Crew
That like to him in blood delight,
No preſent friend to aid her right.

The Morall.

The worſt of hate and envy here is ſhown,
When to that height of wealth the rich are grown,
That they by bribing of falſe witneſſe can
O'rethrow the poore, though honeſt-dealing, man;
And him not onely into priſon lay,
But often take both life and goods away.

FAB.

FAB. 49.

The Lamb *and the* Wolf.

THe Wolf meets a Lamb accompanying a He-Goat; asketh him, why (his Damme being left) he ſhould rather follow the rank-ſmelling Goat; and perſwadeth him that he would return to the dugges of his Damme, ſwelling with milk: hoping, that ſo it would come to paſſe, that being led away he might kill him. But quoth the Lamb, O Wolf, my Damme committed me to this Goat; To him the chief charge of preſerving me is given; I muſt obey my Damme rather then thee, who deſireſt to ſeduce me by thoſe words, being led aſide preſently to tear me in pieces.

Morall. *Truſt not all men, for many, while they ſeem willingly to do others a pleaſure, in the mean time provide for themſelves.*

A Hungry roving *Wolf* met ſomewhat late
A *Lamb*, that had a *He-Goat* for his mate.
The *Wolf* feigns loving Counſell, asking why
The *Lamb* had left his Damme, t'accompany
The ranck *He-Goat*; adviſes him return
To his dammes ſweeter udder, which doth burn

Surcharg'd with milk, that when the *Lamb* ſhould leave
His Guardian, he of life might him bereave.
The *Lamb* replies, my Damme bad me attend
My Guard'an; and not elſewhere to intend:
'Tis better to obey my Damme, then be
Seduc'd to death, by your feign'd love to me.

The Morall.

Be not too light of credit, many faign
Good will to others, for their proper gain.

FAB. 50.

CUPID *and the young* Man.

WHen as a certain young man did take delight in loving a Cat, he wearied Venus with his ſupplications, that ſhe would transform the Cat into a woman. Venus pitied him, and heard his ſuit There is a Metamorphoſis made, which wonderfully pleaſeth the doting amorous young man: for ſhe was altogether fair, and very pretty. At length they go to their bed-chamber, they laugh and ſport: And not long after, the Goddeſſe being very deſirous to try whether the Cat had with her body changed her manners, ſends in a mouſe through the cuſens. Thereupon there falls out forthwith a matter worthy of laughter and ſport. The

little

little beaſt was no ſooner ſeen, but the woman purſues Venus being wroth with the woman, changes her face into a Cat, ſhe changes her hands into feet, her arms into legs; and a tail is added to her changed body.

Morall. *They that run beyond ſea, change the air but not their mind.*

It is too hard a thing to leave cuſtomes, although you drive away nature with a pitchfork it will return again.

Cupid it ſeems had ſtruck a young mans love,
As tow'rds a *Cat* he did affection move,
So ſtrong, that the young Man to *Venus* flies,
And on his knees unto the Goddeſſe cries,
To hear his ſuit; and ſuddenly eſtrange
The *Cats* rough form, and her to Virgin change.
Venus conſents, and to the young Mans eye
The *Cat* was Metamorphos'd preſently:
So time appointed for their wedding was,
And all that day in joy and mirth did paſſe:
To bed they go: but long they ſtaid not there,
When, like kind lovers as they ſporting were,
The Bride eſpies a *Mouſe*, leaps from her bed,
And, as when *Cat* ſhe was accuſtomed,
Purſues the Vermine, and forſaketh quite
All rights of love, or conjugall delight:
For which the Goddeſſe, angry, in diſdain
Transforms her to her ancient ſhape again.

The Morall.

The Fable ſhews how hardly wicked men
Their natures leave, and not return agen;
And that although their ſtates may alter, they
Retain ill manners to their dying day.

FAB. 51.

Of an Husband-man *and his* Sonnes.

THe Husbandman had many ſonnes, and they diſagreed among themſelves, whom the father labouring to reconcile, putting a bundle of wands before them, commanded every one of them to break the bundle which was bound with a little ſhort ſtring. Their tender age could do little. Their father unties the bundle, and gives to every one a wand, which, when every one according to his ſtrength eaſily broke, O quoth the father, my ſonnes, while you agree together, you are invincible. But if you will needs fall out one with another, and ſtirre civill diſcord, you will at length be a prey to your enemies.

Morall. *This fable ſhewes, ſmall matters increaſe by peace, but great things decay through diſcord.*

A Certain *Man* had many *Sonnes*, which he
Perceiving very often diſagree,
Strove to compoſe them, to which end commands
A bunch of rods, bound up with Oſier bands
Should unto him be brought, which being done,
In order he preſents it to each *Sonne*,

Bidding

Bidding them try their ſtrength to break the ſame:
The *Lads* aſſay by turns, but all in vain;
The *Father* doth unbind the bunch, and reach
Each *Sonne* a rod, which ſoon are broke by each,
So, *Lads* quoth he, if thus in love you cloſe
You'll thrive, if not, you periſh by your foes.

The Morall.

Weak things grow ſtrong by unity, and love:
By diſcord ſtrong things weak, and weaker prove.

FAB. 52.

The Countrey-man, Horſe, *and the* Aſſe.

THe Countrey-man leads forth an empty Horſe, and the Aſſe hard loaden into the way. The Aſſe being weary, intreats the Horſe, if he wiſh him well, that he would eaſe him of his burthen. The Horſe denies to do it. At length the Aſſe being overloaden with his burden, lies down and dies. The maſter layes all the burden and alſo the hide of the dead Aſſe upon the Horſes back, with which when he was weighed down; alas for me, quoth he, deſervedly I am now thus tormented, who refuſed to help the poor loaden Aſſe.

Morall. *We are advised in this fable, to succour our distressed friends. Our birth, saith* Plato, *challengeth part of us, part of us our country, our friends a part.*

AN over-loaden *Asse* upon the way,
A lighter-burd'ned *Horse* doth humbly pray,
To ease him of some fardels which he bore,
Then addes this motive, that he is so sore,
And weary, he (without some present aid)
Must yield his life, his strength is so decay'd.
The *Horse* refuseth help, the poor *Asse* straight
Falls dead, oppress with his sore-loading weight;
The Owner forthwith loads the *Horse* with all
That the *Asse* bore, his burthen hide and all;
VVherewith he griev'd, said he was justly us'd,
That to relieve th' oppressed *Asse* refus'd.

The Morall.

Help and relieve poore men oppress, and vext,
For ought you know, your turns may be the next.

FAB. 53.

The Collier *and the* Fuller.

THe Collier invites the Fuller to dwell with him in the same house. It is not, my good friend, saith the Fuller, either profitable or to my mind, for I greatly fear, lest that the things which I scour clean thou make as black as a coal.

Morall.

Morall. *We are adviſed in this fable, to converſe with unblameable men. We are admoniſhed to decline the company of wicked men as the plague it ſelf. Fellowſhip and commerce, ſaith* Campanus, *doth ſeduce men and drive into their manners, and juſt ſo every one becomes as they are with whom he converſes.*

THe *Collier* living in a houſe alone
Intreats the *Fuller* that hee'l pleaſe to dwell
In part thereof; Nay, that can ne're be well
Replies the *Fuller*, for 'tis ten to one
But what I ſpend my time and pains to white,
Your coals will black it like the div'l ere night.

The Morall.

Avoid deboiſt ſociety, leſt the ſhame
Of noted vice thy better deeds defame.

FAB. 54.

The Fowler *and* Stock-Dove.

THe Fowler goes a birding: ſpies afarre off the Stock-Dove building in an high tree: he haſtens to him, and deviſes plots againſt him. By chance he treads upon a Snake: the Snake bites him: he being on the ſudden affighted with the miſchief; wretch that I am, quoth he, while I lay wait for another, I my ſelf am undone.

Morall.

Morall. *This Fable shews that sometimes they are circumvented with their own deviſes, who plot new deſigns.*

A *Fowler* aiming at a *Stock-Dove* ſate
Nettling upon a tree, it was his fate,
To tread upon an Adder underneath
The leaves, whoſe ſting gives to the *Fowler* death:
He now expiring, makes this grievous mone,
Ah me! poor wretch, through haſt I looſe my own
Seeking anothers life, my heartſtrings feel,
I aim'd not with my eye, but with my heel.

The Morall.

Oft times we bear the evill we contrive
For other men; ill thoughts thus juſtly thrive.

FAB. 55.

Of the Trumpeter.

A Certain trumpeter is taken by his enemies, is brought before them: he begins to tremble deſires that being innocent they will ſpare him. Profeſſing that he bearing no armes but a ſingle trumpet, neither would nor could kill any man. They on the other ſide, thunder at him with fierce language, and blows: Thou pleadeſt nothing thou villain, thou art moſt obnoxious, and here forth-

forthwith ſhalt be tortured, that ſeeing thou (according to thine own confeſſion) art unskilfull in military matters; with that thy trumpet doeſt ſtirre up, and provoke the courage of others.

Morall. *Some men are grievouſly peccant, who prone enough to miſchief aſſent to tyrants in unjuſt actions. Why doeſt thou doubt? Haſt thou forgotten that thou wert a commander? Is it not lawfull for thee to do what thou wilt? Thou art above the Laws. The name of lawbreaker cannot be imputed to thee, who haſt a ſoveraignty over the Laws themſelves. Thy ſubjects enjoy nothing but what is thine. Thou canſt both ſave and deſtroy. It is in thy hands to augment in wealth and dignity whomſoever thou pleaſeſt. Where thou pleaſeſt, thou haſt power to take away. Some either condemn or commend others. Thou canſt do nothing but that which is moſt honeſt.*

A Captive *Trumpeter* requeſts the Foe,
To ſpare an Innocent, and let him go;
Urging, that he the life of no man ſought
He ſtill unarmed was, nor ever fought:
Slave ſaid the foe, thou did'ſt far greater ill
That unprovok'd, ſets others us to kill.

The Morall.

Thoſe men moſt guilty are, whoſe dire commands
And evill counſels, kill with others hands.

FAB.

FAB. 56.

The VVolf and the Dog.

THe VVolf by accident meets the Dog in the wood before day; he ſalutes, and welcomes him, finally asks him, how it comes to paſſe he is ſo ſpruce: to whom he replyed: It is my maſters care that does it: when I fawn upon my maſter he makes much of me, I am fed from my maſters ſumptuous table, I never ſleep in the open air, it is unſpeakable, how acceptable I am to the whole family. Verily (ſaith the VVolf) thou art moſt happy (O dog!) who haſt got ſo bountifull and courteous a maſter. O that I might dwell with him, I ſhould eſteem no creature alive more fortunate. The Dog perceiving the VVolf extreme deſirous of a new condition, promiſes to bring it about, that he ſhould be a retainer to his maſter, if ſo be he would abate ſomewhat of his former fierceneſſe; and would be content to become a ſervant. It is determined; and it was the pleaſure of the VVolf to walk about the village: they paſſe on their journey with moſt pleaſant diſcourſe. A little after, when it was break of the day, the Wolf ſeeing the dogs neck to be worn; what is the meaning of it, O dog, (ſaith the Wolf) that I ſee all thy neck without hair: It was my wont (ſaith the Dog) being ſomething fell to bark at,

and

and ſometimes to bite both friends and foes. My maſter taking that ill, gave me many a blow, forbidding me to ſet upon any beſides the Thief and the Wolf: and ſo by cudgelling I am ſubdued, and become more tame, and this is the badge of my native cruelty. Which the Wolf hearing, I will not, quoth he, purchaſe the favour of your maſter at ſo dear a rate; farewell therefore (O Dog) with that thy ſervitude; I think my liberty much better.

Morall. *It is a more deſireable thing to be maſter of a mean cottage, and to live upon brown bread, then to live in fear and danger, though in a Kings palace, and to enjoy the moſt coſtly fare: for liberty lives not in the court, where it becomes a captive; and there's no complaining of wrong.*

ERe full broad day, a *Wolf* and *Dog* do meet
Within a wood, each kindly other greet;
The *Wolf* ask'd how the *Dog* ſo ſmooth and fair
Became, he anſwers his Lords love and care,
Who from his trencher feeds him, and oft ſtrokes
His fawning ſides, the like do all the folkes:
The *Wolf* this hearing, for ſuch bliſſe doth long,
Thinks, happy he, could he to ſuch belong.
A place is promis'd, if he will but ſerve,
And ſomewhat from his wonted fierceneſſe ſwerve.
Agreed, to town they march; by this, broad day
The *Dog's* gal'd neck, doth to the *Wolf* diſplay;
Whoſe reaſon ask'd, my fierceneſſe, quoth the *Dog*,
Intit'led me unto a weighty clog,
I being curſt alike to friends, and foes,
My maſter honour'd me with many blows,
Giving me charge, no living thing to bite,
But Wolves, and Thieves, who rob both day and night;
Thus was I tam'd, yet ſtill about I bear
This mark of innate curſtneſſe ev'ry where.
The *Wolf* this hearing, ſaid, I will not buy
Your maſters friendſhip with my liberty.

Then

Then bids the Dog farewell, go serve thy friends:
For my hard fair, my freedome maks amends.

The Morall.

Great mens acquaintance, and their dainty chear
Exchang'd for liberty, are bought too dear.

FAB. 57.

Of the Husband-man *and his* Dogs.

THe Husbandman when he had wintered certain days in the countrey. he began to be in want: he slaughters the sheep, and afterward the kids, and last of all he slayes the oxen, that he might have wherewithall to support his thin body, almost consumed with want. The Dogs seeing that, resolve to provide for their own safety by running away, thinking with themselves that there was no living long, when the master spared not the oxen, which were so usefull for all countrey employment.

Morall. *Be wary into what family thou selleſt thy self for gain: some masters are most inhumane, for many at present are grown to that madnesse, that by misfortune, mischief, and detriment they wilfully kill their servants.*

An

AN *Husband-man* beſieg'd with froſt and ſnow,
To market for proviſion could not go;
In this diſtreſſe full many dayes he paſt,
Winter ſtill laſting he was forc'd at laſt
To kill his *Sheep* and *Goats*, and they being ſpent
His *Oxen* too to give his guts content:
This his *Dogs* ſeeing, ranne for life away;
Not daring, till the beeves were eaten, ſtay
Though they ſhould ſhare the bones: for if he kill
His *Steers*, ſay they, who us'd his ground to till
His *Sheep* that cloath'd him, will our maſter ſpare
Our lives, who uſeleſſe and devouring are?

The Morall.

Ill-nurtur'd men make all their ſervants ſlaves,
With whom the beſt no better fare then knaves.

FAB. 58.

The Lion *and* Fox.

THE Fox, which ſaw the unuſuall fierceneſſe of the Lion, frequently viewing that kind of creature, trembled at him, and ſhunned him: whereas now the third time ſhe met the Lion, the Fox was ſo farre from fearing

fearing any thing, that ſhe confidently went to him and ſaluted him.

Morall. *Cuſtome makes us all more venturous, even with thoſe whom before-time we ſcarcely durſt look upon.*

THe *Fox* that never in his life before
Had ſeen a *Lion*, nor what aw he bore
In his dread countenance; at firſt diſmaid,
Durſt not approch him, ev'n to death afraid.
The ſecond time he meets him; whoſe fierce ſight
The trembling *Fox* did in ſome meaſure fright,
But not ſo much as firſt: But when that he
The third time met him, his timidity
Quite ſhaken off, the *Fox* was grown ſo bold,
That he durſt confrence with the *Lion* hold.

The Morall.

So cuſtome makes men fearleſſe, and what were
Dreadfull before, become familiar.

FAB. 59.

Of the Fox *and the* Eagle.

THe Foxes whelps ranne abroad, which being taken by the Eagle, implore the help of their Damme: ſhe

ſhe runnes to ſuccour, and intreats the Eagle to let go the captivated whelps. The Eagle having gotten her prey flies to her young ones: The *Fox*, taking a fire-brand follows her, as if ſhe would burn up her ſtrong-holds: When now ſhe climbed up the tree, the Fox ſaid, now defend thy ſelf and thy young ones, if thou canſt. The Eagle trembling whileſt ſhe feared burning, ſaith, ſpare me I pray thee and my young ones, and what ever I have of thine I will reſtore thee.

Morall *By the Eagle underſtand ſuch men who are of a powerfull and hardy courage; by the Fox underſtand poor men, whom wealthy ones ſtudy to oppreſſe with calumnies and reproches: But ſometime even the ants have their gall, and the moſt impotent have ſometimes a power to right an injury received.*

A Brooding *Eagle* for her Eaglets ſtole
A young Fox-cub, that ſtrayed from his hole;
The *Bitch-Fox* hearing her diſtreſs'd cub crie,
Forth of her hole came running haſtily,
Praying the *Eagle* ſhe would let him go;
Which when the mounting *Eagle* would not do;
The Damme a fire brand takes and vows that ſhe
Will burn the neſt; with that ſhe climbes the tree:
The *Eagle* ſeeing that, let me alone,
She ſayes, and I will render thee thine own.

The Morall.

Wrong not the poor for thine own wel-fares ſake,
There's none ſo mean but due revenge may take.

FAB.

FAB. 60.

Of the Husband-man *and* Stork.

THe Cranes and Geese eating up the sowed corn, the countrey-man spreads his net, the Cranes are caught, likewise the Geese, as also the Stork. She begs pardon, proclaiming her innocency, and withall professing that she was neither the Crane nor the Goose, but the best of all birds, because she us'd to be dutifull to her parents, even when they were worn with old age: The husband-man answers, none of these I regard. Seeing I have taken thee with offenders, with them shalt thou also die.

Morall. *He that commits a fault, and he that adjoins himself to wicked companions, shall suffer the punishment with them.*

A Farmer pitcht a net for Cranes and Geese
That fed his new-sown seed; but among these,
A *Stork* caught likewise humbly doth implore
For life; since she was never there before.
Shee a poor *Stork* (that doth her parents feed,
And succour, when distreſt with age or need)
No Goose or Crane is; therefore freed may be,
If not for pittie, for her pietie.

The

The Farmer ſayes, that though nor Gooſe nor Crane
You be, you die, ſince you with ſuch are tane.

The Morall.

Hence pliant youth, and natures, may deſcry,
And ſhunne the danger of ill company.

FAB. 61.

The Cat *and the* Cock.

THe Cat came to eat the Cock, and having not cauſe ſufficient to wrong him, began to accuſe the Cock, ſaying that he was a clamorous bird, and that with his ſhrill voice he awoke men ſleeping in the night: he pleads himſelf innocent, whereas he ſtir'd up men to their labour. The Cat in the mean while thunders at him, ſaying, thou varlet, nothing thou doſt; thou haſt to do with thy mother, neither doſt thou contain thy ſelf from thy ſiſter: when the Cock endeavoured to clear himſelf in that: Neither ſhall this avail, quoth the Cat, ſtill ſuming, I will forthwith tear thee aſunder.

Morall. *It is an old ſaying, ſaith* William Gtudaus, us, It's an eaſie matter to find a cudgell to beat a dog: *a wicked man right or wrong will ruine thee.*

A *Cat*

A *Cat* upon the *Cock* layes violent hands,
With full intent that watchfull Bird to kill:
Of whom the *Cock* before his death demands
Why so unjustly she his bloud would spill?
The *Cat* replies, Villain, when Men should rest,
And undisturbed in their houses lie,
Thy nightly crowings their sound sleeps molest;
Which to prevent, thou instantly shalt die.
Alasse, quoth *Chaunticlear*, my voice affrights
Not any; but more helps then damnifies;
By that men know the wasting of the nights,
And with the early morning when to rise.
Admit, quoth *Puss*, I grant thee this excuse,
Yet greater crimes then that hang o'e thy head;
Thy kindred thou incestuously dost use,
Not sparing those are nearest, but dost tread
With equall lust thy Sisters and even her
Who hatch'd and give thee being: Does not then
This merit death? No answers *Chaunticlear*,
Nature confines not us as she doth men,
Wholly to one. Lust quoth the *Cat*, I see
Y' are frequent in your babling, when you please,
Whose empty sound can nothing profit me,
Nor to my eager appetite give ease;
Your life I covet, and 'tis that alone,
Without excuse, which I must seise upon.

The Morall.

So great men crush the poore, and make their will,
The onely cause of their oppression still.

FAB.

FAB. 62.

The Shepherds boy and the Husbandmen.

A Certain boy fed the ſheep in an open meadow, and three or four times in jeſt crying out that the Wolf was coming, ſtirr'd up the husbandmen round about: They being often in this manner deluded, when they were called in earneſt, came not, in the mean time the ſheep are made a prey to the Wolf.

Morall. *If a man accuſtome himſelf to lying, he is ſcarcely believed when he tells true.*

A *Shepherds boy* with many mocks did keep,
On higher grounds, a ſcatter'd flock of Sheep;
He jetting oft, as if the Wolves were nigh,
Cry'd out for help, as in extremitie,
To neighb'ring plow-folk; they their work leave off
To help the knave, who thanks them with a ſcoffe:
At laſt the Wolves indeed come, then the boy
Cries, neighbours help, the Wolves my Sheep deſtroy;
The oft deluded Ploughmen, now refuſe
To help, leſt he again their help abuſe;
And ſo the Sheep the Wolves prey die; whilſt he
In earneſt grieves, his jeſting mockerie.

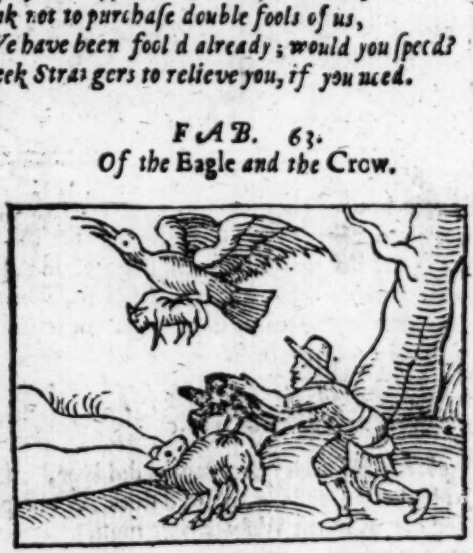
The

The Morall.

A constant lier shall not find belief,
Though truth he tell, the cripple no relief
(That once was known to counterfeit) shall find,
Although he ne're so accurately bind
His pliant leg, to his more supple thigh;
Nay, though it broken were, and lame he cry,
By Jove I feigne not, and shed many tears;
Yea, though by dread Osyris self he sweare
Himself a Cripple; all will answer thus,
Think not to purchase double fools of us,
We have been fool'd already; would you speed?
Seek Strangers to relieve you, if you need.

FAB. 63.

Of the Eagle *and the* Crow.



THe Eagle flies from an high rock upon the Lambs back: the Crow seeing that, ape-like, desires to imitate the Eagle, lights upon the rammes fleece, alighting is hindred, being hindred is caught, being caught is thrown to the boyes.

Morall. *Let no man value himself by the virtue that is in others, but his own:* Measure thy self (*saith Horace*) by thy own foot: will, and experience, that which thou art able.

The

THe *Eagle* ſeiſes on a *Lamb* for prey,
And mounting, lightly beareth it away:
Which th' apiſh *Crow* perceiving, thinks that ſhe
Might as adventurous as the *Eagle* be;
And with as good ſucceſſe, and equall power,
Seiſe on another *Lamb*, and that devour.
With which ſurmiſe puſt up, ſhe ſwiftly flies,
And with loud ſcreamings, ſhrill and hideous cries,
Intangled ſo her claws within the thick
Rough curled wool, and there ſo faſt did ſtick,
That riſing, as ſhe thought to bear with her
The *Lamb* aloft, ſhe neither it could ſtirre,
Nor yet her ſelf get looſe; which conflict ſtraight
The *Shepherd* ſees, and haſts to terminate.
Seiſing the vainly guilty, takes the *Crow*,
Then clips her wings, and to his boyes did throw
The ſilly *Bird*; who ſport and with her play,
While ſhe from them cannot eſcape away;
But thus lamenting, cries; O now I ſee
That ſimple *Crows* will never *Eagles* be.

The Morall.

So men who vainly above themſelves aſpire,
Ere they poſſeſſe the height of their deſire,
Not only fail in their attempt, but fall
Beneath themſelves, inferiour to all.

FAB. 64.

The Dog and the Ox.

THe Dog lies down in the manger full of hay, the Ox came to feed: the Dog raising himself prohibits him. A mischief go with thee (quoth the Ox) with that thy envy, who wilt not eat hay thy self, nor suffer me.

Morall. *Many are of that disposition, that they envy others in what they themselves, through inability of mind, are not able to attain.*

AN envious *Dog* that sleeping lay
Upon a bundle of fresh hay,
Snarles at the *Ox*, which thither came
Hungry, to feed upon the same,
And drives him back: Whereat the *Ox*
This curse upon the *Dog* invokes,
May the just gods so punish thee,
As thou with splene opposest me,
VVho that, whereon thou canst not feed
VVith-holdest from me in my need.

The

The Morall.

I' th' world too many ſuch like men there are,
Who rather them they ſ ought to others ſpare
For their relief, will to themſelves detain
Things of ſmall uſe, perhaps of ſmaller gain.

FAB. 65.

The Crow *and the* Sheep.

THe Crow chatters upon the back of the Sheep: the Sheep ſaith, to the Dog if thou ſhouldeſt make ſuch a noiſe, it might be unfortunate unto thee. But ſaith the Crow I know over whom I may triumph; I moleſt them who are quiet, and am courteous to them who are ſrefull.

Morall. *There is a perpetuall enmity betwixt powerleſſe, honeſt, and wicked men: the moſt innocent is thrown to the ground; but injurious men and inſolent carry themſelves uncontrouled.*

A *Crow* upon a *Sheeps* back proudly ſtands,
And ſeemingly the harmleſſe Beaſt commands
VVith her harſh voice: to her thus ſpake the *Sheep*,
VVherefore doſt thou ſo hateſull noiſes keep?

And me disturb? if here's a Dog were nigh,
You durst not lift your voice up half so high.
That's true replies the *Crow*; I domineer
Onely o're them that dare do nought but fear.

The Morall.

This Fable *shews that honest harmlesse men*
Oft greatest injuries do suffer, when
A dogged wrangling Neighbour lives at rest,
As if none durst disturb, or him molest.

FAB. 66.

Of the Peacock *and the* Nightingale.

THe Peacock complains to *Juno* the sister and wi of the highest *Jove*, that the Nightingale su sweetly, and that she was derided by all for her hoa nesse. To whom *Juno* replied, every one hath his pec liar gift from above: The Nightingale in singing, th in thy plumes incomparably surpassest: It becomes e ry one to be content with his own lot.

Morall. *That which the gods bestow, thankfully r ceive we, and let us not pursue greater things.* The go do nothing rashly.

T

THe *Peacock* hearing the melodious ſtrains
Of the ſweet *Nightingale*, ſadly complains
To *Joves* great Siſter, that his ſqueaking voice
Yielded no ſound, but a harſh hatefull noiſe;
Scorned by ev'ry man, while that ſmall Bird
With rav'liing Notes ſo much th' affection ſtirr'd
Of all her hearers, that they'd liſtning ſtand
To her tun'd ſong, his ſcreaming was diſdaind.
To whom thus *Juno* anſwers; Hath not *Jove*
To thee giv'n ſtately feathers, farre above
The glor' of other Birds? then reſt content;
As ſhe in voice excells, in ornament
You her ſurpaſſe: And *Jupiter* beſtows
His ſev'rall gifts, as from his p'eaſure flows.

The Morall.

Men ought not with croſſe murmuring repine,
Againſt the juſtice of the Pow'r Divine;
Nor envy others gifts; for none can be
Poſſeſt of ev'ry thing: but as we ſee
Some men have others unto honour riſe,
In poorer men God that defect ſupplies.

FAB. 67.

The old VVeasell and Mice.

THe Weasel by reason of old age decaying in strength, was not able to pursue the mice as formerly. She begins to use her wits, and lurks in a meal-heap, hoping by that means easily to hunt: The mice runne together, and while they eagerly fall to the meal, are every one devoured by the VVeasell.

Morall. *He had need use his wits, whose strength of body is decayed.* Lysander *the Lacedemonian used to say, He must put on the Foxes skin, who cannot attain to the Lions: which may be spoken more clearly thus,* Where vertue fails, make use of policy.

A *Weasell* weak through age could not pursue,
Nor hunt the *Mice* as she was wont to do:
VVhereon she thus contrived to conceal
Her self close cover'd in a Tub of Meal,
VVhither whole Regiments of Mice did use
Still to repair, as to their Randevouz.
The *weasell* which lay there perdue, now riseth
From thence, as from an Ambush, and surprizeth
The captive vermine, and by this device
Vanquish'd whole Troops, and slue them in a trice.

The

The Morall.

Where weapons cannot, wiſdome may prevail.
Where th' Lions ſkin is ſcant, the Foxes tail
Well-piec'd doth well. 'Tis prudence to unite
Counſell with courage, Policy with might.

FAB. 68.

The Countrey-man *and his* Landlord.

THe Countrey-man yearly gathered moſt pleaſant apples, from a tree which he had in the next field, and when he had gathered them, he preſented them to his Citie-Landlord, who was ſo taken with the incredible pleaſantneſſe of the apples, that at length he removed the tree to his own field. Which being very old preſently withered, and ſo the apples and the tree in like manner periſhed. Which when it was told to the maſter of the houſe: Alas, quoth he, it is a difficult matter to tranſplant an old tree. It had been ſufficiently enough (had I known how to have bridled my deſires) to have gathered the fruit.

Morall. *Thoſe who are overwiſe, and purſue unlawfull things are too too fooliſh; he that can bridle his deſires, is the wiſeſt man.*

A *Countrey-Swain* ith' Countrey every yeare
Gatherd ſweet apples from a Tree h' had there;
With theſe he poſts to th' Citie, where he ſought
His *Landlords* friendſhip with the fruit he brought.
His *Landlord* much delighted with the taſte
Of theſe delicious fruits contrives in haſte,
How to remove the *Stock* and all; the fruit
Could not ſuffice, unleſſe he ſee the *Root*.
No ſooner was the *Stock* digg'd from his ſtation,
But dies and withers in the tranſplantation;
Which when the *Landlord* heard he thus did ſigh,
Uttering theſe ſad complaints, what fool was I,
That with the fruit could not contented be?
I've loſt the Apples while I ſought the Tree.

The Morall.

Thoſe raſh and hair-braind men that won't be rul'd,
By the advice of others oft are fool'd
In their attempts. The moderate man's the ſole
Object of wit. Diſcretion winnes the Gole.

FAB. 69.

Of the Lion *and the* Frog.

THe Lion ſeeming to hear a voice, ſtart up; he ſtood ſtill not without fear, expecting ſome great thing,

at

at length a little Frog came out of the water; the Lion laying aſide all fear, makes haſte, and ſpurned the little beaſt with his feet.

Morall. *This Fable forbids vain fears, as that fable which was made by* William Gaudanus, *concerning the mountains bringing forth.*

A *Lion* at the Croaking of a *Frog*,
Stood as h' had been metamorphoſ'd t' a log,
With great amazement wondring at the cauſe
Or myſtick meaning of this hideous voice:
At length, (as thus he long time pauſing ſtood)
A little *Frog* came crawling from the mud;
Whom, when his re-erected thoughts did meet,
With ſcorn he ſpurn'd and trampled under feet.

The Morall.

The Fable of the mountain that did teem,
And travell'd with a muſhrome Mouſe, doth ſeem
An Hieroglyphick of the fear of thoſe
Who are affrighted ere they ſee their foes.

FAB. 70.

Of the Piſmire *and* Dove.

THe Piſmire being athirſt came to the fountain that ſhe might drink, by chance ſhe fell into the well, a-

Dove helped her afarre off by a bough that was caſt from a tree. The Piſmire crawling up the bough, is ſaved, the Fowler is at hand to take the Dove, but the Piſmire doth not ſuffer him, biting him by the heel, the Dove flies away.

Morall. *This Fable elegantly teacheth us to give thanks to thoſe that deſerve it.*

THe little *Piſmire*, thirſty, goes to drink;
Where, as ſhe ſippeth at the rivers brink,
A floting wave o'rewhelms her; nor could ſhe
Eſcape its force; till from a neighb'ring tree
A gentle *Dove* crops off a tender twig,
And drops it in the river; on which ſprig
The half-drownd *Piſmire* crawls, and ſcapes to ſhore
Safe from the dan ger ſhe was in before.
This done, a crafty *Fowler*, viewing where
The *Dove* ſate perch'd, approcheth her, and there
Beginnes to place his Nets; the *Ant* deſcries
His cunning practice, and for courteſies
Receiv'd that he might not ingratefull prove,
Thus plots a way to free the harmleſſe *Dove*:
The *Fowler* being buſie at his work,
(Though cloſely from the *Pig'ons* ſight he lurk)
The little *Piſmire* bites him by the heel;
Which ſudden ſmarting when the man did feel,
Loſing his hold, the Nets fall from his hand,
The noiſe whereof makes the *Dove* underſtand
The *Fowlers* miſchief, and with winged ſpeed
Flie ſwiftly thence; from ſo great danger freed.

The Morall.

If things irrationall ſo gratefull be,
Learn, Man, what Duty doth belong to thee:
For if thou any man ingratefull call,
Of bad, thou giveſt him the Titles all.

FAB.

FAB. 71.

Of the Peacock *and the* Pie.

A Flock of Birds as they freely wandred, wiſhed to chooſe them a King, the Peacock thought himſelf firſt worthy to be choſen, becauſe he was the moſt beautifull. He being made King; O King, ſayes the Pie, if (thou raigning) the Eagle ſhould begin to follow as ſtrongly as ſhe was wont, how couldeſt thou drive him away? how couldeſt thou ſave us?

Morall. *In a Prince not ſo much the form as the fortitude of his body is to be marked, and there is need of wiſdome.*

THe winged nation, that of old flew free,
By all means govern'd by a King would be,
Valentine's day, th' appoint with one conſent,
To chatter their Diurnall Parliament;
The ſet Day dawning, ev'ry Bird his mate
Selects, ſecluding none to agitate.
In well fill'd Senate, up the *Peacock* ſtarts,
And more to take his Auditours, he parts
And ſpreads his gaudie Train, then ſtrutting thus,
Speaks to the reſt, ſince 'tis agreed by us,

This

This day a King to chooſe, 'tis fit you know
His full endowments, on whom you beſtow
Our Sov'raignty; know, firſt our King muſt have
A gracefull Form, and Perſonage, to behave
Himſelf like other Princes, without theſe
His other parts, are but deformities;
This being voted by the Birds, again
The *Peacock* ſtruts, and more diſplayes his Train,
King in conceit already, thus renews
His Oratory: What Bird here, that views
The Beauty of our Perſonage, and Gate,
Though nere ſo proud, will think himſelf our mate?
With this, the Birds eye-blinded, paſſe their votes
He ſhould be King; and with their various-notes
Sound out his *vivat*; But the wiſer *Pie*,
Makes to the King this ſhort, but ſharp reply;
If in thy Reign, (as 'tis moſt like) ſome foe
Aſſault us, where for ſuccour ſhall we go?
Can that gay Brav'ry when for aid we fly,
To hide us there, repulſe the Enemie?

The Morall.

When Princes are elective, one endu'd
With Prudence, vigilance, and fortitude,
Ought to be choſe, and not whoſe outward form,
Doth promiſe much, but nothing can perform.

FAB. 72.

Of the Sick man *and the* Phyſician.

THe Phyſician cured a ſick man, at length he dies, then the Phyſician ſayes, he hath periſhed by intemperance.

Morall. *Unleſſe every one leaves drunkenneſſe and luſt, when he is young, he ſhall either never come to old age, or he ſhall have a very ſhort old age.*

A Rare *Phyſician* had a man in cure;
That a long time did grievous pain endure,
His malady unknown, yet ſtill the *Sot*,
Pli'd him with Purges, Clyſters, and what not?
That he might learn, (ſuch is the uſe of thoſe
Hedge-Doctours ſtill) the nature of each Doſe,
Unknown to him before, and try which Pill
What Drugge is hot, or cold, doth eaſe, or kill;
The man this tampring to a feaver brought,
Whereof he dies; but when his kindred ſought
What his Diſeaſe was, the *Doctour* repli'd,
Th.o.gh ſome intemp'rance 'twas your kinſman di'd.

The

The Morall.

Intemperance effeminates the ſoul
And body both, and doth deſtroy the whole
State of mans life, by haſtning on old age,
Stopping our journey ere w' have rid a ſtage.

FAB. 73.

Of the Lion *and other* Beaſts.

THe Lion, the Aſſe, and the Fox go a hunting, a great prey is taken, it is commanded to be devided, the Aſſe laying to every one their parts; the Lion rores, he takes hold of the Aſſe and tears him: afterward he committeth that buſineſſe to the Fox, who being more crafty, when a great deal the beſt part was laid before the Lion, he reſerveth ſcarce a little part for himſelf; the Lion asked by whom he was ſo taught, to whom he anſwered, the calamitie of this taught me, ſhewing him the dead Aſſe.

Morall. *He is happie whom other mens harms do make to beware.*

THe Royall *Lion*, *Fox* and *Aſſe*, do make
A hunting-day, and ample prey do take;

A well grown calf; which in three equall parts
The *Aſſe* divides, and each, to each imparts;
The *Lion* raging roar'd, to ſee his ſhare
No more, then thoſe, of his mean Subjects are;
And in contempt, the ſtupid *Aſſe* doth ſlay,
Bidding the *Fox* divide the doubled prey.
The cunning *Fox*, but two ſhares makes of all,
The *Lions* very great, his very ſmall;
And being ask'd, who to divide him taught?
Repli'd, the Juſtice on the *Aſſe* was wrought.

The Morall.

That man is provident, and wiſe alone
B' anothers danger that avoids his own.

FAB. 74.

The Wolf *and the* Kid.

THe Kid looking out at the window, he durſt provoke the Wolf with railings as he paſſed by, to whom the Wolf ſaid, thou doſt not rail on me, thou wicked creature, but the place.

Morall. *Both the time and place alwayes give boldneſſe to a man.*

A *Kid* ſafe hous'd out of a window ſpies
A *Wolf* paſſe by, which with fowl obloquies
He doth ſalute, of which, the worſt and chief,
Were harmefull, uſeleſſe, glutton, butcher, thief.
The *Wolf* replies, ah wretch, 'tis thy ſtrong place,
And not thy valour, doth me thus diſgrace.
Come forth, and to your skinne. I'll wage a groat,
I'll teach your ill-tun'd tongue a better note.

The Morall.

In times and places priviledg'd, ſome dare
Speak bigge; and they, moſt often, varlets are.

FAB. 75.

Of the Aſſe *and* Jupiter.

THe Aſſe complaining of the cruelty of the Gardener, prayeth Jupiter to give him another maſter; Jupiter hears the prayers of the Aſſe, he gives him a tile-maker, with whom, when he carried tiles, and heavier burthens upon his back, he came again to Jupiter, intreats him to give him one that was more mild; Jupiter laughed, but he did not deſiſt to be inſtant, and to pray whileſt he had forced him, he giveth him a tanner, whom when the Aſſe knew, he ſaith, wo is me, who whilſt I am content with

with no maſter, that I ſhould happen upon him who will not ſpare my very hide (as I ſuppoſe.)

Morall. *We alwayes diſlike thoſe things which are preſent, and deſire new, which (as the Proverb is) are not better then the old ones.*

A *Gard'ner's Aſſe*, that carried each day
Some things to market, unto *Jove* did bray,
Entreating for another maſter, he
Held his then owners uſage, crueltie;
This ſute is granted, and a *Tile-man* giv'n:
But now, alas! the grumbling *Aſſe* is driv'n
A longer way, with greater loads; again,
Therefore, the *Aſſe* doth unto *Jove* complain.
A milder Owner begging, *Jove* ſayes nay;
Yet ſince the *Aſſe* inceſſantly doth bray,
A *Tanner* given is; whom when the *Aſſe*
Had perfect notice of, repli'd alas,
Thoſe I refus'd were mild ones, but this man,
When I am dead, my very skinne will tanne.

The Morall.

Who with their preſent ſtate are not content,
Still worſer find, for their juſt puniſhment.

FAB. 76.

Of an old Woman *and her* Maids.

A Certain old woman had many maids in her houſe, whom every day, before it was light, at the crowing of the cock which ſhe brought up in the houſe, ſhe called up to their work, the maids at length being moved with the daily tediouſneſſe of their work, kill the cock, hoping that he being killed they ſhould ſleep to mid-day, but this hope was fruſtrated; for the miſtris when ſhe knew that the cock was killed, commanded them to riſe at midnight.

Morall. *Many whileſt they ſtudy to ſhun one grievous evil, fall into a worſe: (as the proverb is) He falls into Scylla who would ſhun Charibdis.*

AN aged *Worldling*, many *Maids* did keep,
Which never could beyond cock-crowing ſleep;
For then their *Bel-dame* chim'd them up; whilſt they
Stretching, as if they reach'd for ſleep; would ſay
Hey ho, for husbands, that we longer might,
Lie in our beds, nor riſe before the light.
At length the *Maids*, tir'd with their dayly toil,
Behead the cock, and his Alarum ſpoil;

(Hoping

(Hoping without disturbance they should rest,
Till broad day had obscurity suppresst,
The cock remov'd) but see, what change befell,
Their *Dame*, thenceforth at midnight rings a bell.

The Morall.

When you would shunne a thing distastefull, see
You not incurre a worse calamitie
Fools to one vice, when they another shunne,
As from one gulf into another runne.

FAB. 77.

Of the Asse *and the* Horse.

THe Asse thought that the Horse was happie, because he was fat, and lived in idlenesse; but he said that he was unhappy, because he was lean and poore, and every day was used by his cruell master to carry burthens: a while after they called to arms, then the Horse could not keep the Rider from his back, nor the bridle from his mouth, nor the darts from his bodie; the Asse seeing this, gave great thanks to the gods that they had made him an Asse, not Horse.

Morall. *They are miserable whom the vulgar account happy, and there are not a few happie who think themselves*

ſelves miſerable. The cobler ſayes that a king is happie, whom he ſeeth to be mighty in all things, not conſidering in how great matters and troubles he is employed, when in the mean time he is merry with the beſt povertie.

A Poor lean *Aſſe*, who dayly underwent
Great Loads, was with that courſe of life content,
But meeting with a *warre Horſe* full of eaſe
And pamper'd fleſh, (*'twas then a time of peace*)
Ah then unhappy him; but richly bleſt,
He thought the *Horſe*; becauſe he then had reſt.
Soon after this, the *Horſe* to warre was ſent,
Where wounds, and toil he had, ſmall nouriſhment;
Whom, when (returning lame) the *Aſſe* doth ſee,
He's well content with his lean drudgery.

The Morall.

Clowns envy Kings their ſtate, and dainty fare,
When they in happier conditions are:
Great cares to ſober ſadneſſe drive the King,
When every clown in jollity doth ſing.

FAB. 78.

The Lion *and* Goat.

BY chance the Lion ſeeing a goat walking upon a high mountain, admoniſheth him that he would rather come

come down into the green mead; the goat answereth, I would perhaps, if thou wert absent, who doest not perswade me that I should take any pleasure from thence, but that thou mightest have something that thou maist devour, O thou hunger-starved creature.

Morall. *We must not trust all men, for some men give thee counsell not for thy profit but for their own.*

A *Lion* seeing on a Mountain steep
A shuggie *Goat* her safer mansion keep,
Above his reach, plots, how he may betray,
Or bring her down, to make her so his prey;
And thus begins: Why fondling dost thou feed
On barren rocks? these fruitfull Meadows breed
More sweet and pleasant herbs for tast or sent,
And are more usefull for thy nourishment,
When upon rocks grows none but wither'd grasse,
Scorched with heat. The *Goat* replies, Alasse,
'Tis my ill hap: but here secure I live,
Nor to thy flatteries will credit give.
Should I come down to feed one hour by thee,
I scarcely should another minute see.

The Morall.

Let not fair words perswade ye, till you know
The causes whence such gilt-tongu'd speeches flow.
If well intended, good deeds shall supply
Their place; if ill, malice and enmity.

FAB.

FAB. 79.

Of the Vulture and other Birds.

THe Vulture makes as if he would celebrate his birth-day, he inviteth the birds to a banquet, for the moſt part they come, he receiveth them coming with great joy and favour, but the Vulture teareth them being received.

Morall. *They are not all friends who ſpeak flatteringly, or feigne that they will do bountifully. Poiſons lie hid under this hony.*

THe *Hawk* proclaims a ſolemn feſtivall,
And to that ſumptuous Feaſt inviteth all
The Birds; They not miſtruſting danger come:
The *Hawk* conducts them to a ſpacious room,
Which enter'd, ſtraight ſhe maketh faſt the door,
And ſurely locking them within her power,
Beyond the expectation of her Gueſts,
Inſtead of them, her ſelf alone ſhe feaſts,
And murders all not ſparing one to be
The ſad relater of that Tragedie.

The

The Morall.

'Tis dangerous to truſt profeſſed foes;
For by fair words gilt o're with faigned ſhows
Of ſeeming love, more bloud they do devoure,
Then twenty battells fought with equall power.

FAB. 80.
Of the Geeſe *and* Cranes.

THe Geeſe together with the Cranes, ſpoil a field, who being heard, the countrey-men come out preſently upon them; the Cranes ſeeing the countrey-men, flee away, the geeſe are taken, who being hindred by the heavineſſe of their body, could not flie away.

Morall. *A poore man eaſily goes away from the enemy out of a conquered citie, but having taken the rich man he keeps him; in warre riches are rather for burthen then for uſe.*

A Flock of *Geeſe* with certain Cranes did waſte
A clowns corn field; who leaving all in haſte,
To them, with all his ſervants, maketh ſpeed;
The watchfull Cranes, ſoon by their flight were freed:
But the dull *Geeſe*, clogg'd with their bodies weight;
Their foes purſuing quickly ruinate.

The

The Morall.

When Towns in warre are taken, poor men may withdraw themselves, the rich remain for prey.

FAB. 81.

Of Jupiter *and the* Ape.

JUpiter being very desirous to know who of all mortalls brought forth the most beautifull young ones, he commandeth to call every creature from every place, they go to Jupiter from every place; now all kinds of birds and cattell are present among whom when the ape came carrying her deformed young ones in her armes, no body could forbear to laugh, also Jupiter himself laughed greatly, then immediately the ape her self said, yea and Jupiter himself knoweth, who is our judge, that my young ones do greatly excell all, as many as there are present.

Morall. *Every ones own is the faireſt (as the Proverb is.)*

JOve calls the *Beaſts*, and wills them all to ſtand
For cenſure which is faireſt ; his command
They all obey ; the watry *Fiſhes* too,
And *Birds* of th' aire to that aſſembly flew :

None

None absent but the *Ape*, yet she though late
Comes with her young ones, imitating state
Of the most noble; but her antick gests
Raise but a laughter among all the *Beasts*,
To scoff her naked Buttocks. Friends, no more,
Quoth the old *Ape*, I doubt not but before
From hence we part, you all abasli'd will stand,
When *Jove* to me and mine gives th' upper hand
For feature and rare form: for in my sight
None of you equall us, if *Jove* judge right.
At which a second laughter rose through all
The *Beasts*: and *Jove* into like mirth did fall:
Replying, foolish *Ape*, this fond applause
Of thine own self derision from us draws.
Hence then, and better learn thy self to know,
For who extoll themselves, their folly show.

The Morall.

Most think their own by nature fairest are,
Which if with judgement t' others they compare,
Appear but mean: t'will prove the safer then
To leave the censure to judicious men;
Lest Ape-like *we, while our own selves we praise,*
The common scorn of every Jester *raise.*

FAB. 82.

Of the Oake *and* Reed.

THe Oak in times paſt, being full of pride and inſolency went unto the Reed: ſaying, if now thou haſt a couragious breſt, go to, and come and fight with me, that the event may ſhew which of us two excelleth in ſtrength: The Reed thus anſwereth, not at all admiring that ſo great triumphing, and vain boaſting of her fortitude; I refuſe not the combate, neither doth it grieve me for my lot: For although I am moveable on every ſide, yet I overcome the ſhrill ſounding tempeſts: You, if that king Æolus ſhall ſend forth once his ſtrugling winds out of his cave, will fall down, and ſhall be then mocked by me.

Morall. *The Fable declares that they are not alwayes the moſt ſtrong who inſult over others, being provoked by no injury.*

WHile the *Oak-tree* and *Reed* a conference held
Which ſtood moſt firm and ſtrong, or leaſt did yield
To forcing *winds*, the unmoved *Oak-tree*
Deriding the *Reeds* flexibilitie,
To ſee it like a wave toſt ev'ry way
By each ſmall blaſt, when at one conſtant ſtay

She

She ſtil remain'd ; the *Reed* gives no replie,
But ſtands quite mute, till the wind riſing high,
A violent guſt came tumbling o're the field,
And paſt the bending *Reed*, but ſoon compell'd
The *Oak* to ſtoop, and from the ground did tear
Her roots that erſt ſo ſtrongly grounded were.

The Morall.

Men, like the Reeds, *whoſe eaſie natures wind,*
And wheel about, as they occaſion find
To meet th ir own ends, endure longer farre
Then thoſe who ſtubborn and contentious are.

FAB. 83.

Of the Fiſherman *and little* Fiſh.

THe Fiſherman having caſt his hook that was covered with a bait into the water : the captive Fiſh beſeecheth and intreateth that he would ſuffer him being a little Fiſh to eſcape and depart, that he might grow bigger, that ſo he might enjoy and have him when he was bigger; the Fiſherman anſwereth, I buy not hope with money, for I was alwayes of that diſpoſition that whatſoever I could, I had rather take it away preſently.

Morall. *This fable admoniſheth us, that we ſhould not let go certain things for the hope of uncertain: for what is more fooliſh (as* Cicero *affirmeth) then to graſp things uncertain for certain?*

AN *Angler* caught a ſmall *Fiſh*: him the poor
And little Creature, ſadly does implore,
That he would ſpare her life, ſince uſeleſſe ſhe
Was not yet grown to full maturity
Of years or greatneſſe; but if he would pleaſe
To let her taſt the pleaſure of the Seas,
And feed but for one year, ſhe willing then
(Grown bigger) would return t'his Hook agen.
No, quoth the *Fiſher*, I will never buy
My hope at ſuch a rate; uncertainly
To wiſh hereafter, what I now poſſeſſe,
And ſo bemone mine own dull fooliſhneſſe.

The Morall.

The Proverb ſayes, one Bird in hand
Is worth two, which in Buſhes ſtand.

FAB. 84.

Of the Ant *and the* Graſhopper.

THe winter coming on, the Ant drew her corn into the flore, to the ſunne; the Graſſehopper ſeeth it, runneth

runneth and asketh for a grain: the Ant saith, why do not you after my example, gather to you whatsoever you can in the summer, and adde to your heap? She answereth; that the time was passed over by her in singing: the Ant laughing, if (saith she) you are wont to sing in the summer, deservedly now you must suffer hunger.

Morall. *We are admonished by this little Fable, whilest the strength of the body is present with us, to seek those things, by which our weak old age may be satisfied. By winter understand old age, by summer youth, and the flower of age.*

THe *Grashopper* in winter feeling want,
Goes for relief unto the painfull *Ant*,
Who answers thus; How comes it that you are
So needy grown? was not the Summer fair,
And seasonable too, clothing the ground
With fruits that did most plenteously abound?
And couldst thou then neglect to gather store,
For winter, that thou wanteſt now, before
That season half is spent? whom this reply
The *Grashopper* returns, in summer I
With my shrill voice did pleasant musick make
For mens delight, when as abroad to take
The pleasure of the fields they walk. If then
Answers the *Ant*, you so could pleasure men
With your shrill notes and songs in summers prime,
You best were now to dance in winter time:
Lest if it chance to freez, the winters cold
Upon your half-starv'd carcase take such hold,
That should you get a cough, your hoarser throat
Next summer scarcely yield so sweet a note.

The Morall.

Our careleſſe Epicur'ans so
Not mindfull to prepare

For future times, but wasting all,
To begg'ry driven are;
And pine with hunger, and with want oppreſt,
When the induſtr'ous man, with ſtore is bleſt.

FAB. 85.

Of the Lion *and the* Bull.

THe Bull ſhunnes the Lion and fals upon the Goat, he with his horns and goat-like forehead threatned him, unto whom the Bull full of anger, ſaid, thy forehead contracted into wrinkles frighteth me not, but I fear a great Lion, leaſt he ſhould ſtick upon my back: now you ſhould know, that it is no ſmall thing to fight with a Bull, and to follow the bloud out of our wound.

Morall. *Calamity muſt not be added to thoſe that are in calamity, he is ſufficiently miſerable who is once miſerable.*

PUrſu'd b'a *Lion*, th'*Ox* his life to ſave,
Maketh his flight for ſhelter to a cave:
To whom the *Goat* an entrance doth deny,
And with her horns withſtands him enviouſly.
For which the angry *Bull* with bell'wing throat
Thus vents his threats againſt the ſhaggy *Goat*;

Though

Though baſely now thou doſt oppoſe my flight,
Were the purſuing *Lion* out of ſight,
Whoſe rage I ſhun, and therefore dare not ſtay,
My fury ſhould inforce thee to give way;
But time will come, when I reveng'd of thee
Shall puniſh this thy abject ſcorn of me.

The Morall.

As here the Goat *not onely aid denies,*
But ſeems to adde to the Bulls *miſeries:*
So Men *oft do; but 'tis as often ſeen,*
Times changing, that ſuch have requited been,
When thoſe who were oppreſt, have rais'd their ſtate,
And who oppos'd them, fall'n below their hate.

FAB. 86.

Of the Nurſe *and the* Wolf.

THe Nurſe threatens the crying Child, unleſſe he hold his peace, ſhe would throw him to the Wolf: The Wolf accidentally hears that, and in hope of a prey tarrieth at the door: the child (ſleep coming upon him) is preſently quiet: the faſting and empty Wolf returns to the wood. The Fox enquires of him where

his prey was: he ſighing, anſwered, I was cheated, the nurſe threatned to caſt the crying child to me, but deceived me.

Morall. *There's no belief to be given to a woman.*

A Hungry *Wolf* walks forth to ſeek a prey;
And by meer fortune hears a woman ſay
(Chiding her froward Child) forbear to cry,
Or to the *Wolf* I'll throw thee preſently;
Glad of this news, the *Wolf* expects the Child,
And waiteth at the doore; but ſtrait with mild
Fair gentle ſtrokings, and ſweet Lullabies,
The infant clos'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And fell aſleep: which when the *Wolf* perceiv'd,
And of his expectation quite bereav'd,
With bluſhes he returns into the Wood,
To ſeek among the Trees ſome other food.

The Morall.

The Fable may this uſe to us afford,
How little truſt is in a womans word;
The various affections of whoſe mind
More often change then the inconſtant wind.

Fab. 87.

Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.

THe tortoise began to be weary with going, and if any one would lift her up into the aire, she promiseth pearls of the red Sea. The Eagle lifts her up; requires a reward: she not having any thing, the eagle scratcheth her with her claws, so the tortoise which desired to see the starres, left her life among the starres.

Morall. *Be content with thine own condition; Some there have been which if they had continued lowly might have been safe; being exalted have fallen into dangers.*

ON promise that the *Tortoise* should descrie
Jewells that did upon some Mountain lie,
The greedy *Eagle* with the *Tortoise* flew
So high; that neither earth beneath them knew;
But the dull *Tortoise* failing promise, she
Turning his fleshie part, outragiously
Without all pitty kill'd her; and that houre
The vainly-boasting *Tortoise* did devoure.

The Morall.

He undisturb'd with storms and tempests rides,
Whose unaspiring bark by th' calm shore glides.

When thoſe who proudly plow the troubled Main,
Lie ſhip-wrack'd, and their Anchors caſt in vain.
So Man, who lifts his thoughts above his eſtate,
Falls in th' attempt, and haſtens his own Fate.

FAB. 88.

Of the two Crabs.

THe mother adviſeth her ſonne that went backwards, that he would go forwards. The ſonne anſwereth, Mother, go before, and I ſhall follow after.

Morall. *Reprehend no man for his fault, whereof thou thy ſelf mayeſt be reprehended.*

BEtween two *Crabs*, the *Mother* and the *Son*,
A conference held; the *Mother* thus begun
To check her young one, that he did not go
A comely pace, but wadle to and fro;
To whom the *Son* reply'd, *Mother*, I pray,
Mend your gate firſt, and I ſhall find the way.

The Morall.

Firſt ſet thy ſelf upright, and then
Thou boldly maiſt check other men.

FAB.

FAB. 89.

The Sun *and the* Northwind.

THe ſun and the northwind contend which is ſtronger. It is agreed to try their ſtrength upon a traveller: and he ſhould be the conquerour, which fetcht off his cloak. The north-eaſt-wind with a horrible bluſtring ſets upon the traveller: He notwithſtanding, doth not deſiſt going on, and foldeth his garment about him. The ſunne makes uſe of his force; who (the ſtorm by degrees being overcome,) prepares his beams: the traveller begins to burn, to ſweat, and puffe: at length being not able to go forward, takes aire, and caſting away his cloak, ſate down under the ſhady grove; ſo the ſunne got the victory.

Morall. *Beware diligently with whom you contend: for although thou art ſtrong, yet perhaps another may be ſtronger, yea and more crafty; And ſo with his policy overcome thy ſtrength.*

THe *Sun* and *Wind* in emulation roſe,
Which of their Powers were of greater force;
At length with one conſent, they do agree,
A Trav'llers coat ſhould trie the maſtery.

The

The *Wind* forthwith, his blüſterings began,
With dreadfull noiſe aſſaules the trembling man,
Who ſtill about him caſts his coat in folds,
And more the *Wind* doth ſtruggle, more he holds.
The *Wind* appeas'd, the *Sun* his beam applies,
Which in diſſolved ſweat, the poor man fries;
Fainting with heat, he to the cool ſhade makes
To reſt himſelf, and there his coat forſakes.
The conqu'ring *Sun*, ſo calmly clos'd the day,
While the raſh *Wind*, aſhamed, ſhrunk away.

The Morall.

So violent threats, and rigour often fail,
Where milder courſes, happily prevail.

FAB. 90.

Of the Aſſe *in a* Lions *skin.*

THe Aſſe comes into the wood, finds the Lions skin; which he puts on and returns to the paſtures; affrighteth the flocks and heards. He that had loſt him, came and inquired for his aſſe. The Aſſe ſeeing his maſter runs to meet him; yea, and comes upon him roaring: but his maſter perceiving his ears which ſtood out; others (quoth he) thou mayeſt deceive; but (O my Aſſe) I know thee very well.

Morall.

Morall. *Seem not to be what thou art not: boast not thy self to be learned when thou art unlearned; nor rich and noble when thou art poor and base: for the truth appearing, thou wilt become a laughing-stock.*

THe sordid *Asse*, had found a *Lions* skin,
And wraps himself unseemingly therein:
At which unusuall sight, the trembling Herd
Of Beasts amaz'd, are with his presence fear'd,
And fly amain; but when his Master came
Into the field, the *Asse* retires with shame:
For though a *Lion* he on ev'ry side
Appear'd, the Skin too short his ears to hid
Displaid him but an *Asse*; and at the sight
Of's Master, turns his slowness into flight,
To shun his presence; which beheld, the Man
Cries after him; Friend pray return again,
Thou seemest as thou art to me, though here
Thou dost thy fellow-Beasts with terrour fear.
With that corrects his folly with a blow,
That he no more may so presumptuous grow.

The Morall.

Seem what thou art, and not with borrow'd shapes,
Adorn thy self like other worldly Apes:
If learn'd dispute; if rich, or nobly born,
So bear thy self, that thou deserve not scorn.

FAB. 91.

Of the Frog *and the* Fox.

THe frog going into a fen, he profeſſeth phyſick to the wild beaſts in the woods. He ſaith, that he would not give place either to *Hippocrates*, or *Galen*. The reſt believing him, the fox laughs at them: whether (ſaith he) ſhall this frog be accounted skilfull in phyſick, whoſe mouth is ſo pale? Let him cure himſelf. So the fox laughs at him: for the mouth of the frog is as pale as the skie.

Morall. *It is a fooliſh and ridiculous thing to profeſſe that which thou haſt no skill in.*

FOrſaking quite the Fens, the *Frog* would dwell
Among the Beaſts, does with ambition ſwell,
And boaſt her skill in phyſick, with what art
She help to cure diſeaſes could impart,
How dangerous ſo ere. Moſt Beaſts believe,
Except the *Fox*, who will no credit give
To her proud words, but queſtions: How can ye
Think this vain boaſters skill exact to be,
Whoſe colour is ſo pale? Firſt let her try
To cure her own wan look, ere ſhe apply

Phyſick

Phyſick t' others; Doctours approv'd we know
Thoſe are, whoſe cures, not words, but art can ſhow.

The Morall.

As empty Veſſels give the greateſt ſound;
So Men leaſt knowing, with moſt brags abound.

FAB. 92.

Of the curſt Dog.

THe maſter bound a bell about the dog, which uſed to bite men, that they might take heed of him: the dog thinking this bell was hanged about him, as an ornament for his goodneſſe, began to contemn his fellows: there came one that was grave in age and authority to the dog, and adviſed him not to miſtake: for, quoth he, that bell is hanged about thee, as a diſgrace, not for any credit.

Morall. *A boaſter many times reputes that to make for his commendation, which tends to his diſcredit.*

A Leering *Curre*; who ſlily, unaware
Oft bit before he bark'd, his Maſters care
Faſtned a yoke on him that men might know
His curriſh nature; and prevent him ſo.

The

The *Dog* grows proud, and thinks his yoke to be
Some badge of honour, or high dignity,
Which his kind Master had on him bestow'd,
But no such favour to his fellows show'd:
At whose vain pride, one wiser then the rest,
Thus checks him; fool, what fancie hath possest
Thy idle brain, with gladnesse to embrace
That for thy honour, giv'n for thy disgrace?

The Morall.

Such are the bablers of these times that boast
And in acts glory, them dishonour most.

FAB. 93.

Of the Camel.

THe Camel grieving within himself, complained that the bulls went with two horns, and that himself unarmed was let forth to other beasts. He prayes *Jupiter* to give him horns. *Jupiter* laughs at the folly of the Camel, and does not onely deny his desire, but shortens the eares of the Camel.

Morall. *Let every one be content with his lot, for many having pursued a better condition, have met with a worse.*

The

THe *Camel* ſadly doth to *Jove* complain,
That all the *Beaſts* deride him in diſdain,
Becauſe no ornament adorn'd his head;
When th' *Ox*, and many more were honoured
With comely horns their fronts to beautifie:
To whom the angry *god* gave this reply,
Since, fool, thy folly leads thee, to deſpiſe
Our gifts, and covet others dignities;
Henceforth wee'l curb thy pride; and thou ſhalt bear
No horns, nay leſſe, upon thy head no ear.

The Morall.

How mean ſoever thy eſtate,
Contented reſt, nor emulate
Anothers good; the Pow'r above
Knows beſt where to diſpoſe his love.

FAB. 54.

Of two Companions *and a* Bear.

TWo friends take a journey, a bear meets them: one of them, climbing up a tree, avoids the danger: the other, ſeeing there was no hope of eſcaping, falls to the ground: the beaſt comes to him, and touches him as he lay, feels his mouth and his ears: The man holding

ing his breath and motion, the bear (which ſpares the dead) thinking it to have been a dead carcaſe, innocently departs. His companion afterward demanding what the bear ſpake to him in his eare: He adviſeth me this, (quoth he) that I never travell with ſuch friends as you again.

Morall. *Honeſty is a rare bird in the world, and like a black ſwan: Adverſity and danger evidence a true friend.*

TWo *Men* together trav'ling met a *Bear*;
At ſight whereof they much affrighted were,
And doubtfull what to do; ſtraight one with ſpeed
Climbés up a tree, and from the danger freed
Himſelf, regardleſſe of the other quite:
Yet he not void of ſhifts, invents a ſlight
To ſave his life, upon the ground did fall
Flat on his face, holding his breath with all
The pow'r he had, to whom approch'd the *Bear*,
And round about ſurvaid him ev'ry where:
But ſtill he held his breath: the *Bear* therefore
Which ſeldome feeds on Carrion, forbore
To ſearch him further, and ſo onwards bends;
Who gone, the other from the tree deſcends,
And thus ſalutes his fellow; Friend what cheare?
What did the wild Beaſt whiſper in thine eare?
The other anſwers; he forewarned me
To travell more with one ſo falſe as thee.

The Morall.

Upon the Earth true friends we find as rare
As black Swans in the ſilver rivers are.

FAB.

FAB. 95.

Of the bald Knight.

THe bald Knight tied falſe hair to his bonnet; he comes into the field, while the ſharp northwind blew, taking ill notice of his perriwig; on a ſudden his baldneſſe appears; the company loudly cry out, as alſo he himſelf laughs: what a matter is it, quoth he, that borrowed hair flies away, whereas heretofore my own hair is flown?

Morall. *The Knight did well not to be angry, but to laugh with them that laughed. Socrates when he had taken a cuff on the ear in the open market, anſwers thus,* It is a troubleſome buſineſſe not to know men, when they ought to walk forth with their helmets.

A Bald-pate Knight, through age or accident,
With art ſuppli'd that fleeting ornament;
And wore a *Perruke*; walking, he beheld
A troop of youths, were ſporting in a field:
Approching them, to view their harmleſſe play,
His cap of hair forthwith was blown away:
This mov'd the youths to laughter, whereat he
Was tickled too, and laught for company.

Saying,

Saying, no wonder, ſtrange hairs off are blown,
Since they could not keep on which were my own.

The Morall.

When men are jeer'd, it is the wiſeſt way,
To jeaſt it off; not to commence a fray.

FAB. 96.

Of two Pots.

TWo pots ſtood on the bank, the one was of clay, the other of braſſe, the force of the ſtream carries both away: the clay pot fearing to be broken, the braſſe pot bid it not fear, he would take ſufficient care that they ſhould not be broken. Then the other anſwered, whether the river daſh me againſt thee, or thee againſt me, which way ſoever I ſhall be in the danger: wherefore moſt certainly I will divide from thee.

Morall. *It's better living with an equall companion, then with one that is more potent: for by the more potent thou mayeſt be prejudiced, but not be by thee.*

WIthin a Pool two *Pots* together meet,
One *Earth*, the other *Braſſe*; but th' *Earth* too fleet
For the ſlow *Braſſe*, is ſwiftly born away;
The *Braſſe Pot* calls, and prayes the *Earthen* ſtay,

That

That they may ride together. No, replies
The *Earthen Pot*, great danger in it lies.
For ſhould I flote near thee, thy harder ſide
Juſtled 'gainſt mine by the unconſtant tide,
Would cruſh my brittle ribs; and therefore I
At diſtance hold the moſt ſecurity.

The Morall.

Scorn not thy equalls, to aſſociate
Thy ſelf with thoſe, whoſe pow'r exceeds thy ſtate:
For if thou chance with ſuch to diſagree,
Thou canſt not them, but they may injure thee.

FAB. 97.

Of the Countrey-man *and* Fortune.

THe Countrey-man, while he plowed, found a treaſure in the furrows: he gives thanks to the ground which had brought it forth. Fortune perceiving that no worſhip was given to her, thus ſpeaks to her ſelf: This fool having found a treaſure, is not thankfull at all, but when he hath once loſt it, he will with cries and prayers ſolicite me firſt of all.

Morall. *For a good turn received we are thankfull to him that merits well of us; but ingratitude deſerves to be deprived of that good ſhe hath received.*

A Man

A Man whoſe ploughſhare had encountered
A pot of Gold, thanksgiving offered
Unto the *Goddeſſe* of the earth, and rears
A Green-turffe-altar, which her Image bears;
Returns to plough without devotion paid
To *Fortune*; whereat ſhe offended, ſaid,
I have no thanks, by whom this treaſure came:
But when 'tis loſt, I ſhall bear all the blame.

The Morall.

To thoſe who thanks deſerve, ſtill thankfull be,
Leſt you want help, in worſe extremitie.

FAB. 98.

Of the Peacock *and the* Crane.

THe peacock and the crane ſup together, the peacock boaſts of himſelf, ſpreads his tail, ſlights the crane; the crane confeſſeth the peacock was gay in feathers, but that he (while the peacock could ſcarcely fly up to the houſe top) with an hearty flight could pierce the clouds.

Morall. *Let no man undervalue another: every one hath his lot, every one his virtue: He that wants what virtue thou enjoyeſt, poſſibly may have what thou wanteſt.*

The

THe gay-plum'd *Peacock* with a coy diſdain
Slights the mean clothing of the long-beakt *Crane*,
And tells her ſhe much of her ſtate did want,
And coſtly rayment; Quoth the *Crane*, I grant;
Thy outſide's faiter; but what uſe I pray
Serve thy fine plumes for? Mine inforce a way
Thorow the purer air, when thou alone
Stalk'ſt on the earth for boyes to gaze upon.

The Morall.

Deſpiſe not thy Inferiours, becauſe they
Walk in a homely black, or countrey gray;
While thou art clad in ſilks: Their Minds may be
Richer then all thy golden pedegree.

FAB. 99.

Of the Oak *and the* Reed.

BY a ſtrong ſouthwind the oak is ſhattered and caſt into the river: and while it floated, ſome of the bows hang upon the reed; wondering that the reed in ſo great a wind ſtood ſafe. She anſwers, by yielding and giving way. I reſt ſecure: I bend to the ſouth and northwind, yea to every wind: and no wonder that the oak goes down which is ambitious to oppoſe and reſiſt.

Morall.

Morall. *Resist not him that is more potent, but overcome him by giving way, and yielding.*

A Fierce strong wind an *Oak* top-heavy blew
Into a river on whose bank it grew;
Which floating spies a plot of *Reeds* that stood,
And grew, in despite of the wind or flood;
The *Oak* then wondring at it, doth demand,
How a weak *Reed* 'gainst wind and stream could stand.
The *Reed* returns an answer, brief, but plain;
By moving, I thus unremov'd remain.
And I admire not, that your hold you mist,
Since you refus'd to yield, and would resist.

The Morall.

Contend not with the Potent, but give way,
Their rage and fury, will in time decay.

FAB. 100.

Of the Tiger *and the* Fox.

THe huntsman pursues the wild-beasts with arrows; the tiger bids all the beasts stand to it, he alone would maintain the warre: the huntsman goes on to shoot: by and by the tiger is wounded; the fox seeing him draw out the dart, asked him who had so cruelly wounded

wounded so stout a beast. He answers, he knew not the authour of his wound, but from the largeness of the wound, he guessed it was some man.

Morall. *Valiant men are most commonly rash; whereas art overcomes strength, and policy fortitude.*

AN *Archer* wounding many *Beasts*, the fierce
And rav'nous *Tiger* thinks no shaft can pierce
His speckled skin; and bids them no more fear,
He'd guard them safe from any danger near;
Which scarcely spoke, the *Archer* him espide,
And lodg'd a deadly arrow in his side;
Whereat amaz'd, the *Tiger* 'gins to start,
And flying breaks in two the wounding Dart:
Whom the *Fox* meeting in his flight, requests
That he would tell him, among all the *Beasts*,
Which gave him that sore wound; the *Tiger* cries
With fainting voice, his secret enemies
He not descri'd when he receiv'd the same,
But surely thought it from some *Archer* came.

The Morall.

Some rashly so with valour spurr'd, pursue
Their fatall ends, which policy might eschew.

FAB. 101.

Of the Bulls and the Lion.

THere were four bulls, who will'd their own common safety, and their common danger: the lion saw them feeding; and although he was an hungry, yet while they were united he was afraid to set upon them: first he endeavours to divide them, then he tears them once divided, in pieces.

Morall. *Nothing more firm then concord, discord renders even those that are valiant feeble.*

FOur *Bulls* at pasture undisturbed feed,
By *Beasts* of prey, while they within the *Mead*
Together keep, nor did the *Lion* dare,
Seise upon them; till they divided were,
And by his policie asunder led;
Then one by one upon each single Head
He violently slew, and piece-meal tore
Those whom he durst not venture on before.

The Morall.

Nothing's like Concord firm; but if they break
That knot, the stringest Kingdomes become weak.

FAB.

FAB. 102.

Of the Firre-tree *and the* Bush.

IT is reported that in time past the firre-tree despised the shrubs, she boasts that she was tall, and was used in buildings, and stood with a sail in ships, and that the shrubs were low, base, and useless: of whom, this was the answer, Thou indeed, O firre-tree, boastest of thy goodness, and insultest over our unhappiness: But withall neither doest thou relate thy own mishap, and omittest our benefit: when thou shalt be cut down with a sounding ax, how wouldest thou wish to be like us which are secure?

Morall. *The most happy condition hath its unhappiness, and the lowest condition its benefit: To say no more, This state is secure and safe, That not without fear nor danger.*

A Stately *Tree* with tall aspiring height
Swoln proud, begins a little *Bush* to slight,
With these disdainfull words; dost thou not see
Deformed Shrub, my state excelling thee,
How usefull still I am, and can support
The stately Pallace of a Princes Court;

When uſeleſſe thou rejected ſtandſt, of none
Regarded, but to feed the fire alone?
This ſaid, a Labourer with his keen bill
Hews down the *Tree*, the *Buſh* ſtood growing ſtill,
Who anſwers thus in ſcoffes, If this be all
Thy ſtate rare *Tree*, ſo ſuddenly to fall,
I thank dame Nature, who hath made me low,
And after you to let me ſtand and grow.

The Morall.

Ambition here deſcribed by the Tree,
Shews how unconſtant worldly honours be:
The Buſh *declares a mean eſtate, content*
Still with its own, not t' envy others bent.
The Labourer *true juſtice which plucks down*
Ambitious pride, ere to full heighs 'tis grown.

FAB. 103.

Of the Lark *and her* young ones.

THe lark having laid her young ones among the ſtanding corn, charges them in her abſence, that they diligently give heed, whether there be any ſpeech concerning the ſeaſon of the yeare: the anxious young ones declare to their damme (coming from feeding) that the lord

lord of the field had let out the work to his neighbours: there's no danger, quoth the damme: on another day the young ones tell her that the friends of the lord were intreated to reap: again the damme charges them to rest secure: the third time as she heard the lord himself, with his sonne, determine the next morning to enter the harvest with a sithe; now (quoth the damme,) 'tis high time for us to be gone: I feared not the neighbours and friends, because I knew they were not about to come: I stand in aw of the master, for the businesse is a delight to him.

Morall. *We are slothfull most of us in other mens businesses; if thou wouldest have thy businesse carried right, take care of it thy self, leave it not to another.*

A *Lark* in standing corn had hatcht a brood,
Which she commands (flying abroad for food)
To be attentive, what the owner said
Of the fields reaping; they poore *Birds* afraid,
Tell her, the neighbours were to come next day,
To reap the corn, and wish themselves away:
Fear not, my little *Birds*, repli'd the *Damme*;
They will not come; 'twas true, no neighbours came.
Next time the *Damme* came to her *young* with food,
Shee was informed by her fearfull brood,
The owners friends were bid next day to come
To reap the field, and then would be their doom:
Cheer up my *Birds*, said she, we fear no friends;
Next day they tell her, the owner intends
To reap the corn, next morning with his sonne,
Nay, then said she, 'tis time that we were gone.

The Morall.

Neighbours and friends are backward; who intends
T' have things soon done, must make his hands his friends

FAB. 104.

Of a Covetous and Envious man.

TWo men prayed to *Jupiter*, a covetous and an envious man: *Jupiter* sends *Apollo*, that by him, he may satisfie their desires, he gives them free leave to wish for what they would, on this condition, that whatsoever one desired, the other might receive double; The covetous miser is at a long stand, deeming nothing enough; at last he desires not a few things, his fellow receives double: moreover the envious man asked this, that he might loose one of his eyes, jocund that his fellow should be punished with the losse of both.

Morall. *What can satisfie covetousnesse? Nothing more mad then envy: which if it may hurt another, cares not what mischief it doth to it self.*

A *Covetous* and *Envious man* require
Jointly that *Jove* would give them their desire.
Jove sends *Apollo* t' hear their suses, and grant
To each of them what may supply their want;
Who bids them speak the full of their demands.
And what the first ask'd, into th' others hands
Should doubly be restor'd: The *Covetous man*,
Whose boundlesse wish no treasure limit can,

Strives

Strives therefore to be laſt, by his delay
Hoping to bear a double ſumme away:
Apollo then commands the other ſpeak,
Who willingly doth thus his ſilence break,
And of the *god* maliciouſly requeſt
To loſe one eye, contented ſo to reſt,
That th' other might loſe both. A wretched mind,
Would harm it ſelf to make another blind!

The Morall.

What's more inſatiate then the boundleſſe mind
Of Uſurers to purchaſe wealth inclin'd?
Unleſſe by Envy equaliz'd: whoſe will
Would wound it ſelf to work anothers Ill.

FAB. 105.

Of the Crow *and the* Pot.

THe thirſty crow finds a pot of water, but the pot was deeper then that the crow could come at the water; ſhe endeavours to poure out the water, but cannot: forthwith gathering little pebbles out of the ſand, caſts them into the pot; by this means the water is raiſed, and the crow drinks.

Morall. *That which sometimes thou canst not do by strength, thou shalt effect by wisdome and policy.*

A *Crow* to quench her thirst, seeks far and near
For *Water*, but can find none any where,
Save what ith' bottome of a *Vessell* lay,
Too deep to reach, which seen she did assay
To overthrow the *Vessell*, but in vain
She strove, and could not her desire attain:
Who therefore now perceiving strength to fail,
Resolves to try if policie can prevail;
And gathering many Pebbles, dropp'd them in
Untill the bubbling *Water* did begin
T' ascend the top; so she with ease obtain'd
That, which had else been from her reach restrain'd.

The Morall.

Force is not alwayes prevalent, but wit
And policie oft-times the Conquest get:
By that th' Epirian Scanderbeg *withstood*
The Turk, *and all his trebled multitude.*

FAB.

FAB. 196.

Of the Lion *and* Huntſman.

THe Lion wrangled with the Huntſman, and prefers his valour before the ſtrength of man; after a long contention, the hunter led him to *Mauſolus*, whereupon was engraven a lion laying his head in the lap of a man: The Lion denies that to be a ſufficient evidence, ſaying, men may carve what they pleaſe, if lions were artificers, they would carve a man under the feet of the lion.

Morall. *Every one to his ability ſpeaks and does what may be moſt advantagious to his party and cauſe.*

A *Man* and *Lion* walking, in their way
Eſpi'd a ſtony *Pillar* to diſplay
Graven thereon, the Image of a man,
VVhich had a Lion conquerd; ſo began
A while to gaze, then ſome diſcourſes hold,
VVhile thus the *Man* that *Emblem* did unfold:
See mighty *Beaſt*, how ſtrong and ſtout we are,
VVhen one ſole *Man*'s become a conquerour
And maſters one of you: To whom agen
The *Lion* anſwers, could Beaſts paint like Men,
You'd find that *Lions* on more *Men* have fed,
Then by *Men* ever have been vanquiſhed.

The Morall.

Vain Boasters here are shown, who brag t' have done
Acts, which they never durst adventure on.

FAB. 107.

Of the Boy and the Thief.

A Boy sits over the well weeping, the thief asked the cause why he cried; the boy answers, that the string breaking, he had let fall a pot of gold into the water; the man puts off his clothes, leaps into the well, seeks it: not finding the pot, he comes up out of the well, and there finds neither the boy nor his coat; for the boy had taken the coat and runne away.

Morall. *They are sometimes deceived, who use to deceive.*

AS a young *Boy* sate weeping by a Well,
A *Thief* repairs to him, and bade him tell
The causes of his griefe; the crafty *Child*
Replies, Oh Sir, this Rope hath me beguil'd;
Which, when I thought to draw a pot of gold,
Too weak so great and rich a weight to hold,
Asunder broke; The *Thief* believes the *Boy*
And leaving's Cloke descends the Well with joy:

But

But finds no gold; his labour was as vain
As his desire of unlawfull gain;
So back he comes, but neither could he find
The *Boy*, nor yet the Cloke he left behind;
For while the *Thief* in hope to get a prey,
Went down, the *Boy* with it was fled away.

The Morall.

So craft oft-times the craftiest deceives,
And nets for thieves in their own cunning weaves.

FAB. 108.

Of the Countrey-man *and the* Ox.

THe countrey-man had an ox, which could not endure to be tied or yoked: the man being cunning, cut off his horns, (for with his horns he pushed) then he yokes him, not to the wagon, but to the plough, that (as he was wont) he might not kick his master with his heels. He held the plough, glad that by his industry he had brought it to passe, that he might now be safe both from his horns and heels. But how does it fall out? the ox forthwith resisting, and by scraping with his heels, covers the face and head of the countrey-man with sand.

Morall.

Morall. *There are some so untractable, that can neither by art nor advice be tamed.*

AN *Ox* impatient to bear the Yoke,
Could not be tam'd, though many a fur'ous stroke
His Master lent him oft; but in proud scorns
Would still oppose his *Keeper* with his Horns;
Who therefore cuts them off, in hope that way
To curb him, and his stubborneſſe allay:
But that prevail'd not when the *Ox* did feel
The want of Horns, he finds as light a Heel,
Which when his Master saw, that he could find
No means that might him to subjection bind,
He sells him to the Slaughter; for Death can
Prevail above the strength of any Man.

The Morall.

Rebellious Subjects, like the Ox must be
Chastised so by powerfull Majesty,
And if in disobedience still they stand,
Feel the sharp rigour of the Laws command.

FAB.

FAB. 109.

Of the Satyr and the Traveller.

THe Satyr (which in times past was held for god of the groves) taking pittie of a Traveller, coverd with snow, and almost dead with cold, brings him into his cave, refreshes him with fire; asked him the reason why he blowed his hands? that they may be warm (quoth he.) Afterwards when they sate down to meat, the traveller blows his pancake, being asked why he did it? that it might cool (quoth he.) Forthwith the Satyr turning him out of doors, sayes, I will not lodge any man in my cave, that hath such variety in his mouth.

Morall. *Beware thou entertain not a man to live with thee, who hath a double tongue, and who is a Proteus in his language.*

A *Satyr* (such for gods the Ancients held
To guard the *Woods*) within a desert dwell'd,
And out of pitty to a *Traveller* gave
Kind entertainment; led him to his Cave,
And bids him welcome; where with cold the Man
Benumm'd, to blow his fingers ends began:
The *Satyr* asks the cause, the *Man* replyes
His breath did cause a warmth thereon to rise;

This

This paſt; the *Satyr* gives him pottage hot
And ſcalding, newly taken from the Pot,
Into the which, again the *Man* doth blow,
Of whom the *Satyr* asks, why he did ſo:
The *Man* replyes to coole them; canſt thou then
(Sayes the old *Satyr*) heat, and cool agen
All with one breath? None ſhall remain with me
Within whoſe mouth is ſuch variety.

The Morall.

By Breath is here expreſt a double tongue, (wrong
That can ſpeak fair, when th' heart intends moſt
And to thy face, though golden words it faigne,
Behind thy back will ſlander thee again.

FAB. 110.

Of the Bore *and the* Countrey-man.

THe Bore ſpoiling the corn, the Countrey-man cut off his eare; taking him the ſecond time, cut off the other: but the Bore coming again, he takes him, and carries him into the citty, deſigned him for the dainties of his maſter: the Bore being carved at dinner, ther's no heart to be found: the maſter being angry, required it

it of the cook: the Countrey-man made answer, master, it is no wonder you find no heart, I beleeve the foolish bore had none: for if he had had an heart, at his penalty, he would not have come again into my corn. This said the Countrey-man. But all the guests laughed themselves almost to death, and cryed out of the Countrey-mans folly.

Morall. *The life of many men is so heartlesse, that you may question whether they have an heart or no.*

A *Clown* cuts off an ear of a wild *Bore*,
That spoil'd his corn, and bids him come no more;
The *Bore* again is taken there, the *Man*
Lops off his other ear, but neither can
That keep the *Bore* away, who comes again,
And for his folly, is (the third time) slain:
Which as a present to his land-lord sent,
Who him, for it, abates a quarters rent.
The *Bore* is drest and to the Lords board brought,
But when in vain he for the heart long sought,
And found it not, he chafes, and chides the Cook,
Saying that he, base knave, the *Bores* heart took.
Sir, under favour, quoth the *Clown*, the *Beast*
Was never sure of heart or brains possest,
For had he either had, he had forborn,
To urge his death, the third time, in my corn.

The Morall.

Some men so live, that scarce can any know,
Whether they have or heart or brains or no.

FAB.

FAB. 111.

Of the Ox and the Rat.

THe rat bit the oxes heel, and ran into his hole; the ox ſhakes his horns, enquires for his enemie, ſees him not: the rat laughs at him: Becauſe thou art ſtrong and huge (quoth the rat) therefore thou wilt diſdain any one: now even the little rat, in ſpight of thy teeth, hath hurt thee.

Morall. *Its an old ſaying*, Let no man be too heedleſſe of his enemy.

AN *Ox* the little *Rat* had ſpurn'd,
For which the angry vermine turn'd,
And by the heel the *Ox* did bite,
Toward her hole then takes her flight.
The *Ox* purſues but cannot ſpie
The vermine, ſhe ſo cloſe did lie.
Whereat the *Rat* thus ſcoffes the great
And burly Beaſt, my friend retreat,
You vainly ſtay, I'm here ſecure,
And can thy hate or threats indure.
Learn therefore hence, let me adviſe,
No more ſmall creatures to deſpiſe;

For

For now you ſee a little *Rat*
Can be reveng'd if kicked at.

The Morall.

Grow not ſecure, becauſe you know
Your power ſtronger then your foe:
For watchfull foes, though weak, may be
Revenged of an Enemy.

FAB. 12.

Of the Countrey-man *and* Hercules.

THe countrey-mans waggon ſticks in the deep mire; the countrey-man forthwith careleſſe, implores the help of Hercules: a voice thunders from heaven; fool, (ſaith it) whip thy horſes, and ſet to the wheels, and then call upon Hercules; for then invocated he will be preſent.

Morall. *Lazy wiſhes come to nothing, which truely God hears not: Help thy ſelf (as they ſay) and then God will afford thee aſſiſtance.*

A *Clown* whoſe cart ſtuck faſt in durty way,
Lying along, to *Hercules* did pray
For aid; a voice in thunder ſtraight replies
From Heav'n; thou Lout, thou unform'd lump, ariſe,

And

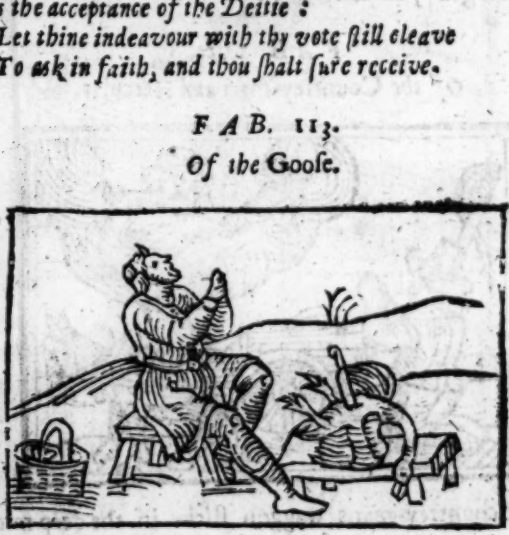
And lay thy helping hand unto ſome ſpoke,
So drive thy horſe, and then the God invoke,
Who will not fail to help thee in thy need,
VVhen as thy Prayer is ſecond to thy Deed.

The Morall.

Mens laſie prayers never reach ſo high,
As the acceptance of the Deitie:
Let thine indeavour with thy vote ſtill cleave
To ask in faith, and thou ſhalt ſure receive.

FAB. 113.

Of the Gooſe.



THere was a gooſe which layed golden egges, every day one: her maſter, (that on a ſudden he might be rich) kills the gooſe, hoping to find a treaſure within her: but finding the gooſe empty, the poore man is amazed, and anxiouſly laments and takes on, that he had loſt the thing he looked for, and alſo his hope.

Morall. *Deſires are to be moderated: we muſt take heed that we be not over-haſty and raſh; for too much haſte is hurtfull and he that hunts after more then is fitting, ſometimes gets nothing.*

One

ONe had a *Gooſe*, that every day
Egges of the pureſt gold did lay;
Yet not content with that, her lord
Thought ſhe more profit might afford,
And make him quickly rich, if he
Should rip her, and poſſeſſed be
Of all her ſtore, not waiting ſtill
For ſingle Egges, as pleas'd her will
To bring them forth: which he effected;
But miſt the treaſure he expected.
For ſhe being dead the Egges were gone,
And in her paunch he found not one;
But ſighs that he had loſt both ſtore,
And hopes of ever having more.

The Morall.

Would'ſt thou grow rich, then limit thy deſire,
And ſtrive not in one moment to acquire
The ſumme of all thy hopes, leſt ſeeking all
Thou all do loſe, and into ruine fall.

FAB. 114.

Of the Ape *and her two* young ones.

THe ape (as they ſay) when ſhe brought forth twins, loved the one, and ſlighted the other: for ſhe brought

brought forth two; when as she fell into some fright, being about to shun the danger, catches that which she loved in her arms, which (while she flies in all haste) she dashed against a stone and killed: that which was disregarded, cleaved fast to her rough back when her damme fled, and so remained secure.

Morall. *It often comes to passe, that the parents, through their too much indulgence, are an occasion of much evil and danger to that child which they affect most dearly: when as he, whom they least love, becomes the most hardy, and honest.*

AN *Ape* produced twins, and did affect
One dearly, but the other quite reject;
Whom as the Hunters one day did pursue,
While with all speed she from their presence flew,
Within her paws her darling close she kept,
The other on her back for safety leapt,
And hung there close, not hindring her at all,
When follow'd hard, she let her lov'd one fall;
(Not daring longer hold it, least, both they
And she might so become the Hunters prey)
And so that which she least affected bore
With life away; when Hounds the other tore.

The Morall.

Too too indulgent Parents so
While they on one too tender grow,
Too nice an education takes
From th' hardnesse of his youth, and makes
Him farre more subject to mischances stand,
Then those they foster'd with lesse cocking hand.

FAB.

FAB. 115.

Of the Ox *and the* Heifer.

THe ox ſpent with age daily drew the plough: the heifer being idle, skipt about in the neighbour meadows, and at length inſults over the condition of the decayed ox. He boaſts that he knew not what belonged to yoke or tying, he was free and idle: but that his (*ſc.* the old ox) neck was worn with work: But laſtly, that he was ſlick and neat; but that he (*ſc.* the old ox) was rough and durty. The old ox anſwers him nothing: ſhortly after he ſaw this boaſter led to ſacrifice, and then after this manner he ſpeaks to him; To what is your eaſie life now come? Your ſecure idleneſſe hath brought you to the ſlaughter. Now (as I ſuppoſe) you would rather adviſe me to labour, which guards me, then to idleneſſe, which hath brought thee to thy death.

Morall. *Work and watchfulneſſe is requiſite to the right ordering of our lives. Sluggiſh and voluptuous ones ſhall ſee an unexpected iſſue of their affairs.*

AN idle *Calf*, whoſe neck no yoke had worn,
Did an old *Ox*, that each day labourd, ſcorn,
Boaſts his ſmooth neck, his Paſturage ſo free,
Extreamly glorying in 's Libertie;

Then

Then frisking round the field, insults again
Over the *Ox*, and twitts him with his pain,
And yoke-gald-neck; the patient *Ox* affords
Th' insulting *Calf* no discontented words.
Soon after this the *Calf* is led away
For sacrifice, to whom the *Ox* doth say,
Such the rewards are of your idle life,
Those fading Garlands and the Priests keen knife;
Had you not rather work, and life extend
Then through dull ease, to make so quick an end?

The Morall.

Industrious men most often longer live,
Then who themselves do unto pleasures give.

FAB. 116.

Of the Dog *and the* Lion.

THe dog meets the lion, jears at him; Alas poor wretch! almost famished, why dost thou coast over the woods, and every way? Look here, I am fat and fair-liking; and this I get not by toil, but ease. Then the lion; Thou hast indeed thy dainties, but withall thy chains: Be thou a slave, who canst live so; I am free, neither will I be a slave.

Morall.

Morall. *The Lion answered handsomely; Liberty is better then any other things whatsoever.*

A Well-fed *Dog* did with a *Lion* meet,
Was lean and wandring whom he thus did greet,
Why do you alwayes traverse field and wood,
Half-hunger-starv'd, to seek a little food?
Behold, how plump, and slick I am, and yet
I neither labour for my food, nor sweat;
But live in ease; Come then ne're dread a chain,
A clog or whip, like dainty fare to gain.
The *Royall Brute* replies, that he will starve,
Before that he, for bits and knocks will serve.

The Morall.

They are not men, but slavish Curres that shall
For Belly-chear, their free-born souls inthrall.

FAB. 117.

Of the Fishes.

THe river fish is carried by force of the stream into the sea, where boasting of her nobility, scorns all the sea kind: the sea-calf would not endure this, but said, Then will thy nobility appear, if thou beest taken with

with the sea-calf and carried to the market: I am bought of Nobles, and thou of the vulgar.

Morall. *Many are so inflamed with appetite to glory, that they set out and boast themselves. The commendation that comes from a mans self is no commendation, but received with derision from the hearers.*

A *River-fish* was by the stream convey'd
Into the Sea, where he began t' upbraid
The *Sea-fish* as ignoble, and to slight
Them, as but vile in his more noble sight:
The *Sea-calf* brooks not this; but doth reply,
Their worths best triall, is in them that buy:
Then it appears, when both are took, and brought
Into the market; from whence we are bought
By Peers and Gentry; whereas thou poor fish,
No higher swimmes, then to a mean mans dish.

The Morall.

Mens praises out of other mouths are known,
And sound much better, then out of our own.

FAB. 118.

Of the Leopard *and the* Fox.

THe leopard, whose skin is spotted, began to look big, contemning the lion and other beasts; the fox

fox comes to him, adviseth him not to be so proud, telling him, he had indeed a specious skin, but that himself had a specious mind.

Mor. *There is a difference and order of good things; the goods of the body exceed those of fortune; its fit the good things of the mind should be preferr'd to both.*

The end of the Prose.

THe *Leopard* looking on his spotted skin,
Swels big with scornfull pride, and doth begin
All the wild beasts to slight, the *Lions* too
Deformed in his puffe up fancie shew:
Whom the *Fox* meeting, counsells to lay by
That unbeseeming pride, for outwardly,
Though fair he seem'd to be, yet he should find
Others excell in virtues of the mind,
Which was the noblest treasure, and will raise
To blisse, when all this earthly pomp decayes.

The Morall.

As th' health of bodie's more prefer'd, then are
All gifts of Fortune, howsoever fair:
So 'bove both these that health esteem'd should be,
That keeps the mind and understanding free,
From apprehending fancies proud and vain,
Or other fond diseases of the brain.

FAB. 119.

The Fox and the Cat.

Reinard sits boasting to th' ingenious *Cat*,
What sev'rall shifts he had, first this, then that,
When he intends his *Hunters* to delude:
I must confesse (quoth *Pusse*) they seem full good,
And safe withall; yet I alasse have none,
Except it be one silly scape alone;
Which failing, I've no more: With that a cry
Of full-mouth'd *Hounds* approch them suddenly;
Forcing th' affrighted *Fox* away to flee;
The nimble *Cat* skips up into a tree,
And sits there safe; while the *Dogs* by her went
Unseen, but follow *Reinard* by the sent;
Whose hundred shifts avail'd not now at all,
The *Hounds* pursu'd him to his funerall.

The Morall.

'Tis not a multitude of shallow drifts,
Which shunne eminent danger; for such shifts
Are not half so much prevalent as one
With deep and solid wit consulted on.

FAB. 120.

The Travellers and the Asse.

THrough a Desart as two *Travellers* passe,
They chance to see a strange and straggling *Asse*
Without an owner: wherefore they contest
Between themselves who shall possesse the Beast:
They'll not be sharers; one of them alone
Vows to be master of it all, or none.
And so to blows they fall. The *Asse* perceives
The strife; and swiftly from them flying, leaves
The place where they contend: who being gone,
In stead of all, the wrang'lers purchac'd none.

The Morall.

The Travellers *two wrangling neighbours are,*
Who for small trifles frivolously jarre;
With vain dissention and too oft debate,
Inriching some, themselves they ruinate.

FAB. 121.

Of the Beetle and the Eagle.

A *Beetle* by the *Eagle* vilifi'd,
Would be reveng'd what ever did betide;
He having learn'd the *Eagles* neſt he flew
Thither, and all the *Eagles Egges* down threw,
And brake them all againſt the ground; and ſtill
As th' *Eagle* ſhifts her neſt, he thither will,
And doth the like. At laſt the *Eagle* moves
Her Patron *Jove*: *Jove* her intirely loves,
And grants his lap to lay her *Egges* in; there
Her *Egges* might be ſecur'd, if any where.
But the ſtil-ſpightfull *Beetle* thither flies,
And undiſcern'd in *Jove's* lapps bottom lies;
Till, ſeeing the *Egges* mov'd, he knew not how,
Jove ſhook his lap, and all to th' ground did throw.

The Morall.

Truſt not in might, to wrong or ſlight the weak,
The meaneſt wretch his ſpight may fully wreak.

FAB. 122.

The Fowler, the Hawk and Nightingale.

SWiftly a *Hawk* purſues the ſmall
And ſweetly ſinging *Nightingale*:
But before ſhe her prey had made,
Is in a Net b' a *Fowler* ſtaid:
Whereat amaz'd, the *Hawk* began,
Whence ſprings this malice, envious man?
I ne're was bent to injure thee;
Why doſt thou then injuriouſlie
Thus me oppoſe? My onely flight
VVas to ſuppreſſe my appetite,
A cuſtome frequent every day,
And moſt in uſe with Birds of prey:
If quoth the Man, your hate be ſo,
And 'gainſt ſmall Birds ſo potent grow,
That they for no offence muſt die,
Except to glût your cruelty:
The harm 'gainſt them which you intend,
Oft falls upon your ſelves in th' end.

The Morall.

Ill deeds have ill ſucceſſe; and thoſe who ſtrive
B' unjuſt oppreſſion others to depriue

Of life or fortunes; in the end receive
The like reward in the ſame plots they weave.

FAB. 123.

The Wolf and the Sick Aſſe.

SIck of a ſtrong diſeaſe, th' *Aſſe* keeps his bed,
And by his neighb'ring *Beaſts* is viſited;
Mongſt whom the *Wolf* ſeems chiefly to deplore
The *Aſſes* grief, and faintly at the door
Asks of the young *Aſſe* how his *Father* ſped?
T'would joy him t' hear that he recovered:
To whom the *Aſſe* repli'd, he's better farre
Then towards him your faigned wiſhes are.

The Morall.

So many men ſeem penſive oft, and ſad
For others harms, whereof they moſt are glad.

FAB.

FAB. 124.

The Dog that kept his Masters Sheep.

A Shepherd had a num'rous flock of *Sheep*,
For whose protection he a *Dog* did keep;
And fed him highly, that the *Curre* might be
More carefull, and with safer custodie
Look to his Charge; yet the insatiate *Curre*,
Seeking variety, did more preferre
The bloud of tender *Lambs*, than all the fare
His Master fed him with: and would not spare
The best in all the flock, it the delight
Of fresh warm meat incens'd his appetite:
The which his master finding out, with rage,
(For patience could not such a wrong asswage)
Threatens his death. The guilty *Dog* replies,
Why must I die? farre greater enemies
Daily infest the Flock; the *Wolves*; let those
Be put to death, who are professed foes.
Nay (quoth his Master) rather you must die,
Who under friendship use hostilitie.

The Morall.

This Fable *shows the danger which attends*
A man too confident in homebred friends.

FAB. 125.

The Coachman, and his creaking VVheels.

A *Coach-man* driving in a full cariere,
Amidſt his ſpeed a creaking *Wheel* did heare
More loud then all the reſt; who asking why,
Or where the cauſes lay? ſtraight this reply
His *Chariot* made:

The Morall.

Oft crazy folk do ſo,
And groan when they the pains of ſickneſſe ſhow.

FAB.

FAB. 126.

The Fox and Goat.

THe *Fox* and *Goat* go to a Well to drink,
Which being ſo deep, that ſtanding on the brink,
They could not reach the water, they deſcend
Both in the Bucket, and obtain their end:
So having quench'd their thirſt; when they deſire
To wind the Bucket upward, and retire,
Their ſtrength and wit both fail'd them, that they ſtand
Doubtfull what courſe is beſt to take in hand:
But crafty *Reinard* (for the *Goat* too wiſe)
For his eſcape, this project did deviſe.
Willing the *Goat* himſelf upright to raiſe,
And 'gainſt the wall his foremoſt feet to place,
That ſo his body to full length extending,
The *Fox* might, on his ſhoulders ſtraight aſcending,
Get forth and hale out him: they both agree;
And by this means the *Fox* gets libertie:
Which he no ſooner had but he derides
The ſilly *Goat*, who ſtill i'th' Well abides,
Railing that *Reinard* had unjuſtly done,
To break his word, and leave him there alone:
Yet all his paſſion was but ſpent in vain,
Onely the *Fox* retorteth thus again:

My friend, did you but half that wiſedome bear,
As in your face does gravity appear,
By your long beard, you firſt would learn to ſhun
A danger ere you headlong on it run.

The Morall.

Conſult before you undertake
A perillous attempt; or make
Choice of a Friend; leſt that he
(Working on thy facilitie,
To gain his purpoſe) Fox-like *ſcorn*
And leave thee in diſtreſſe forlorn.

FAB. 127.

The Cock *and the* Partridge.

ONe having a tame *Partridge*, let her feed
Among his *Cocks*, which ſuch a hate did breed
That the bold Birds would never let her reſt,
But with their ſpurres did ſtrike and ſtill inſeſt
The harmleſſe *Partridge*; who impatient bears
Their injuries, and wails them with ſad tears,
The more, becauſe a ſtranger: but ere long
Diverting their fell hate from her, among
Themſelves the *Cocks* at variance fall, and turn
To mutuall diſcord: leaving them to mourn,

The

The *Partridge* cries, if 'twixt themſelves they be
So croſſe, I cannot blame their hate to me.

The Moral.

No wrongs unto a wiſe man ſhould appear
Injurious, or hurtfull, when they are
Offer'd by ſuch whoſe diſcords hourely raiſe
Mutuall ſedition and domeſtick frayes.

FAB. 128.

The Boaſting Traveller.

MOſt *Travellers* (I know not by what Fate)
Their virtues boaſting, ſeek to elevate;
What rare exploits they did in Forraigne parts,
How grac'd in manners, and how skild in Arts,
When they as empty, and as frothie are,
As if but lately from their Nurſes care;
Such a New-nothing bragg'd what he had done,
How many famous Priſes he had wonne
By his Activitie abroad; doth tell
That he all Rhodes at leaping did excell.
To which thoſe Rhodians which were preſent there,
Without Record, ſtill living, witneſſe were.

With

With that a nimble youth, of coſtive faith,
Set him a leap; and then replying, ſaith,
If this be true you ſay, what need you cite
The men of Rhodes for witneſſes? our ſight
Shall teſtifie; we'll give you praiſes due,
If by your deeds you prove your words are true.
Here's equall ground to that of Rhodes, lo here,
I leap, let your activity appear.

The Morall.

where proofs are wanting, words are vain; nor can
They credit get; but with a ſimple man.

FAB. 129.

The triall of the Delphick Oracle.

AN unbelieving crafty knave, would try
Th' *Oracle* of the *Delphick* Deity:
Whether, thence truth, or errour iſſued;
In his right hand, which his cloak covered,
He held a little Sparrow, with which he,
Approch'd the Image of the Deitie:
And thus demands, what in my hand I have,
Is it alive or dead? the ſubtil knave,

Had

Had the God anſwered, dead, meant to produce
The Bird alive, *Apollo* to abuſe;
And if the God, it were alive, had ſaid,
The knave would quickly her have ſqueezed dead,
And ſhew'd it; but the God eſpi'd
The villains craft, to which he thus repli'd;
Whether thou wilt, it is at thy diſpoſe,
To kill, or ſave, the Bird thy hand doth cloſe.

The Morall.

Nought can lie hid from Gods all-ſeeing eye,
Nor any craft delude the Deitie.

FAB. 130.

The Woman *and her* Hen.

A *Widdow woman*, had a *Hen* did lay,
(Not intermitting) one egge ev'ry day,
But yet the greedy *Woman* not content,
To have of her that fair emolument,
Simply conceiteth, that her *Hen* would lay,
If ſhe were better fed, two egges aday:
And cramm'd her, till the *Hen* ſo fat was grown,
In ſtead of two egges ſhe could lay not one.

The Morall.

Fat paunches make lean pates, and dainty bits
Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

FAB.

FAB. 131.

A Man bitten by a Dog.

ONe bitten by a *Curre*, inquires what cure,
Or what aſſwage the pain he did indure?
Of one that came to viſit him; who ſaid,
Dip in the bloudy wound a piece of bread,
And feed the *Dog* therewith: Not I, quoth he,
For then from wounds I never ſhould be free:
Were ſuch an act once bruited up and down,
I ſhould be bit by every *Dog* in town.

The Morall.

Some curriſh natures benefits requite,
With wrongs and ſlanders, injuries and ſpite.

FAB. 132.

The Beaver.

NAturaliſts ſay, *Beavers* moſt frequent
(As *Otters* do) the liquid element:
His Genitalls a Sov'raigne medicine are,
For which reſpect, *Hunters* no labour ſpare
Him to attach; but, by Natures foreſight,
To ſave himſelf, he off his ſtones doth bite,
In view of his purſuers, wherewith they
(The purchaſe made) deſiſt: he ſcapes away.

The Morall.

Thus wiſemen ſave their lives with their wealths loſſe,
To keep his Gold, who would not part with droſſe.

FAB. 133.

The Tunie and the Dolphin.

A *Tunie* by a *Dolphin* chas'd too close,
To make escape, above the waters rose;
And shot himself upon a hollow cliff,
His Foe avoiding, by a desp'rate shift,
But not his death; for the cliff being high,
Could not with water her again supplie,
For want of which, she ready to expire,
Beholds the *Dolphin* fetter'd in the mire,
Through his o're violent pursuit, whereat cries;
O welcome object to my dying eyes!
Now death's not grievous; since I him descry,
Expiring too, who caused me to die.

The Morall.

Then wronged men are sometbing eas'd to see,
Their persecuters in adversity.

FAB. 134.

The Fortune-teller.

A *Fortune-teller* in the Market ſate,
Telling the People their enſuing Fate:
Till one, with haſte, ev'n breathleſſe, ruſheth in,
And to the *Wizzard* this ſad news doth bring;
Your houſe is robb'd: this made the *Wizzard* ſtart,
And haſten homeward: But to ſhame his Art,
One ſcoffing ſayes, can he our Fates fore-tell,
Who knew not what at his own houſe befell?

The Morall.

Here their unfitting cark is fitly ſhown,
Who care for ſtrangers good, neglect their own.

FAB. 135.

The Doctour *and his* Patient

A *Doctour* having undertook to heal
A *Patients* diſeaſe, his pulſe doth feel,
And asks him how he far'd? the Man replies,
A burning heat ore all his body lies:
A ſigne of health the *Doctour* anſwers then;
So parts, and the next day returns agen
Propounding the ſame queſtion: the ſick Man
Cries a cold humour through his body ran;
The *Doctour* likes that too: the third time he
Demands, but then his *Patient* mournfully
Anſwers, extreamly weak; all this ſtill pleas'd
The *Doctour* well: But when of the diſeas'd
A friend more ſadly queſtion'd, how he ſped?
The ſick Man faintly to him anſwered,
He ſhortly hop'd for health; ſince death his cure
Had finiſh'd now: nor ſhould he more endure
The pains already paſt: which ſaid, he dies,
And his friends celebrate his exſequies.

The Morall.

Here is expreſt ſimplicity of thoſe,
Who skild in nothing are, but outward ſhews
Of ſeeming Art; And when they moſt profeſſe,
Know leaſt, to help or cure our diſtreſſe.

FAB.

FAB. 136.

The Wolf *and the* Asse.

A Lame *Asse* thus bespake a *Wolf* of old:
The Crows or Vultures prey, or yours, behold
I die through pain; this favour onely I
Request of your renowned clemency,
Pull out this stump from out my gangren'd foot,
That I may die lesse pain'd: the *Wolf* set too't
His grinders, and extracts both stump and pain:
But th' *Asse*, to give the *Wolf* cause to complain
Of having stumps, forgetfull of his late
And grievous pain, dischargeth on his pate
His frostnail'd heels, and having broke his nose
And teeth withall, braying away he goes.
The *Wolf*, as justly serv'd, himself doth blame,
That of a *Butcher* he a *Leech* became.

The Morall.

They that desert their callings thus incurre
Great dangers often, but always some blurre.

FAB.

FAB. 137.

The Fowler *and the* Black Owſell.

PLacing his Nets, the *Fowler* is eſpi'd
By the black *Owſel*; which on every ſide
Viewing him round, demandeth of the man,
What he intended there, or what began?
The *Fowler* anſwers, he reſolv'd to lay
Foundation for a City: ſo away
Cloſely departs to hide him from her ſight,
Who being gone the *Owſell* takes her flight
To view the ſtructure; catches at the bait,
Not mindfull of the *Fowlers* cloſe deceit,
And with it is intrapt; whereat the man
To ſeiſe on the inſnared *Owſell* ran;
Which thus cries out; Friend, if you often build
Such Cities, they few Citizens will yield.

The Morall.

This Fable *ſhews, that greateſt ruines riſe*
In common-wealths, when private Enemies
With their familiar flatteries delude,
And ſeek t' inſnare the eaſie Multitude.

FAB.

FAB. 138.

The lying Traveller.

ONe going a long journey made a vow
His foundells half to *Jupiter* t' allow
For ſacrifice; now having gone ſome ground,
A bagge of dates and almonds full he found,
And eat them all; but left the ſtones and peels,
And brought them to the Altar, and there kneels,
And thus he ſpeaks; Behold, great *Jove*, I bring
My foundells half, a vowed offering.

The Morall.

That covetiſe doth oft tempt men to ly,
Not to men onely, but the Deity.

FAB.

FAB. 139.

The Thief and his Mother.

A Knaviſh boy, at ſchool had ſtole a book,
Brings it t' his *Mother*; who with ſmiling look
Seems more the *Boy* to cheriſh, then chaſtiſe,
Or check him for his childiſh knaveries.
Whereat the *Boy* grew expert in his trade,
And theft of ſomething, his day labour made;
She ſtill the ſame upholding; till grown man,
Small trifles pleas'd him not, but he began
To catch at greater baits; for which at laſt,
Being attach'd, he is arraign'd, and caſt
At Seſſions for his death; (the *Thiefs* reward,)
Then drawn to execution. She that ſhar'd
Both in his birth and fall, with grief and ſhame,
Walks weeping by him; till in ſight he came
Of the ſad fatall Gallows, where with tears
He begs one whiſper in his *Mothers* ears.
'Tis granted, and his *Mother* lends her head
To hear his laſt requeſt; but he in ſtead
Of whiſp'ring to her, faſteneth in her eare
His teeth, and doth the fleſh with anger tear:
For which unnat'rall act reprov'd by ſome,
That to his execution did come,

He

He cries, Oh friends, had ſhe chaſtiz'd at firſt,
And not my childiſh theft ſo fondly nurſt,
As if ſhe well allow'd it, I had bin
Free from this ſhamefull end, and horrid ſin.

The Morall.

Too many Children ſo, are bound to curſe
Th' unhappy cock'ring of too fond a Nurſe,
That lulls them in their miſchief, till they run
Headlong upon their own confuſion;
Not able to retire; but being brought up
In pleaſure, poſte to taſte of ſorrows Cup.

FAB. 140.

The Shipwrackt Shepherd.

A Wanton *Swain* kept ſheep hard by the ſhore;
And never heard the then calme Sea to roar;
Seeing the ſurface ſmooth; with itch poſſeſt,
To turn Advent'rer, he could take no reſt,
Till he had ſold his ſheep, and with the price,
Ladeth a ſhip with dates for Merchandiſe:
The fool aboards, not many leagues had ſaild
Into the Main, but that the ſkie was vaild
In diſmall black; a tempeſt roſe ſo great,
And on his ſhip of dates ſo fiercely beat;

That

That left it ſink, he empties out of hand,
His dates, and hardly ſo eſcapes to land;
Who ſtill, as oft as the ſea calm he ſpies;
Ne're flatter, I have no more dates he cries.

The Morall.

Dangers and loſſes make men wiſe; 'tis thought
That wit is never good, till it be bought.

FAB. 141.

The Youth *and the* Painted Lion.

A Doting *Knight* had fanci'd in a dream,
His Sonne, (a *Gallant*, given to th' extream
Of Hunting) was by a *Lion* ſlain: he
Immures his Sonne within a gallerie,
(Leſt chance ſhould act his viſion) where he ſets
Of the Youths ſports, the painted Counterfeits,
His paſſion to divert: Among the reſt
A *Lion* was, to which the *Youth* addreſt,
(His Guardian gone) muſt I be in a cage,
To ſhun the formleſſe fancy of thy rage?
Herewith aſſayes to ſcratch the *Lions* eyes;
But meets a ruſtie nail there, ſcarifies
His hand, (though ſlightly) it ſo feſtereth,
This brought a Feaver, and that Feaver death.

The

The Morall.

Thus while men think themſelves to ſave,
From death, they fall into the grave.

FAB. 142.

The Fox *and the* Eagle.

THe *Eagle* and the *Fox* (no longer foes)
Kindly each other greet; till friendſhip grows
So ſtrong 'twixt them, that they will neighbours be;
And better to confirm their amitie,
One Tree muſt harbour both. The *Eagle* makes
Her neſt aloft: the *Fox* her dwelling takes
At the ſame root, and each bring forth their young;
But this true love continued not long:
For once it chanc'd the *Fox* forſook her hole,
To fetch in food, who gone, the *Eagle* ſtole
Into the *Fox*:s den, and to her Neſt
Bore the young *Foxes*, with their fleſh to feaſt
Her little *Eaglets*; ſo by this agen
The *Fox* returns, who entering her Den,
Finds all her young ones gone, their loſſe laments,
And 'gainſt the *Eagle* fearfull curſings vents,
And direfull imprecations; praying *Jove*
To ſend revenge for ſuch infringed love.

And so it hapned, after some few dayes
The Priest a Goat upon the Altar layes
For sacrifice; which when the *Eagle* knew,
With winged speed she nimbly thither flew,
Part of the victime snatching, with it bore
A fiery brand, so to her nest doth soar:
Where the wind rising so incens'd the flame,
It fired all the Nest; but when the same
Her unfledg'd young ones felt, to shun the heat,
With all their speed out of the nest they get,
Attempting flight, but wanting feathers fall
Straight to the earth, and on their Mother call
For help; when she too weak t' assist them, they
Poor Birds become the injur'd *Foxes* prey.

The Morall.

So those who Covenants of friendship break
(Though th' injur'd Parties seem a while too weak
To right themselves) from Heav'n receive their due,
Who doth such deeds with vengeance still pursue.

FAB. 143.

The Hawk *and* Nightingale.

SWeet *Philomel*, to whom no bird comes nigh
For various Notes, and pleasing Harmonie,

On

On a tall Oak warbles her charming Strains;
Till the *Hawk* seis'd her to repleat his veins:
The trembling prey implores for her reprieve;
Inferring, that her carcase could relieve
No such vast appetite, and she would pray,
He might be fitted with a better prey.
The *Hawk* replies; I have more wit then so;
To let thee now, in hope of better, go.
Never tell me you are but little; tush,
One bird in hand's better then two i'th bush.

The Morall.

This Fable shews it is not good to part
With that thou hast obtain'd with pains and art;
And though but small, be sure thou do it keep;
Least when 'tis gone, thy folly cause thee weep.

FAB. 144.

The tayleleſſe Fox.

A *Fox* intrapt, gets out, by much ado,
With his tayles loſſe; and glad he ſcap'd ſo too:
But, when he miſt his Train, his Joy did melt
To tears of grief; ſo great a ſhame he felt.
He thinks life dearly purchas'd with diſgrace,
And by invention would that ſtain deface.

Which thus was acted: He intreats a Court
Of *Foxes*, ſtill pretending to report,
Somewhat concern'd the Publick, which being met,
Bob thus began to play the counterfeit.
Sirs, I have found our tayles ſuperfluous fraight
Hinders our flight, o'recharged with the weight,
And by the long extent, doth oft expoſe
Us, to more eaſie purſuite of our foes.
Which to avoid, let my example move;
Cut off your tayles, if you your ſafety love.
Brother, ſayes one, your plot to ſhame us fayles,
'Cauſe you have none, ſhould none of us have tayles?

The Morall.

'Tis good to ſift all counſells; moſt mens tend
Unto their own, when they your good pretend.

FAB. 145.

The Fox *and* Buſh.

PUrſu'd with danger upon every ſide,
The *Fox* flies to a Buſh himſelf to hide,
Which entred, by ill chance a thorn did ſtick
Upright, and the poor *Foxes* trampled prick,
Who ſorely pain'd laments, O envious Tree,
That while I ſeek for refuge unto thee,

Torments me thus; the *Bush* replies, My friend,
Y'are much deceiv'd, for know you did intend
Me to intrap, as oft you others do,
For which deceit I have rewarded you.

The Morall.

If help of any man thou wouldst implore,
First be advis'd, and know him well before
You truſt too farre; for many are ſo prone
To miſchief, that they can do good to none.

FAB. 146.

The Fox and Crocodile.

THe *Fox* and *Crocodile* diſcours'd a vye,
Anent their nobleneſſe; and when the ſlye
Crocodile boaſts the ſplendour of her kinne,
Naming how many ages they had been
In good eſteem; and many things brought forth
To plead her kinne's antiquity and worth;
Reynard then ſleering, now no more affords
A patient ear, but, thus retorts his words;
Concerning your antiquity, my friend,
I ſtrive not; but what ever you pretend,
For your illuſtrious ſplendour, 'tis well ſeen,
That's loſt of old, by that your dusky skinne.

The Morall.

Some never blush such flat untruths to tell,
That ev'n their very telling doth refell.

FAB. 147.

The Fox and Hunters.

Reinard purſu'd leaves all the Dogs behind,
And takes the wood for ſafety, yet could find
Small ſhelter there, untill at length he ſpies,
A Wood-man cleaving logs, to whom he cries,
My friend, if thou a ſecret place canſt ſhow,
Where cloſely laid I may eſcape my foe,
I much ſhall ſtand ingag'd to thee; the man
Tells him, and in poor *Reinard* ſwiftly ran.
The *Hunters* ſo approch, but loſt the ſent;
Who ask the man, if the *Fox* that way went,
While he there wrought; the *Wood-man* anſwers no,
Yet points to th' place wherein the *Fox* did go,
To hide himſelf; the unbelieving men
Call off their Dogs, and ſo return again;
Who being gone, the *Fox* in ſecret peeps
Out of his hole, ſeeing all quiet, creeps,
And ſteals away; to whom the *Wood-man* cries,
Friend, you may thank me for my courteſies,

I sav'd your life; 'Tis true, quoth *Reinard*, then,
If your hands quiet as your tongue had been,
Full many thanks you had deserv'd as due,
And I as many would have rendred you.

The Moral.

This Fable *here discloses the fallacie*
Of those, whose words and actions disagree,
But fairly seem to promise unto all;
Yet fail when any to performance call.

FAB. 148.

The Man *and his* wooden Image.

AN *Image* carv'd in wood (such men of old
Esteem'd as gods) and inly lin'd with gold,
One too prophanely often had ador'd,
As often too its vainer help implor'd,
When need compell'd; yet could it yield him none
Untill the *Man* with begging weary grown,
Changes his strong devotion into rage,
Which his fine *god* could not withstand, or swage,
And 'gainst the ground the carved Image throws,
From whose interiour parts abundance flows
Of purest gold: whereat the joyfull *Man*,
Breaking to open passion, thus began;

Vain thing, how long haſt thou deluded me?
That while with worſhip I did rev'rence thee,
Thou could'ſt no help afford; yet for one blow
In my juſt anger, doſt this wealth beſtow?

The Morall.

Moſt men are ſo inclin'd to private gains,
That till the power of Juſtice them conſtrains,
They'l rather uſeleſſe hoard, then part with, what
May beneficiall prove to th' publick ſtate.

FAB. 149.

The Dog *invited to Supper.*

A *Dog*, whoſe owner had invited home
A Friend to ſup, invites his *Dog* to come
And ſup there too, now when this new-come gueſt
Saw ſuch good cheer provided for the Feaſt,
Full glad at heart, he ſo reſolves to eat
His fill, that he next day, ſhall need no meat;
So ſaid, he friſks his tayle, but when the Cook
Saw him ſo buſy, by the tayle he took
My fawning *Dog*, then whirles him round about,
And laſtly, through the window throws him out.
The neighbour-Curres ſeeing him run and cry,
(Well-near amaz'd) ask of him merrily,

How

How well he ſped? quoth he, full ſad, ſo well,
That which way I came out I cannot tell.

The Morall.

Preſume not of the future; and beware,
That your luſts draw you not into a ſnare.

FAB. 150.

The Man and the Eagle.

AN *Eagle* caught, was rifled of ſome pens,
The reſt clipt cloſe, and turn'd among the hens
To feed i'th' yard; at laſt ſhe's by one bought,
Who arms her pinnions with new wings; thus fraught
She flyes abroad, and lighting on a *Hare*,
She brings it to her owner, for his care
And love to her. But *Reinard*, that did fear
The *Eagle* might ſome of his *young Cubs* tear,
Perſwades the *Man*, the *Eagle* would not ſpare
To tear his *Children*, as ſhe did the *Hare*,
If ſhe enjoy thoſe wings: for fear of this,
The *Eagle* of her *Wings* denuded is.

The Morall.

Requitall to good turns is due, but ſee
You be not over-reach'd with flatterie.

FAB. 151.

The Husbandman and his Sons.

A *Husband-man*, whose life was full of care,
To gather wealth, and against want prepare,
Grown rich, and having spent his best of dayes,
Feeling his body subject to decayes
Of humane frailty; when his death drew nigh,
Among his *Sonnes* divideth equally
His wealth: and told them, in his *Vine-yard* they
Should find in what estate their portions lay;
So he departs; his *Sonnes* dig up the ground,
And carefully survey the *Vine-yard* round,
Expecting hidden treasure; but find none,
Till to maturity the *Vines* were grown;
Which, by their care in digging, brought forth more,
And larger *Grapes*, then many years before.

The Morall.

By industrie true labour wealth shall find,
When Sloth lies in her hungry wishes pin'd.

FAB.

FAB. 152.

The Fisher *and the dancing* Fishes.

AN artlesse *Fisher* with his bag-pipe goes
To catch the sportive *Fishes*: in he throws
His Net, and on his Pipe beginnes to play;
But that strange noise drives all the *Fish* away;
That when he deem'd his Net was fully fraught,
And drew the same, just nothing was his draught.
Whereat abash'd, he laid his Bag-pipe by,
Going again to work more silently;
And with short expectation meets his wish,
And draws the laden Net with well-grown *Fish*;
Which feeling the dry earth, and wanting now
What water should for sustenance allow,
As it were striving with a strong desire,
To their proper element to retire,
They leap and dance upon the grassie shore;
Which sight unusuall to the *Man* before,
He thus exclaims; Dull fools, that sport and play,
And dance, I having laid my pipe away,
Yet when I plaid unto you, would not shew
Least signe of mirth, but from my musick flew.

The Morall.

Things seasonably done, move our respects,
But else produce ridiculous effects.

FAB.

FAB. 153.

The Fisherman.

SOme *Fishers* long had fish'd, and nothing caught,
And therefore sad, and hunger-bit they thought
It best to *make home*, when behold a *Fish*,
Of goodly size, fit for a Princes dish,
Pursued by a greater, to eschew
His Foe, himself into their *Fishboat* threw.
Which they took, brought to town, and sold full dear,
And with his price, made merry with good chear.

The Morall.

Never despair; rely on God; and he
Will send thee help, though it seem chance to thee.

FAB. 154.

The ſick and lying Begger.

A *Sick man* vows (*a ſtranger unto wealth*)
An *Hundred bieves*, to offer for his health,
If ſome God would reſtore it: *Jove*, to try
His thankfulneſſe and vows ſincerity,
Recovers him: the *poor man*, well, (behind-
Hand was, ſo could not pay his vow in kind)
Reſolves an heap of *Bief-bones* ſhould ſuffice,
And offers them to *Jove* for ſacrifice.
Jove thus deluded, doth a *dream* convey
To ſhew the falſe vow-breaker, that there lay
An *hundred pound in gold*, in ſuch a place,
At the Sea ſide: but as he hies apace
To ſeek his gold, by *Joves Decree*, thieves do
Surprize him; he, ſo they will let him go,
An hundred pound doth promiſe; they rely
Upon his word; he freed is by his ly.

The Morall.

They never ſcruple unto men to ly,
who have broke promiſe with the Deity.

FAB. 155.

The Fishermen.

SOme *Fishermen* were glad, because the *Net*
They drew was sad, hoping therein to get
Good store of *Fish*; but finding a *great stone*
Within the *Net*, and *Fishes few* or none,
Then they let go their *Net*, and much bemoan
Its heavinesse, which caused theirs: but one
Of grave content among them, cheers the rest;
Let not this unexpected draught molest
Your minds due temper; for *my mates*, ye ought
To have foreseen this chance, and to have thought
It possible, that such a chance might come,
So had it been nor sad nor burdensome.

The Morall.

He that would not be broken with the weight
Of adverse happs, must ease them with foresight.

FAB.

FAB. 156.

The old Man and Death.

AN old old *Man*, whoſe aged ſhoulders bore
Of *wood* a *burden* homewards, weari'd ſore
Threw down his *burden*, and began to grieve
That he in ſuch eternall pains did live.
Then doth he wiſh and call for *Death*: and lo
Death comes, and asks my grandſire, what to do?
Then *he*, his call recalling, and now more
Weary of 's wiſh, then of his pain before,
Said, he call'd *Death* to heaue his wood again
Upon his back, not eaſe him of his pain.

The Morall.

Though preſt with thouſand torments, life doth pleaſe
Still more then Death, though Death all torments eaſe.

FAB.

FAB. 157.

The purblind Woman.

A *Woman* troubled with ſore eyes, did call
For an *Hedge-Doctours* help, whoſe worſhip ſhall
Have, if he cure her, a round ſumme, but gain,
If he do fail, *his labour for his pain.*
Agreed; the cure is tedious, and the wretch
When ere he comes to dreſſe her, ſtill doth fetch
And carry ſomewhat of her goods away,
Till her whole houſhold-ſtuffe was gone aſtray.
Her eyes are cur'd at laſt, but when ſhe ſpies
That all her goods were gone, ſhe then denies
The *Leech* his money; he for's debt doth ſue
His patient, ſhe at Barre, ſayes 'tis not due;
The cure is not effected, for, when ſore,
She was but pur-, now ſhe's pure-blind; before
She ſaw her houſe well furniſh'd, now, when *He*
Sayes ſhe is cur'd, ſhe there no goods can ſee.

The Morall.

Covetous men, for gain, full oft bely,
And contradict themſelves moſt ſhamefully.

FAB.

FAB. 158.

The two Mortall Foes.

TWo deadly *Foes*, who mortall hatred bare
To other each, together ſhipped are
And ſail together in one ſhip, but ſee,
As erſt by land, by ſea they diſagree:
The Maſter of the ſhip, leſt they might wreak
Their ſelves *aboard*, doth lodge one in the beak,
The other in the poop: anon behold
A tempeſt riſen frighteth the moſt bold
And weatherbeaten ſailers, every wave
Threatneth the gaſping *Veſſell* with a grave.
Then *he*, that in the ſhips fore-caſtle ſate,
With the *Ship-maſter* doth expoſtulate,
Whether the *poop* or beak would ſooner be
Sunk, if the waves prevail'd? the *poop*, quoth *he*;
Then quoth the *ſpightfull man*, I ſhall not grieve
To die, ſince that my *Foe* I ſhall out-live.

The Morall.

Thus deſp'rate caſtawayes ſpare not to ſpill
Their ſouls, through hate and luſt, their foes to kill.

FAB. 159.

The Boy *and* Fortune.

ONce on a time, a certain *Boy* did ſleep
At a pits brink with water very deep,
Whom *Fortune* wakes; good *Boy*, quoth ſhe, ariſe
And get thee hence, for if by precipice
Thou ſhouldſt miſcarry, no man for the ſame,
Thy want of heed, but all will *Fortune* blame.

The Morall.

Men ſtill cry out on Fortune, though they fall,
Through their own faults, into their dangers all.

FAB. 160.

The Cat and the Mice.

A *Cat* too pow'rfull for the little *Mice*,
Aſſaults them ſingle, and by that device
Devours a multitude; till at the laſt
(When the *Mice* ſaw their number daily waſte)
They call a gen'rall councell, and decree
That thenceforth none ſhould ſo adventrous be
To ſtraggle down, but cloſely to remain
Above, and in thoſe bounds themſelves contain,
Whither the *Cat* by no means could aſcend:
To this command all glad attention lend,
And not a *Mouſe* peeps forth. The *Cat* at length
Suſpects the plot; and thinks now wit, not ſtrength,
Muſt work her ends; who faigning her ſelf dead,
Upon a pale her hind-legs faſtened,
And downward hangs, by that means to deceive
The *Mice*; yet they her falſehood not believe,
But ſcoffing crie, this is too weak a bait
T' intrap us now; Go practice thy deceit
With thoſe who never thy deluſions knew;
Perchance ſuch eaſie fools may credit you.

The Morall.

Burnt Children dread the fire: ev'n ſo, by one
Miſchance, inſtructed, wiſe men future ſhun.

FAB.

FAB. 161.

The Ape and the Fox.

AMong the Beasts a gen'rall Counсill held;
The *Ape* fantaſtick (with Ambition ſweld)
Boaſteth that ſhe ſhould by conſent of them
Be King, and wear the regall Diadem:
Which the *Fox* envying, when he had found
A ſecret Trap plac'd underneath the ground,
And baited with raw fleſh, by fly deceit,
He draws the *Ape* along, ſhews her the bait,
And tells her there ſome hidden treaſure lay,
Which but the hand of Kings might bear away:
So wills the *Ape* to enter and receive
Her right; the *Ape* did eaſily believe
The crafty *Fox*, and ventures on the trap,
Which ſhe no ſooner touch'd, but the poor *Ape*
Was faſt inclos'd; where having ſtaid a while
She raileth at the *Fox*, who with a ſmile
This anſwer gives; fond *Ape*, why doſt complain
In that ſtrong Kingdome thou maiſt ſolely raigne.

The Morall.

Who raſhly ſo to place of rule aſpire,
And crown themſelves in their own fond deſire,
Ere they have reach'd their wiſh, fall in ſome ſnare,
And by the common people ſcoffed are.

FAB.

FAB. 162.

Jupiter *and the* Crow.

GReat *Jove*, deſigning to the Fowls of th' *Aire*
The *faireſt* for a *King*, bids them repair,
At a ſet day, to *Him*: th' aſpiring *Crow*,
Which did his own deformity well know,
With *others plumes* adorns it ſelf moſt gay:
But now when *Jove* at the appointed day
VVould have deſign'd him *King* for *Beauties ſake*:
The reſt of *Birds that in great dudgeon take*,
And pluck *their plumes* from the aſpiring *Crow*,
Croſſing all hopes of his advancement ſo.

The Morall.

Such iſſues commonly their ſuits attend,
Whoſe Hopes on others not themſelves depend.

FAB. 163.

The Smith and his Dog.

A *Curre* of old, that by a *Smith* was kept,
VVhile that the *Smith* ſweat at his forge, ſtill ſlept;
But whenſoever the *Smith* ſate at meat,
The *Curre* would forthwith riſe, and fall to eat
The *Bones* and *ſcraps*, which fell the board beſides.
But when the *Smith* obſerv'd his tricks, he chides,
Rates and doth bang his *Dog*, b'ing very wroth
For his ill-tim'd attendance, and worſe ſloth:
Hah lazy *Curre*, quoth he, what torments ſquare
VVith thy deſerts, which ſo ill ſhapen are?
Thou ſtill doſt wake, fawn, wait, to fill thy gorge,
But ſleepeſt ſtill, while I toil at my forge.

The Morall.

Thoſe lazy knaves a ſharp reproof deſerve,
Who live on that, for which they do not ſerve.

FAB.

FAB. 164.

The pampered Mule.

A Pamper'd *Mule*, through fat and eaſe grew proud
And wanton, boaſting to her ſelf aloud,
How like the gallant *ſteed*, *her ſire*, ſhe was
In worth and fleetneſſe: but, it came to paſſe,
Soon after this the *Mule* was forc'd to runne
A tedious way: now when her courſe was done,
VVell tir'd and out of breath, ah wretch! quoth ſhe,
I thought my ſire a *horſe*, but now I ſee,
Some dull *Aſſe* me begat upon a *mare*,
My feet and breath, ſo ſlow, ſo ſhortned are.

The Morall.

Fools, in proſperity, daigne not to know
Themſelves, but ſee their errours, once brought low.

FAB.

FAB. 165.

The Physician *and* Dead man.

A *Leech*, of whom, and pain, his *Patient* di'd,
Thus, to the bearers of the corps, repli'd:
This man had liv'd yet, had he *clysters* us'd;
And *wine* refrain'd; both which since he refus'd,
He now is dead: one of the standers-by
Thus twitted the *Physician* wittily;
This counsell had been fit for you to give,
When your unhappy *Patient* yet did live:
For your advice and *Recipe*'s are vain
Now he is dead; nay worse, they bring no gain.

The Morall.

Who lets occasion slip, and then pretends,
To love, by after-Counsels, mocks his friends.

FAB.

FAB. 166.

The Wolf *and the* Dog.

SLeeping without a doore a *Dog* did ly,
On whom the *Wolf* did ſeiſe unwarily,
And would have ſlain him, till with ſpeeches faire
The *Dog* intreats him yet his life to ſpare,
Till he could fatter grow, as yet he ſaw
His skin ſtuck to his ribs, his fleſh but raw,
And little worth, but if he pleas'd to ſtay
A while for him, his Maſter the next day
His Nuptialls kept, providing ſumptuous feaſts
For entertainment of invited Gueſts,
And there ſhould be have happy time to feed,
And gather fleſh; then if the *Wolf* had need,
His life he would into his hands commit,
And he at pleaſure ſhould diſpoſe of it.
Whereat the *Wolf* diſmiſt him; Homeward ſtalks
The *Dog*; the *wolf* into the Forreſt walks.
But ere long time was ſpent the *Wolf* retires,
And full performance of the *Dog* requires
Of his laſt promiſe; but the *Dog* within,
Then ſleeping ſafe enough, repli'd agin;
Yea, *Wolf*, when next I nod without the door,
Take me, and truſt to Nuptialls no more.

B.

The Morall.

'Tis wisdome, when you once a danger shun,
Never again in the like hazard run.

FAB. 167.

The Lyon *and* Bull.

A *Lyon*, loth to enter a pitcht field,
To take a mighty *Bull*, about him wheel'd
Some while at distance; then approching neer
Invites the *Bull* to Supper, for whose cheer
He said, he kill'd a *Sheep*: the *Bull* agrees,
Attends him to his Denne, but when he sees
There many *Spits* and many *Caldrons* deep
And *Pots* good store, yet can descry no *Sheep*,
He rusheth out in haste, and gets away:
And when his *Hoste* ask'd why he would not stay?
Because, quoth he, your tools more fit do seem
To dresse a *Bull* then *Sheep* in my esteem.

The Morall.

Pretences are transparent to the wise,
Who keen the drift of gilded subtilties.

FAB. 168.

FAB. 168.

The Lyon in Love.

A *Lyon*, once, a *Countrey-Laſſe* did love,
Whom to obtain, he did reſolve to move
The Clown her Father, that he would give way
Unto their *Marriage*: the *Clown* ſayes nay,
Fugg ſhall not wed a Beaſt, *tchee trow*; but when
He ſaw how ſtern the *Lyon* look't him, then
Having bethought him better, he's content,
But that his Daughter's fearfull to be rent
In pieces by his claws and teeth; if he
Will quit himſelf of thoſe, his daughter's free,
And wed her when he pleaſe; the Lover then
Sticks not to quit his claws and teeth; but when
Unarm'd his Sweet-heart he demands, the *Clown*
Purſues him with a *Club* to knock him down.

The Morall.

Love fools his captives: they with eaſe are ta'n,
Who in their foe confide, and brought to bane.

FAB. 169.

The Lioneſſe and the Fox.

A *Lyoneſſe* and *Reynard* ſtrove a vye
Which of them twain were by their *progeny*
Ennobled moſt? the *Fox* her ſelf doth pride
I'th *number* of her *Cubs*, and doth deride
The *Lyoneſſe*, 'cauſe *ſhe* but *one* brought forth:
The *Lyoneſſe* replyes ——— her off-ſpring's worth
Accrews not from their number, their renown
Springs from their nobleneſſe, whereto 'the Crown
And Empire of the other Brutes was due;
That ſhe produc'd but one at once, 'twas true,
But he a *Lyon* is, and ſhall command
And rule o're all the *Reynards* in the Land.

The Morall.

The worth of things, not in their numerous liſt,
But in their nobler Virtues doth conſiſt.

FAB. 107.

The Wolf *and the* Lamb.

A *Wolf* ſurpris'd a ſtragling *Lamb*, and yet
Would not uſe open force; but ſought to get
Occaſion 'gainſt the *Lamb*, that it might die
Not as by wrong, but as deſervedly.
Then doth he charge the *Lamb*, that ſhe had long
Heaped upon *him* injuries and wrong,
Devour'd his paſture, drank his waters dry.
The Harm-leſſe trembling *Lamb* doth then reply;
Shee but new-yeaned was, ſo could not eat
His graſſe, nor drink his waters; all her meat
And drink was her *Damme's milk*: the *Wolf* at this,
In rage replies; *Sweet Lamb*, although I miſſe
To ſolve your *Sophiſmes*, I'le not fail to feed
On you; and ſo he eat the *Lamb* with ſpeed.

The Morall.

Thus Innocence is ſtill oppreſt by force,
Mens cruell minds b'ing deaf to all remorſe.

FAB. 171.

The fighting Cocks.

TWo *Cocks* long fought; at length who had the worſt,
For ſhame, into a *hovill* runs, nor durſt
Come forth again to fight: the *Victor* proud
Flyes on the houſes top, and crowes aloud
In token of his Victory, mean while
A rav'ning *Eagle* doth his crowing ſpoil,
Who ſtooping the triumphant *Victor* tears,
And to her neſt, him to her *Eaglets* bears.
Which when the *Craven* ſpies, he marcheth out,
And *Lords* it o're the *Hens* as *Victor* ſtout.

The Morall.

They oft are croſt, and fall, to quell their pride,
Who in proſperity, too much confide.

FAB.

FAB. 172.

The Deer and the Fawn.

A *Deer*, more ſwift of foot, and large of ſize,
And better arm'd with horns againſt ſurprize
Then were the *Dogs*, was askt a reaſon why,
By a young *Fawn*, he did ſo dread the *cry*
Of *Hounds*? the *Deer* replyes, the reaſons all
That cauſe my fear, I muſt confeſſe, are ſmall,
Yet though I be ſo qualifi'd as now
You have declar'd, my heart, I know not how,
Is on a ſudden ſo poſſeſt with fear,
I cannot chooſe but run, when I them hear.

The Morall.

Naturall cowards by no Rhetorick can
Be heightned to the Valour of a man.

FAB. 173.

Jupiter and the Bee.

ONce on a time, a *Bee* to *Jove* did bring
A dole of *Honey* for an *offering:*
Wherefore the pleased *god* bids her demand
Her list, and she should have it out of hand.
Quoth she then, to thy hand-maid grant, great King,
And *god* of *gods*, that whosoe're I sting,
For rifling of my Hives, may forthwith die:
Jove troubled at her strange request, is shie
And loth to grant it; then replies, Oh *Bee*
Let it suffice, that I do grant to thee,
That if thou sting such riflers, and there leave
Thy *sting*, that *sting* shall thee of life bereave.

The Morall.

Gods just decree doth oft heap on us those
Ills, which we pray, may fall upon our foes.

FAB. 174.

The unfortunate Flie.

A *Pot* of fleſh being ſeething on the fire,
A *Flie* by chance into the ſame did fall;
The heat and ſteam whereof made her expire;
At which the *Flie*, ſeeing no help at all
For her eſcape, thus ſpeaks; Why ſhould I grieve
At ſuch a noble death? for if I die,
I do not ſtarv'd and pin'd my fate receive,
Wanting relief my need to ſatisfie.

The Morall.

Death unreſiſted wiſe men never fear,
But with an equall mind all ſufferings bear.

FAB. 175.

The young Man *and the* Swallow.

A Youthfull *Spendthrift* that had waſted all
His Fathers *Legacy*, which was not ſmall,
(His cloathes alone excepted) chanc'd to ſet
Eyes on a *Swallow* flying, (when as yet,
Mid-Winter ſcarce was paſt;) whence he doth think
Summer at hand, and pawns his *cloaths* for *drink*.
Soon after this, half ſtarv'd with cold, he ſees
That very *Swallow*, ready for to freez
To death, to whom; Unlucky Bird quoth he;
Thou haſt, alike, undone thy ſelf and me.

The Morall.

Unſeaſonable acts not long endure;
And wanton laviſhneſſe brings want, be ſure.

FAB. 176.

Mercury and the Carpenter.

CLose by a River side a Coppice stood,
In which a *Carpenter* was hewing wood
T'erect a Temple; but in labour croſt,
His Ax flew from his hand, and quite was loſt
And buried in the floud: the Man sits down,
Calls on the Gods, and sadly making moan
For his mischance, at length kind *Mercury*
Hears his request; presenting to his eye
A golden *Ax*, demanding if the same
Belong'd to him? but he doth it disclaim:
The God the next a silver one did shew;
But the poor honeſt man denies that too:
The third time *Mercury* produc'd his own,
At sight whereof the poor Man joyfull grown;
He gladly takes; which justice when the God
In him beheld, he not alone beſtow'd
What was his own, but gave him both the other.
The Man, who such good fortune could not smother,
Relates all to his fellows: 'mongst which one,
Hoping the like, with all his speed did run,
And being arrived at that happy place,
Throws in his *Ax*, and mourning his sad case,

He calls on *Mercury*, who hears his prayer,
And ſtraight-way comes, preſenting to him there
A golden *Ax*, demanding if the ſame
Were his, the Man falſly to it layes claim,
And anſwers yea; whoſe falſe deluſion when
The God perceives, he flies from him agen,
And leaves the ſilly Couſner all alone,
Without reſtoring ſo much as his own.

The Morall.

Gods Juſtice here is ſhown, who as h' affects
The Righteous, ſo the wicked he rejects.

FAB. 177.

The Man *and the* Serpent.

A *Serpent* that did near a houſe reſide,
So bit a *Child* that ſtruck her, that he di'd;
And with him dies his parents hopes and joy:
Then the ſad *Father*, to revenge his *Boy*,
Purſues the *Serpent*, with a foreſt-Bill;
Then wielding it with full intent to kill,
Lops off her tail a piece: this done, he meant
To make peace with the *Serpent*, and ſo went,
With water, honey, ſalt, and meal to ſee
If the *Snak* will embrace his amitie.

But the *Snake*, lurking in her hole, hiſs'd thus;
In vain you labour for a league 'twixt us:
For while you miſſe your *child* and I my *tail*,
To keep us quiet *friends*, no *leagues* avail.

The Morall.

When injuries are freſh in mind, 'tis hard
For men from hoſtile acts to be debarr'd.

FAB. 178.

The Hen *and the* Fox.

A *Fox* crept in a *Henroost* there doth ſpie,
A ſick *Hen* couring on her neſt on high,
Then in great ſeeming love, but reall hate,
Bemoans his *cater-couzen's* weak eſtate,
And asks her, *how ſhe did?* the *Hen*, with ſpeed,
With thanks replies, that ſhe was ſick indeed,
But this ſick *Sib* ſhould mend without delay,
If that her *Couzen Reinard* were away.

The Morall.

Their very preſence is too great a ſore,
That are our Foes, although we ail no more.

FAB.

FAB. 179.

The Fox and Grapes.

Reinard walks through a Vineyard, where he ſpies
Large cluſters of fair *Grapes*, whoſe greedy eyes,
Fixt full on them, inflame his ſtrong deſire
To gather ſome; but when too low t'aſpire
That height, poor *Reynard* ſaw his reach to be,
And that by no means he could get them, he
Departs in peace, and onely this did ſay,
Tuſh, they are green and tart, not worth my ſtay.

The Morall.

'Tis better ſlight, then earneſtly deſire
Such things as are impoſſible t'acquire.

FAB.

FAB. 180.

The Boy *and the* Scorpion.

ONce on a time, a *Sun-ſhine Summers day*
Invites a *Child* into the Field to play,
Where his low-pitcht delight ſet him on work
To catch *Graſhoppers*, that now leap, now lurk
Beneath the graſſe, as if to find him play;
Following his game, he came at length where lay
A little *Scorpion* lurking, which he thought
A *Graſhopper*, and ſtooping down he ſought
To take it: but the *Scorpion*, that foreſaw
The *Childs* ſimplicity, bids him withdraw
His hand, and live at quiet, leſt he be
Slain by an unexpected deſtiny.

The Morall.

Men after pleaſures, like to children, run,
Not knowing what to follow, what to ſhun.

FAB. 181.

The Falconer and Partridge.

A *Partridge* taken, and at point to die,
Beſpake the *Falconer* with pitious cry;
That if he let her free, ſhe will ſeduce
More *Partridges* into his net, and uſe
Her beſt endeavour, during life, to give
Him due requitall, if he let her live.
Nay now, quoth he, the rather I'll thee ſlay,
Becauſe thou wouldſt thy Friends to death betray.

The Morall.

They that by treachery would harm their Friends,
Come, juſtly, oft to ſudden evill ends.

FAB.

FAB. 182.

The Hare and Snail.

A *Hare* derides a *Snail* for her ſlow feet,
Who anſwers, that the *Hare* ſhall know how fleet
The *Snail* is, if ſhe will but runne a race,
And point an *Umpire* to appoint the place,
And meet it out, and the race runne deuide
Whether hath wonne. Then *Wat* in ſcorn repli'd,
Thou doſt not know my ſpeed, but ſince you dare
Challenge, we'll try: *a match*: *done*: then the *Hare*
Points *Reinard* for their Judge, the *wiſeſt Brute*.
The *Snail* (the liſts appointed) to confute
Wats jearing confidence, ſets out with ſpeed
And marcheth forward with induſtrious heed
And diligence, ſans ceaſing, till at laſt
At the race end: *Wat* loytereth as faſt,
Confiding in her ſwiftneſſe, ſleeps, and then;
Awaking, runnes, to the race end: but when
She ſees the *Snail* there firſt, with ſhame *Wat* quits
Her vain conceit and vainer bragging fits.

The Morall.

Mean parts with pains and diligence effect
Things ſooner, then great parts with like neglect.

FAB.

FAB. 183.

The Willow tree and the Ax.

ONe that would cleave a *Willow* he had fell'd,
Made *wedges* of it; which when it beheld,
Presaging wherefore they were made, it groan'd,
And thus its grievous usages bemoan'd:
The (stranger) *Ax* I do not grieve alone,
Wherewith men fell me, but my grief and moan
Imbitter'd is, because out of my side
Wedges are made my body to divide.

The Morall.

In mens adversity more grievous blows
Are given by false friends, then profest foes.

FAB.

FAB. 184.

The Pomegranate *and* Pipin-*tree.*

THe *Pomegranat* and *Pippin*-trees contend
For excellence long time, but in the end
After much conteſt, when the greater trees
Had ſought, in vain, to ſettle their ſtir'd-lees,
And to compoſe their difference, a *Buſh*
From the near hedge among them in doth ruſh,
And hearing their debate enough, quoth he,
Ye have already ſtrove, be rul'd by me,
Be friends and your contention ſurceaſe,
Now ye both pine, but both ſhall thrive in peace.
This moves the trees:

The Morall.

Thus mean folks oft compoſe
The differences of more potent Foes.

FAB. 185.

The Mole and his Damme.

THe *Mole*, a creature blind by Nature is,
Yet thus he ſpake once to his *Damme*; I wis
Some ſtrange ſtrong-ſenting *odour* I reſent;
And by and by, ere they much ground had went,
He *ſees* a mighty *Furnace*; then he hears
A *Noiſe of Anvils* drumming in his *ears*.
To whom his *Damme* in merriment replies,
He wanted *noſe* and *ears* as well as *eyes*.

The Morall.

Great talkers and great boaſters, moſt of all,
Profeſſing great things, are convinc'd in ſmall.

FAB.

FAB. 186.

The Waſps, Partridges, *and* Husbandman.

ONce on a time the *Partridges* and *Waſps*,
So peſtered with thirſt, that each one gaſps
As well for life, as water, jointly tend
To beg it of a *Farmer*, where they blend,
And mix their begging with large proffers, ſay,
They for his water will due thanks repay.
The *Partridges* to dig his *Vineyards* proffer,
That th' Vines may bear full cluſters: the *Waſps* offer
As largely, they, by compaſſing it round,
Secure from *thieves*, will guard the *Farmers* ground.
To whom, quoth he, my yoke of *Oxen* ſee
That till my ground, *ſans* promiſing, for me.
Wherefore, is it not fitter, do ye think,
That they, that earn their *waters*, then you, drink?

The Morall.

Wiſe mens benevolence ſhould never flow
To uſeleſſe idle drones; 'tis wiſdome ſo.

FAB. 187.

Jupiter and the Serpent.

JOve ſolemnizing with a ſumptuous feaſt
His nuptials, was preſented by each *Beaſt*;
All *Brutes*, according to their powers, bring,
Thereto in duty bound, an *offering*.
The *Serpent* 'mong the reſt a *roſe-bud* crops,
And bearing it in his invenom'd chops,
Preſents *Jove* with it: which when *Jove* beheld
With great averſeneſſe he the gift repell'd,
Adding, that though he pleaſed to accept
Preſents from all, the *Serpent* is except.

The Morall.

Wiſe men are well perſwaded that the gifts
Of wicked men have ſtill ſome evil drifts.

FAB.

FAB. 188.

The fondling Ape.

THe *Ape* brings forth *two young ones*, but affects
And nurſeth onely one, ſome ſay neglects
And leaves the other to his ſhifts and hates;
But ſee the ruling power of the *Fates*:
The *Brat*, wherein the *Damme* did ſo delight,
Is ſtrangled hy her in her ſleep at night,
Or overlai'd: and ſo the *Brat* ſhe hates
Her darling proves, and thrives, ſo will the Fates.

The Morall.

Mens forecaſt and devices, oft to nought,
By Gods o're-ruling providence, are brought.

FAB.

FAB. 189.

The Man and the Flea.

THe little *Flea*, whose onely food
Is gain'd by sucking of the bloud,
With eager thirst had seiz'd upon
Ones fleih, and stuck so fast thereon,
That ere escape by her was made,
The man his hand upon her laid;
And she his prisoner became.
The *Flea* affrighted at the same,
Intreats the man he would forgive
This first offence, and let her live,
Since she but little harm could do;
Besides by nature prone thereto:
To whom the man this answer gave,
By so much lesse ought I to save
Your life, as prone to mischief, you
Can no one deed of virtue shew;
But if your strength could equallize
Your wil, in hourely villanies
Would still persist: Which to prevent,
'Tis fit a sudden punishment
Should cut you off, lest other men
Receive like hurt from you agen,

The Morall.

O' great or ſmall th' offence, the pow'r of Law
And Juſtice with ſeverity muſt aw
Offenders, future miſchiefs to prevent,
Leſt by too frequent pardons, inſolent
Preſumptuous malefactours, flight in crimes,
With villanous examples fill the times.

FAB. 190.

The Man *and the* Gnat.

A *Gnat*, in wonted manner, flies about,
And lighting on the bare foot of a *Lowt*,
So ſmartly kiſs'd, that he, enrag'd with pain,
Would, with his nails, the captive *Gnat* have ſlain;
But the *Gnat* skipping from between his hands,
Avoids her doom: the *Lowt* then thus demands,
Oh *Hercules*, that wont to death to bring (thing?
Things harmfull, wouldſt not aid me 'gainſt this

The Morall.

They do prophane Gods name that on him call,
In every trivial hap, and worthleſſe thrall.

FAB.

FAB. 191.

The Old man *and his* two Wives.

ONe full of years, but yet ſo luſty grown,
With one wife could not reſt content alone,
But he muſt wed again. Contention grew
Betwixt his *Wives*, his old one, and his new,
Which he ſhould moſt affect: His firſt kind *Wife*
Thus plots to gain his love, and end the ſtrife;
She from his griſled head and beard doth cull
All the black hairs; his ſecond gray doth pull;
That he, or old, or youthfull might appear,
And whom he moſt reſembled, ſo to ſteer
His love to them; but they ſo often ſtriv'd,
That through their emulation they depriv'd
The poor man of his ornament in hair,
And make his head quite bald, his face quite bare.

The Morall.

This ſhews that Wedlock *equall years doth crave,*
And not when thou haſt one foot in the grave,
To wed with Venus, *leſt grown bald, inſtead*
Of hair, ſome other thing adorn thine head.

FAB. 192.
The Promiſer.

ONe *deſperately ſick* and given o're
By his *Phyſicians* now begin's t'implore
His *God* for help; and if *God* ſend him health
Promiſeth (though he ſcanty were in wealth)
An *Hecatombe of Oxen* at his riſe
To offer up, a thankfull *Sacrifice.*
But, where are th' hundred *Oxen*, (quoth his *wife*,)
To offer, if thy *God* ſhould ſpare thy life?
To whom her *husband made* this weak reply,
God will not ask them, for behold I die.

The Morall.

Read, and abhorre their vanities, who uſe
To make their tongues to idle talk, a ſluce;
Who to their promiſes give ſuch a ſcope,
That to perform them they themſelves not hope.

AB.

FAB. 193.
The Froggs.

A Brace of *Froggs* liv'd once upon a time
Within a pool, till drought had bak'd the slime
And spent the water; then these Mates leap on
To seek another pool; and having gone
Some *parasangs*, they find a pit with steep
Descent, well watred, being very deep;
At sight of which, quoth one, *Come Mate*, behold
Let's jump in hither, where we may be bold;
The *Sunne* our envious parent, cannot drie
Our envy'd store: her *Mate* made this reply,
If this store also fail us, how shall we
Ascend from this so vast profunditie?

The Morall.

Look ere you leap; remembring this sad truth,
That Rash attempts are waited on by ruth.

FAB. 194.
The Cock *and* Dog.

WHen Brutes could ſpeak, a *Cock* and *Dog* agree'd
To take a walk, and for their better ſpeed,
A league offenſive and defenſive plight;
Strengthen'd with that, they travell'd, and when Night
(The earth's ſhade) ſtay'd them, *Chanticleere* aſcends
A hollow tree, the *Dog* at th' root defends
The fort, between them keeping watch and ward:
The *Cock* of courſe doth crow, and is o'reheard
By *Reynard* paſſing by, who forthwith bends
His courſe that way, and there arriv'd pretends
That he would fain embrace him, and deſires
The *Cock* would thence deſcend: the *Cock* requires
The *Fox* to wake the Porter to give way:
Which done, the *Dog* the cozʼned *Fox* doth flay.

The Morall.

Wiſe men make uſe of their more potent Friends,
Againſt a Foe that treacherie intends.

FAB. 195.

The Lion and the Bear.

A *Bear* and *Lion* for a *Fawn* long fought,
Till with expence of bloud, they both were brought
To giddineſſe, that weary down they lie
To breath themſelves: But *Reynard* paſſing by,
And ſeeing them ſo weary, and the *Fawn*
Between them, he reſolv'd to keep the pawn
Till they agree'd, and ſeized on the prey,
And drew it to his den hard by, but they
Unable to reſiſt and riſe, deplore
Their fruitleſſe double pains, and wounds ſo ſore,
And that they toyled for the *Foxes* maw.

The Morall.

See here the Exit *of great ſuites in Law,*
When potent purſes wrangle, till the ſtealth
Of pickpurſe Lawyers rob them of their wealth.

FAB. 196.

The Buſh, *the* Bat, *and* Cormorant.

THe *Buſh*, the *Bat*, the *Cormorant* agree,
To joyn together, and will Merchants be;
The *Buſh* provideth Clothes, the *Bat* doth lade
The Ship with ſilver, and the *Corm'rant* made
Braſſe his adventure, ſo to Sea they go:
But a ſtorm riſing, toſſed to and fro
Their rolling Veſſell, 'till the ſwelling Seas
Devour both Ship and their Commodities.
Wherefore to ſave their lives, the Merchants flie
To th' land, to ſhun the Oceans tyrannie.
Being arriv'd, the *Cormorant* no more
Daring be ſeen, lurks cloſely by the ſhore.
Fearing her Creditours, the *Bat*, by night
(Forſaking day) dares onely take her flight.
The *Buſh* no longer daring to be ſeen
In its own clothing, or his wonted green,
Shakes off her leaves, that ſo unknown ſhe may
Remain t' her Creditours that paſſe that way.

The Morall.

The Corm'rant, Buſh, *and* Bat *to us deſcry*
The raſhneſſe of thoſe men, who willfully

Hazard their fortunes by attempting all
Their fancie prompts; and into ruine fall,
Scarcely escaping with their lives, when they
Might have foreseen that imminent decay,
So to avoid, and not so headlong run
On danger; which approching, none can shun.

FAB. 197.

The Fox and Rhinocerote.

Rhinoceros his dulled teeth did whet
Upon a hard'ned tree, thereon to set
A keener edge. But *Reynard* passing by
Asks the *Rhinocerote* a reason, why
He whet his teeth, confronted by no Foe
Nor any danger, why then did he so?
The Brute replies; good reason why, for when
Dangers assault me, sure I ought not then
Be to set edge upon my teeth imploy'd,
But use their sharpnesse, lest I be annoy'd.

The Morall.

Men must be arm'd 'gainst ills that may ensue,
And future dangers, else they soon may rue.

FAB.

FAB. 198.

The ſnared Lark.

A Snared *Lark* bewayl'd his captive ſtate,
Bemoaning moſt the odneſſe of his Fate.
He no man rob'd of ſilver or of gold,
Nor any thing of moment, yet, behold
His ſiniſter odde Fate, for one poor grain
Of wheat, poor *Lark* is ſnared to be ſlain.

The Morall.

Their croſſes, juſtly make thoſe men complain
Who hazard much, a little pelf to gain.

FAB. 199.

The Covetous man.

A *Covetous* rich *Man* when he had ſold
All he was worth, and turned all to *gold*,
Went out into his field, and digg'd a pit,
A grave to hold his mind, and ſoul, and it;
Whither he ſtill on daily viſits went
To ſee his *gold*, his ſoul, his ſole content.
At laſt a *Slave* of his obſerv'd the *Wretch*,
And mark'd the place, and the next night did fetch
Away the *golden Glebe*. The *Miſer* then
Walks next day forth to ſee his gold; but when
He miſt it, he moſt ſtrangely taketh on,
And tears his hair; his ſoul, his gold is gone.
This one deſcrying, jeer'd out this reply,
Be cheary man; there's nothing loſt; for why?
Thou may'ſt conceive thy *gold* here ſtill, and have
Joy of it, as when it lay in that grave.
Thou never hadſt it when thou didſt it keep,
Let not its abſence then cauſe thee to weep.

The Morall.

He that poſſeſſeth wealth and doth not uſe
The ſame, ne're had it, yet doth it abuſe.

FAB.

FAB. 200.
The One-eyed Doe.

AN one-ey'd *Deer* that near the *Sea* did graze,
To Sea-ward turn'd the blind side of her face,
Suspecting thence no harm: but t'other side
Wherewith she saw, she to the land appli'd,
Expecting thence what ever men could do
To bring her mischief, and to work her wo.
But some sly Lads had notice of her plot,
And went to Sea by boat; from whence they shot
The *Sea-secure Doe* unto death, who bray'd
Her last breath thus: Ah! wo is me, betray'd
Thence whence I thought no ill to me could come,
Yet thence untoucht, whence I did dread my doom.

The Morall.

Oft things are harmlesse, which yet hurtfull seem
To men; and hurtfull which they harmlesse deem.

FAB.

FAB. 201.

The Deer *and* Lion.

AN hunted *Deer* a *Cave* farre off descries,
Whither, in hope to rest her self, she hies;
But entering the Cave, a *Lion* there
Lurking arrests her, ready her to tear:
Then dying thus she sigh'd: did I then shun
Men, by the fiercest *Beast* to be undone?

The Morall.

Unwary men and fearfull often shall,
Shunning some petite harms together fall.

FAB. 202.

The Deer *and the* Vine.

UNder the Covert of a *Vine*, a *Deer*
Lay close to shun some *Archers* that were near,
Who hardly past by, but the *Deer* began
To browse the *Vine*-leaves: then the *Archers* scan
The noise and shaking of the leaves, and why
May not, sayes one, some *Deer* there lurking ly?
And so it was; then they with arrows keen,
Thick shot, do wound to death the *Deer* unseen;
Who, dying, justifies her doom, 'cause she
Offer'd, the *Vine*, that sav'd her, injurie.

The Morall.

Who wrong their Benefactours often rue,
Justice Divine repaying them their due.

FAB.

FAB. 203.

The Cock, the Lion, and the Asse.

THe *Cock* and *Asse* together feed;
Tow'rds whom a *Lion* making speed,
The *Cock* first sees him; and to warn
The *Asse* to shun ensuing harm,
He crows aloud; at whose shrill voice
The *Lion* back retires; (no noise
More terrifying him then that:)
Which when the *Asse* perceiv'd, thereat
Insults, and thinks from him he flew,
Seeming with fury to pursue
The *Lion*: but ere farre th' had gone
Beyond the noise of *Cocks*, where none
Was present but the *Asse* and he,
The *Lion* longer scorns to flee;
But turns, and unresisted slew
The *Asse*, that did but now pursue.
Who thus laments: Alasse, that I
Of cow'rdly parents born, must die!
Not able in this fatall strife
Return a stroke to save my life!
Nor when in safety feeding, flie
But follow such an enemy!

The

The Morall.

As ſottiſh cow'rdiſe brands thee with diſgrace,
From equall enemies to turn thy face;
So proves it raſher folly, to purſue
A foe that politickly flies from you,
Till he have drawn thee under his command,
Where no reſiſtance can his force withſtand.

FAB. 200.

The Gardener *and his* Dog.

A *Gardners Dog* was tumbling by his *Well*,
And at the laſt into the ſame he fell:
The *Gardener*, beholding how he ſtrove
To get out thence, and could not, in pure love
Deſcends to help him out: the *Dog*, for dread,
Leſt he would thruſt him further in, makes head,
And biting him compells him thence to part.
His *Maſter* out, replies, I juſtly ſmart,
That would a *Felon to himſelf* reprieve;
There ſhall he drown, e're I will him relieve.

The Morall.

Ungratefull men requite good turns ſo ſtill,
If not with evil deeds, with evill will.

FAB.

FAB. 205.

The Dog and Swine.

A *Swine*, at variance with a *Dog*, did ſwear
By *Venus*, *certes*, he the *Dog* will tear
To pieces with his tusks: the *Dog* puts off
Thoſe threats with fleering ſemblance and a ſcoffe;
'Tis well, quoth he, that you by *Venus* ſwear;
For well you intimate thereby how dear
You are to *Venus*, who allows no ſeat
About her *Tholes* to thoſe that *Swineflesh* eat,
A food impure: the *Swine* replies, therefore
The *Goddeſſe* ſhews, that ſhe affects me more,
Abhorring thoſe that hurt me; but, for thee,
Thy ſtinck, alive and dead, 's unſavoury.

The Morall.

'Tis wiſdome to convert that to ones praiſe,
Which anes detractour to diſgrace one ſayes.

FAB. 206.

The Wolf *and* Kid.

A Tender *Kid* her Damme b'ing by
To guard her from the tyranny
Of the inſulting *Wolf* grows bold,
With him a conference to hold,
And with ill words the *Wolf* upbraid.
To whom the *Wolf* this anſwer made,
Fond *Kid* it is thy Guard and place,
Not thou, that doth me thus diſgrace:
For know weak fool wert thou but here
Alone, and ſhouldſt ſo dominear,
My courage ſhould ſuppreſſe thy vip'rous tongue,
From utt'ring ſuch inſufferable wrong.

The Morall.

The Valiant ſo abuſes take,
From Cowards, nor reſiſtance make:
The place or preſence of ſome other
Forcing them their ill words to ſmother.

FAB. 207.

The Fox and the Wolf.

POor *Reinard* by unhappy fortune fell
Into the bottome of a dang'rous Well,
Fearfull of ſudden death; at length he ſpies
A *Wolf* upon the brink, to whom he cries
With lamentable voice; Aſſiſt, dear friend,
My miſeries, ſome ſpeedy ſuccour lend,
And help me to a cord, that ſo I may
Eſcape with life, and I'll to thee repay
A thouſand thanks, and by engagement ſtand
Ready to act what thou ſhalt me command.
To whom the grieved *Wolf* ſadly replies,
Alaſſe, poor *Fox*, whence did thy ſorrows riſe?
Tell me what dire miſchance, what ſudden fate
Led thee thy fortunes thus to ruinate.
The half-drown'd *Fox* makes anſwer; friend, no more
Stand to demand the reaſon, leſt before
Our talk have end, my vitall parts expire
And thou in vain accompliſh my deſire.

The Morall.

A ſudden wound expects a ſudden cure,
Nor will prolixity of time endure;
Leſt, while prolong'd in tedious delay,
The ſlow Phyſician with fond queſtions play

Upon

Upon the wounded Patient, vainly he
Produce a slight and friv'lous remedie.

FAB. 208.

The Cock and the Fox.

THe rav'nous *Fox*, that often did imbrue
His paws in bloud, and harmlesse Pullen slew,
Is by the crafty *Countrey-man* insnar'd
Within a trap to that intent prepar'd;
Whom the much wronged *Cock* perceiving, he
(Not daring else approch his enemie)
Draws near to *Reinard*; who with mild intreats,
(For need inforced him to lay by threats)
Begs of the *Cock* to help him to a knife,
And cut the cord, so to prolong his life,
Which now he fear'd to lose; or else to prove
So faithfull to him, that he would not move
His masters rage against him, but forbear
Complaints, till he the cords asunder tear
With his sharp teeth: the *Cock* with gentle words,
And seeming smiles to th' *Foxes* will accords,
But inwardly resolveth otherwise,
And with all speed to call his Master flies;
Who joyfull at the news, with equall haste
Provides a club; so while the *Fox* was fast

To-

To take revenge; at sight of whom, the *Fox*
Exclaims at his credulity, the mocks
Of the deceitfull *Cock* to build on; when
He knew that wrongs would be return'd agen
By such who had sustain'd them; and requite
With losse of life those who in bloud delight.

The Morall.

'Tis sottish folly credit to impose
Of secrecie upon professed foes.

FAB. 109.

The Travellers.

ONe, of two *Passengers*, an *Ax* once found,
Cast by some neighbour workmen on the ground;
And claim'd it all himself, although his *Mate*
Crav'd half betimes, and did expostulate,
Urging him t' say not *I*, but *we have found*.
This past on; but ere they had gone much ground,
The owners of the *Ax*, with *Hue and Cry*,
Pursue the *Passengers* most furiously,
Crying, *stop Thieves*: then timid guilt appears,
He that took up the *Ax*, cryes, full of fears,
We are *undone*: not *we*, repli'd his *Mate*,
Said you not, *I*, not *we have found*, of late?

The

The Morall.

None can expect them true friends in diſtreſſe,
With whom they would not ſhare their happineſſe.

FAB. 210.

The Harper.

A Mean-skill'd *Harper*, in a plaiſtred houſe
(Where petty tiplers us'd to roar and houſe)
Sung to his *Harp*, that the rebounding noiſe
From the near walls did much amend his voice,
Which of it ſelf was ſmall and harſh, that he
Was deem'd by them t' excell for melodie.
The *praiſed fool grows proud*, and thinks it fit
He to the *Theater* ſhould himſelf commit
To ſhew his gifts, and reap more praiſe; but there
When his low voice ſcarce reached any ear,
And pleaſed none at all, the people thence
Soon hiſſe, and ſtone away his impudence.

The Morall.

Each petty, (knowing) Tradeſman is not fit
To rule a ſtate, or at its Helme to ſit.

FAB.

FAB. 211.

The Raven and the Serpent.

AN hungry roving *Raven*, as she pries
For prey, at length a basking *Serpent* spies
Asleep and sunning on a bank, and straight
Seizeth upon it. But the dear-bought bait,
The *Serpent* turning, with invenom'd bite
To death the greedy *seizer* doth requite:
The dying *Raven* then doth sore complain,
That should her bane prove, which she seiz'd for gain.

The Morall.

Ravenous people greedy after wealth
Prefere the getting of it unto health:
And desperately bent, heed not the sting
Of ill-got goods, which will confusion bring.

FAB. 212.

The Ape, *the* Wolf, *and the* Fox.

THe *Wolf* accuſes *Reinard* for a thief.
The *Fox* cries no ſuch matter, 'tis a ly.
The learned *Ape* is choſen preſently
To judge, who thus decides the cauſe in brief.
Wolf, thou haſt not a farthing loſt; and yet
What he demands, *Fox*, thou haſt pilfer'd it.

The Morall.

I'll not truſt him who uſe to tell me lies.
Once a deceiver and ne're otherwiſe.

FAB.

FAB. 213.

The Mice in Councit.

A *Mouſe-Committee* plot to ſhun the *Cat*.
Up ſtands one ſomething wiſer then the reſt;
My *Maſters*, trouble not your heads with that.
Do as I bid and ſet your hearts at reſt.
Each *Cat* about her neck ſhall wear a *Bell*,
Which we ſhall hear and run. All praiſe the *Mouſe*:
The *Cats* may now go hang them if they will.
Quoth *one*, it ſeems ſeniour to all the Houſe,
I muſt confeſſe I like the proje& well;
But who dares venture there to hang the *Bell*?

The Morall.

Good Counſel's eas'ly giv'n, commended too;
But ſome things are a little hard to do.

The end of the *Fables*.

The Life of ÆSOP.

CHAP. I.

A Description of the Birth, shape, and Qualities of ÆSOP.

SOme there have been, who have heretofore diligently enquired into humane affairs, and commended them to posterity: But *Æsop* seems to me, as it were acted by a divine intelligence, (especially for morall discipline,) far to surpasse the greater number of them: not onely in describing the nature of things, and rationall discourses, but also for history, was there scarcely any age which produc'd a man comparable unto him: But his art of instructing by Fables was such, that he gain'd the affections of his auditours; and shames even reasonable creatures, who would act, or think that which neither birds nor foxes would; refusing to employ themselves in such things, which the most brute animals (as occasion served) are wittily fabulized to do: in consideration whereof many prevented sundry eminent dangers; and others opportunely gained fair advantages.

Æsop therefore ſetting himſelf to advance the republick philoſophicall, ſeems to play the Philoſopher in his works rather then his words. His Originall riſe was from *Ammonius* a town in *Phrygia* the great, by his fortunes a ſervant; whereupon that ſeems to be very well and truely ſpoken by *Plato* in *Gorgia*, *For the moſt part* (ſaith he) *theſe two ſeem to be contrary*, *Nature*, *and Law*; for Nature had gratified *Æſop* with an ingenuous mind, but the Law had enſlaved his body: But thus the ingenuity of his mind could not be depraved, for although his body was hurried into ſeverall places upon manifold occaſions, yet nothing could remove his ſoul from its proper center.

He was not onely a ſlave, but amongſt the men of his age the moſt deformed, for he was of a ſharp head, flat noſe, crooked back, his lips pendant, black, from which he had his name (*Æſopus* is the ſame with *Æthiops*) large belly, crooked bowlegges, *Therſites* in *Homer* was not ſo hardfavoured and miſhapen as he.

But of all, he was moſt infortunate in this, his ſpeech was ſlow, inarticulate, and very obſcure: all which, made *Æſop* fit for nothing but ſervitude; for a man ſo extraordinarily ill-ſhapen could ſcarcely avoid that kind of life. Such was his body, howbeit Nature endowed him with a moſt accompliſhed mind, for the moſt ſublime contemplations.

ÆSOP, a Man of Birth but mean, at firſt
Was to a ſlaviſh bondage long accurſt:
Diſdain'd by all, and ſeeming to all eyes
Made up of NATURES worſt Deformities:
Whoſe Head was great; his Viſage black of hue;
Huge rolling Eyes; his Noſe beneath them grew
Flat to his Face; his hanging Lips likewiſe,
And yellow Teeth had like deformed ſize;
His Back was crooked, and his Belly large;
His knotty Knees, and bow-Legs could diſcharge
(According to our Proverb) able ſtrength,
His Splayd-feet thick, and of unſeemly length;

His

His voice inarticulate; Geſture rude;
Preſaging badges of plain ſervitude.
But to delineate his more noble parts,
(Th' endowments of his mind, and skill in Arts)
Let them that reade his works, hereafter gueſſe:
While I his Lifes whole paſſages expreſſe.

CHAP. II.

ÆSOP clears an accuſation falſely laid upon him by his fellow-ſervant for eating the Figs.

FOr as much as his Maſter ſaw him uſeleſſe for any domeſtick buſines, he ſent him into the fields to dig: *Æſop* falls merrily to his work. At a certain time as his maſter walked in the fields, one of his labourers preſented him with excellent figs, he being much taken with the pleaſantneſſe of them, gave them to *Agathopodus* (for this was the ſervants name) charging him to keep them till his return from bath: It fell out that *Æſop*, upon ſome occaſion coming home, *Agathopodus* (which kept the figs) ſaid to one of his fellow-ſervants, if thou wilt, come, let us fill our ſelves with figs, and if our Maſter ſhall require them of us, we both of us will teſtifie, that *Æſop* came home and ſecretly eat them up; and this we can ſay upon a true ground, for upon his coming

hom a

home we shall make our tale good: and one is nothing to two, especially when he shall gain-say without proof. This being determined, they eat up all the figs, and laughing in themselves, said, Alas for the unfortunate *Æsop*! Now when as his Master returned from bath, and asked for the figs, he understood that *Æsop* had devoured them; in a fury he commanded him to be called for: To whom he thus said, Tell me thou cursed villain, how is it that thou hast thus slighted me, and going into my Cellar hast eaten up the figs, that were reserved for me? *Æsop* indeed heard, and understood all his Master said, but by reason of the slowness of his speech could not return him answer: But when he was about to be beaten, and his accusers very eager to have it so, he fell down at his Masters feet, beseeching him to have a little patience with him: whereupon *Æsop* ran hastily, and brought warm water, and drinking it off, put his finger into his mouth vomited up the water only, for as yet that day he was fasting: And he besought his Master that his accusers as he had done, might drink likewise of the water, whereby it might appear who had eaten the figs; the Master admiring the ingenuity of the man, commanded his accusers to drink the water, as *Æsop* had done: they willingly drank the water, but loth to put their fingers into their throats, no sooner had they drunk the water, but presently up come the figs: without any more ado the Master commanded them to be lashed upon their bare skins, clearly perceiving the envy and vileness of his servants: who by this came to know the truth of that saying: *He that plots mischief, usually (when he least thinks) it falls upon himself.*

NOw *Æsop* being drunk, and by outward show
Not fit for other use; to th' Field must go,
Amongst the daily Labourers to toil,
To dig the earth, and till the fruitfull Soil;
Untill the gratefull *Harvest* drawing near,
Yields her first fruits to the glad Labourer;

Which

Which being gather'd, to his Master he
With gladnesse them presents, who joyfully
The same accepts, and wils his Servant straight
Nam'd *Agathopus* (who did on him wait)
To keep them safe; but *Agathopus* mind
How to deceive his Master, b'ing inclin'd,
Thus with his fellow plots: Wee'll eat (quoth he)
The Figs, and *Æsop* our excuse shall be;
He shall sustain our fault, nor will our Lord
Belief to one, against us two, afford.
And so they both agreed; the Figgs were gone;
Which when the Master missed (coming home)
He calls for *Agathopus* and demands
The Figgs which were deliv'red to his hands:
Who answer'd: he but laid them down, and ere
His back was turn'd, from him convey'd they were
By *Æsop's* craft; which (crediting) his Lord
In anger threatens *Æsop*, till implor'd,
And by his piteous signes, somewhat appeas'd,
Æsop warm water craves, which (drinking) eas'd
His stomack quite, from whence there issued
Nothing, but that whereof they saw he fed.
Whereat a while they all in doubting stand,
Lest *Æsop* might be wrong'd; who (out of hand)
Urging his base Accusers now to take
The self same drink; upon the ground they cast
The undigested Figgs; whereby appear'd
Their guilt, and *Æsops* accusation clear'd.
So shall all false Accusers (though conceal'd
A while) by their own plottings be reveal'd:
For falshood never so securely slept,
But Justice her deceits can intercept.

CHAP. III.

How ÆSOP *was indued with perfect underſtanding and uſe of his Tongue, by the Goddeſſe* DIANA, *for his kind and affable nature to the two Prieſts.*

UPon the day following, his Maſter returns to the City, he as he was commanded, to his labour. The Prieſts of DIANA, looſing their way, found *Æſop* by chance, and adjured him by JOVE, to guide them into the City. Who ſetting them under a ſhade, feaſted them, and then conducted them into the way which they enquired for: They therefore, as well for his hoſpitality, as for his courteous guidance of them into the way, lifting up their hands to heaven, with their hearty wiſhes rewarded him for theſe favours. *Æſop* returning back, being wearied with hard labour, and the vehement heat of the Sun dreamed that he ſaw Fortune ſtand by him, gratifying of him with nimbleneſſe of tongue and language, even the elegancy of fabulizing. Forthwith ſtarting up, O wonderfull, ſaith he, how ſweetly have I ſlept, and how pleaſantly have I dreamed? for behold I ſpeak readily, and as the gods would have it, by whoſe favour thus it is, I can call all creatures by their names: Becauſe of my devotion to ſtrangers, this propitious ſucceſſe is

fallen

fallen to me: Thus *Æſop* overjoyed with what was done, returns to his labour and digging. But the overſeer of the field, whoſe name was *Zenas*, coming to the labourers, for ſome errour in his work, ſmote him with his wand: *Æſop* cries out, ſaying, you are alwayes crowing over, and conſtantly ſmiting him that offends you not: verily I will let our Maſter know how it is. *Zenas* hearing *Æſop* thus ſpeaking, did not a little wonder, and ſaid with himſelf, Now *Æſop* begins to ſpeak, it will be no advantage to me; I will prevent him therefore, and accuſe him to his Maſter before he ſhall have the opportunity, leaſt I be put out of my ſtewardſhip. Having thus ſaid, he returns home to his Maſter; but when he came, ſeemed to be troubled in himſelf; Maſter, God ſave you, ſaith he. What is it that troubles you, ſaith his Maſter? *Zenas* replied; A wonderfull thing hath happened in the field. The Maſter enquires, whether ſome tree had brought forth fruit untimely, or ſome beaſt had brought forth any thing monſterous. Not ſo my Lord, but *Æſop*, who formerly was dumb, now begins to ſpeak. His Maſter anſwers, this will be no wayes lucky for thee, who thoughteſt him a monſter. Yea indeed Maſter, what he hath contumelioufly ſpoken againſt me I paſſe it by, but againſt the gods, and thee, he hath intolerably rayled. With this, his Maſter in anger ſaid to *Zenas*, he is in thy hand, ſell him, give him away, do any thing with him.

NExt day approaching early in the Morn,
Æſop again muſt to the field return:
Where (hot with labour) to a cooling ſhade
(Which by a goodly ſpreading Beech was made)
He goes to take repoſe; whom drouſie ſleep
Seizing, his mind in pleaſant dreams did keep:
Midſt which appears DIANA in a fair
White ſilken Robe, with long diſhevel'd hair,
Crown'd with a wreath of Lawrell; in her hand
Bearing a long white ſilver tipped wand;

Which waving thus she speaks; *Hence all prophane,*
Let no dull thoughts of Folly here remain;
But for thy kindnesse to our Priests, when thou
Supply'dst their wants, and didst relief allow;
Directing them the perfect way to tread
Unto their Home, whom errour had misled:
For this thine Hospitality, possesse
Thy Tongue's clear use, and wisemens happinesse,
A brain inspir'd with wisdome, which shall give
Thy Countrey aid, and make thee truly live.
This said, she vanished; and ÆSOP now,
(Rising from sleep) did the true Nature know
Of every thing, and could his Language frame
To call each Creature by it's proper Name:
And to the field again retires; where he
Zenas the Steward saw, injuriously
Beating the Servants; ÆSOP him reproves
For unjust cruelty; which *Zenas* moves
(When he deformed ÆSOPS threatnings saw)
To fear, lest he might peradventure draw
His Masters love from him by just complaints;
Which to prevent, he straight his Lord acquaints
How ÆSOP now could speak, and did upbraid
His Worship with foul language; who thus said,
(With anger in his looks) *Lo Zenas* I
Commit the Villain to thy custodie;
Take him, and sell the slave; or else him lose;
Or him to any greater harm expose,
So he be from my sight. Thus Innocence
Is oftentimes betray'd, without offence.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

ÆSOP *the first time sold.*

WHen *Zenas* had thus got *Æsop* into his hands, and had related to him what power he had over him; do your pleasure quoth *Æsop*. Now whereas by chance a certain man enquired to buy some cattell, and to this end, journeyed through that field, and asked *Zenas*; Cattell (saith he) I have none to sell, but a man-slave, whom if you have a mind to buy, here he is. When the Merchant heard him speak of a servant, *Zenas* called for *Æsop*, whom the Merchant seeing, loudly laughed, saying to *Zenas*, where had you this pot? Is he the stock of a tree or a man? This, but for his voice, is like a blown bladder. Why did you stop my journey for the sight of such a tun-belly? Having thus said, away he went, *Æsop* following of him, intreats him to stay a little: The Merchant looking behind him; Be gone thou filthy curre, saith he. *Æsop* desires to know of him the cause of his coming hither: Thou villain, quoth he, to buy something that was good; I want no such worthlesse, and unprofitable fellow as thou art. But *Æsop*, buy me, quoth he, and if there be any trust in man, I am able to do you good service. Wherein I pray you, quoth the Merchant, can you do me any service, you loathsome

beast? Have you not at home, quoth *Æsop*, crying and froward children? let one be set to tend them, I will be a bugbear to them. The Merchant laughing hereat, thus saith to *Zenas*; what will you ask for this filthy vessell? Three half-pence, quoth he. The Merchant forthwith laid him down three half-pence, saying, I have laid out nothing, and nothing have I bought. Now when as they took their journey, and came home, two children, (which were brought up by their mother,) seeing *Æsop*, were affrighted and cryed out: by and by saith *Æsop* to the Merchant, you see the proof of my promise; whereat smiling, he goes in, and commands him to salute his fellow-servants; whom so soon as they saw, they said, what mischief is this which is happened to my Master, that he hath bought such an ill-favoured slave? But as it should seem, he hath bought him a witch for his house.

When *Zenas* by this false report had gain'd
His will, and *Æsops* servitude obtain'd;
A Merchant which from *Ephesus* repairs,
Himself to furnish with some needfull wares,
And Servants to transport them; forthwith came
To *Zenas* to be furnisht with the same:
Who answers, he had no Commodities,
Onely a Servant for three half-pence price,
If 't please him he should buy, and *Æsop* have
At such an easie rate to be his Slave.
But when the Merchant eyes his ugly form,
He 'gan reject his Merchandise with scorn,
Replying thus to *Zenas*; Think'st thou I
Came hither such misshapen Slaves to buy?
And so (half angry) parted: But at last
Æsop unto the Merchant making haste,
Thus fairly promiseth; if he would free
And take him from proud *Zenas* slavery,
He soon should see with what obedience still
He would subject himself to please his will;

Nor

Nor grudge at any labour hee'd impose,
But faithfull prove what way so ere he goes:
By which intreaties, witty *Æsop* gain'd
The Merchants love, and his good-will obtain'd.
So, (having bought him for the foresaid rate)
To *Ephesus* he doth conduct him straight,
And 'mongst his other Servants plac'd him there
To labour, and like heavy burthens bear:
At length from *Zenus* yoak (being free) he went
To *Ephesus*, with more then small content.

CHAP. V.

ÆSOPS wit in chooſing the lighter burthen which his fellows thought to be the heavieſt.

NOt long after the Merchant commanded all things to be made ready for his journey, which on the morrow he was to take into *Asia*. His ſervants forthwith divided amongſt them their burthens; But *Æsop* deſired that he might have the lighteſt, being he was but newly bought, and not yet inured to ſuch ſervice: which they ſeemed indifferent to, but he replied, that whileſt they all endured ſuch ſore labour, he alone ought not to be idle; whereupon they permitted him to take what burthen pleaſed him; when he had looked

looked about him, and had gathered severall carriages together, desired that such a basket of bread which was a burthen designed for two, might be laid upon him: but they laughing, thought that there could not be a more dull fool in the world, which before desired the lightest burthen, and now had made choice of the heaviest; but to fulfill his desire, they laid the greatest burthen upon him: When he had his load he reeled this way and that way: which when the Merchant beheld, he wondred, saying, sith that *Æsop* is so able to labour, he is worth my money, for he carries a burden like an horse. When dinner time came, *Æsop* was commanded to set down his basket, and distribute his bread, which when they had eaten, half emptied his basket: so that after dinner his basket being lightned, he went on with more alacrity. But at evening when they went to supper, so soon as the bread was divided to every one his share, the basket was quite empty, and *Æsop* march'd in the front; Thereupon grows a question among the servants, what this fellow should be, and much wonder that such a motly villain, should deal more cunningly then all they: for whereas they took up such goods as would not waste by the way, he made choice of the basket of bread, which he knew would not last to his journeys end.

THe Merchant and his Servants all prepare
For *Ephesus*, each one to bear his share
Of such Commodities as he had bought.
Æsop first takes the *bread*; for which they thought
Him but a fool, the heavyest to choose,
Who might have tane the lightest, and refuse
What ever him dislik'd; but by the way
When at their Innes they for refreshment stay
To rest and ease themselves, at every meal,
When as their Master did to each man deal
His share of bread from *Æsops* Basket, they
Perceiv'd his burthen lighter every day;
And (ere they came to *Ephesus*) to bear
Scarce any weight, when they still loaden were: Thus

Thus Policie oft-times prevaileth, when
Fools think they have outreached wiser men.

CHAP. VI.

The second sale of ÆSOP.

WHereas the Merchant was now at *Ephesus*, he made good profit by selling his slaves, three onely at present remain with him unsold, *Grammaticus*, *Cantor*, and *Æsop*: Now one of his familiar acquaintance advised him to sail unto *Samos*, where he might put off his slaves to greater advantage. The Merchant being come to *Samos*, set *Grammaticus* and *Cantor* (both new cloth'd) in the Market-place. But *Æsop* was set in the midst of them, with a garment of sackcloth, for no art with the best apparrell could make him handsome: Whom when the amazed market-people saw, cryed out, whence is this hideous fellow? *Æsop* all this while stood boldly, notwithstanding many a biting scoffe. *Xanthus* the Philosopher at that time dwelling at *Samos*, went into the market, where he saw two Lads dres'd for sale, and betwixt these two he spied *Æsop*; wondring much at the Merchants conceit, that he placed the worst in the midst, whereby the other two might appear the fairer. *Xanthus* drawing neer, asked *Cantor*, what countrey man he

he was, he answered a *Cappadocian*; what canst thou do, saith *Xanthus*? All things quoth he. Whereat *Æsop* laughed, but the Schollars which were with *Xanthus*, seeing *Æsop* laugh, and shew his teeth they presently imagined him to be a monster. They desirous to know wherefore he laughed, to that end one of them asked him the question. Be gone about your businesse, you sea-sheep, quoth *Æsop*, which answer confounded the Schollar quite. *Xanthus* desired to know of the Merchant what he would take for *Cantor*; a thousand half pence quoth he: but hearing his extraordinary rate, he went from this to the other, whom the Philosopher asked what countrey-man he was? he made answer he was a *Lydian*: *Xanthus* demanded of him what he could do? All things quoth he: Again *Æsop* fell a laughing. One of the Schollars wondred to see him laugh again, another said to him, if you will be called sea-goat, ask him. The Philosopher asks what price for *Grammaticus*, three thousand half pence quoth the Merchant: The Philosopher disliking those, departed. The Schollars desired to know of him, whether he did not like those servants. No verily, quoth he, I am determined to buy no servants so dear: One of them said, buy this filthy fellow, he may do your work, and we will pay for him: That's not fitting quoth *Xanthus*, that you lay down the money and I buy him, but indeed you know my wife is given to one that is handsome, and will not endure to be served by such an ill-shaped servant. We have somewhat else to do then observe a woman said the Schollars. But let us try whether he have any skill or no; and coming to *Æsop*, be of good chear quoth he: Was I ever sad, quoth *Æsop*? what countrey-man are you, said *Xanthus*? A Negro, saith *Æsop*. I do not ask you this, but where were you born, said *Xanthus*? he answers, of my mothers belly. This I ask you not, but what place were you born in, said *Xanthus*? My mother never told me, said *Æsop*, whether aloft or below. What canst thou do said the Philosopher? Nothing, quoth *Æsop*. How is that, said *Xanthus*? These whom you have examined

mined already can do all, whereupon nothing remains for me to do. The Schollars wondering much hereat, concluded his anſwers to be, by a divine providence. Again, quoth *Xanthus*, art willing I ſhould buy thee? See you to that, quoth *Æſop*, muſt you needs have my advice herein? If you have a mind, open the door of your purſe, and down with your money, if not, make no more words. Whereupon the Schollars ſaid amongſt themſelves, he hath got the better of our Maſter. If I buy thee, ſaith *Xanthus*, thou wilt runne away. If I ever do, I ſhall not come to you for counſell as you do to me: thou ſayeſt well, quoth *Xanthus*, but thou art ill-favoured; quoth *Æſop*, good Mr. Philoſopher look upon a mans mind, not his face. At this *Xanthus* goes to the Merchant, and asked him the price: thou art come, ſaith the Merchant, to diſparage my commodities, for thou haſt paſſed by the beſt, and makeſt choice of this ill-ſhaped one: Buy one of theſe, and take this fellow in to the bargain.

Xanthus deſirous of *Æſop*, asked his price, ſo ſoon as the Merchant had told it, the Schollars preſently laid down the money, and *Xanthus* took him into his poſſeſſion. Whereupon the publicans came, enquiring who had ſold; every one was aſhamed to ſpeak, the bargain was ſo worthleſſe. *Æſop* ſtanding in the midſt, cries out, I am he that am ſold, this is the buyer, and that the ſeller: if they ſay nothing to it, I am thereupon free: The publican ready to burſt with laughing, away they went. *Æſop* followed his Maſter *Xanthus* home; and it being about high noon, *Xanthus* by the way lift up his coat to piſſe, which *Æſop* ſeeing caught him by the clothes, ſaying, ſell me preſently, otherwiſe I run away: why ſo quoth *Xanthus*? Becauſe I ſhall never be able to ſerve ſuch a kind of maſter, ſaith *Æſop*, who will not ſpare time to eaſe nature, but piſſeſt as thou goeſt: if ſuch a chance ſhall happen to me your ſervant, when you ſend me of any buſineſſe of neceſſity I muſt ſhite as I flie. Doth this ſo much move you, quoth *Xanthus*? To avoid three evils I piſſe as I go: for had I ſtood ſtill,

the

the Sun had beat hot upon my head, and the hot ground had burnt my feet, and the ſmel of the piſſe had offended me. Paſſe on Sir, I am ſatisfied, quoth *Æſop*.

THe Merchant now with his Commodities
Arrives at *Epheſus*, whoſe Merchandize
With profit ſold, excepting his three men,
Æſop and other two; with whom he then
To *Samos* goes, and at a Market there
Sets forth his Men for ſale, who different were
In ſtature, two being of proportion ſtrait,
But *Æſop* crooked; whoſe unſeemly gate
To them appear'd moſt ugly; yet now came
Xanthus a great Philoſopher, whoſe fame
Was through that *Country* ſpred; ſo, viewing theſe,
He ask'd the firſt what he could do to pleaſe
His Maſter that ſhould buy him; who replies
All things he can command him, or deviſe,
The which made *Æſop* laugh: to th' other then
The ſelf ſame queſtion he propounds agen,
Who gave him the like anſwer; and thereby
Made witty *Æſop* laugh more heartily.
Xanthus demandeth then their price, but found
The value farre beyond their worth abound,
And ſo departs; but *Xanthus* Schollars, well
Perceiving *Æſop* ſtanding there to ſell,
Thus to their Maſter ſpake; Sir, pray you buy
That other Slave, whoſe foul deformity
Shall bring us mirth, his price wee'l 'mongſt us pay;
Then *Xanthus* back returns, and thus did ſay,
Asking of *Æſop* what he was; who gave
This anſwer, he was a deformed Slave:
Quoth *Xanthus*, that I know; but I demand
(If thou my queſtion canſt but underſtand)
From whence thou diddeſt unto *Samos* come?
Æſop replies, Out of my Mothers wombe.
Xanthus again, nor ask I that of thee;
But from what place, if thou canſt anſwer me?

Quoth

Quoth *Æsop* then, troth Sir, I do not know
Where I was born, above or else below,
My Mother never told me. *Xanthus* thus
Deluded, saw he was ingenious.
And now proceeding in his questions still,
Demandeth in what Science he had skill?
Who sayes, in nothing. Ho! quoth *Xanthus* then:
Why? Quoth *Æsop*, if your two other men
Can all things do, as they professe to you,
They then for me will nothing leave to do:
The Schollars, hearing *Æsop* answer so,
Applauded him; for none can all things know.
So *Xanthus* now agrees for threescore pence
To buy poor *Æsop*, and conveys him thence,
Esteeming nevertheless the value dear,
Because he did so much deform'd appear:
To whom thus *Æsop*, Wise-men will not scan,
Th'externall shape, but the internall man.

CHAP. VII.

ÆSOP *goes home with* Xanthus *to his Wife.*

After they came home, *Xanthus* commands *Æsop* to tarry in the porch before the doore, because he knew his wife was something dainty, and it was not fit

on.

on the ſudden to preſent her with ſuch a deformed piece; *Xanthus* enters, ſaying, Miſtris, thou ſhalt have no occaſion of diſcontent hereafter, for I have bought thee a lad, wherein thou ſhalt ſee as much comlineſſe, as ever eye beheld, he ſtands at the door: the maids thinking all this true, had no little contention amongſt themſelves, which of them ſhould have him to her husband. *Xanthus* wife commanded ſome one to call this new ſervant in a doors; who no ſooner heard, but I come, quoth *Æſop*: the maid that called him being amazed, art thou he, quoth ſhe? Yes indeed ſaid *Æſop*: Of no hand come in to the houſe, unleſſe thou intends we ſhall all run away, quoth the maid; He came in and ſtood before his Miſtris, which when ſhe ſaw, turned her eyes away to her husband ſaying, what monſter have you brought? Carry him away: In this *Xanthus* thou ſeemeſt to expreſſe much ill-will towards me, & that which I never thought to do, I muſt do it, give me the portion I brought you, and I will be gone. Upon this *Xanthus* chides *Æſop*, who was ſo witty by the way, but had nothing to ſay before his wife. Throw her into hell, quoth *Æſop*. Away you villain, wot you not that I love her as well as my ſelf? Do you love a woman, quoth *Æſop*? O extremely quoth *Xanthus*. At this *Æſop* gave a ſtamp with his foot, crying out, that *Xanthus* was wifiſh, and turning to his Miſtris he ſaid, you would have had the philoſopher have bought you a young ſervant, well clad, lively, which might have looked on you naked, when you went into the bath, and might play with you, to the ſhame of philoſophy. O Golden-mouth'd *Euripides*, how well haſt thou ſaid; *Great is the force of the Seas ſwelling waves, and the flames of ſcorching fire; poverty is an hard condition, and there are infinite things intolerable, but nothing in compariſon to a ſhrewd woman.* You being the wife of a Philoſopher, ſhould not deſire to be attended with ſuch beautifull lads, leſt by any means you bring an ill report upon philoſophy. She hearing this, no wiſe able to contradict, husband, quoth ſhe, where had you this beauty? though

though he is ill-favoured, yet he is very witty. I will be friends with him. Your Miſtris is friends with you, quoth *Xanthus* to *Æſop*. Ironically anſwers he, its a great matter ſure, to appeaſe a woman. Hereafter be ſilent, quoth *Xanthus*, I bought you to ſerve, not to contradict.

ÆSOP becoming *Xanthus* ſervant now,
Muſt to his houſe repair, and humbly ſhow
His ſervice to his Wife, who long deſir'd,
And of her Husband earneſtly requir'd
That he would buy a ſervant, which ſhould be
In ſhape from all deformed members free,
And luſtie, ſtrait and fair; but when her eyes
Were fixt on *Æſops* foul deformities,
Reader imagine what an angry look
A woman darts; whoſe ſtrong deſires can brook
No foul diſpleaſing object, if her will
Be bent her expectation to fulfill:
And ſuch expect from *Xanthus* wife, who bends
Her brows, and frowns in ſtead of ſmiling ſends
Againſt her aged Husband, when ſhe loſt
Her will, and of her longing now was croſt.
But he (kind man) more willing her to pleaſe,
And to a Womans peeviſhneſſe give eaſe,
Firſt ſeems t'excuſe, and then his fault deplores;
The which incenſed her yet more, and more.
Whereat 'gan *Æſop* laugh, with this reply,
I now a grave Philoſopher eſpie
Yield conqueſt to a Woman; which did make
Xanthus his milder humour to forſake,
And (angry) ſpake to *Æſop*: Slave, you ſee
For you your Miſtris is diſpleas'd with me;
'Twere beſt you ſeek to pleaſe her ſtraight again;
But *Æſop* anſwers him, no greater pain
Can you impoſe, or any mortall find,
Then to appeaſe an angry Womans mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

ÆSOP *resolves the Gardener of a question which* Xanthus *could not.*

THe day after *Xanthus* going to the garden to buy herbs, commanded *Æsop* to follow him; when the gardener had gathered them, he gave them to *Æsop*. Now *Xanthus* paying for them; Master, said the Gardener, I pray you resolve me one question. VVhat is that, quoth *Xanthus*? what is the reason that the herbs which I plant, do not grow so fast, as those which the earth of her own accord brings forth? *Xanthus*, although it was a question in philosophy, when he knew not how to say any thing else, said, this amongst the rest is ordered, quoth he, by divine providence. *Æsop* hereupon (for he was by) laughed. Do you laugh, or deride me, quoth the Philosoper? I laugh at you, and not you but him that taught you; Let me resolve this doubt: whereupon *Xanthus*, turning to the Gardener, said, it's not fit for me who have disputed in famous auditories, to resolve questions in a garden: If you propound your question to this my lad, he will presently give you satisfaction. This sordid fellow, hath he any learning, quoth the Gardener, ? O unfortunate, but good Sir, answer me this question, if you know how; A woman, quoth

Æsop,

Æſop, when ſhe comes to marry the ſecond time, the children which ſhe hath by her firſt husband ſhe is the mother to, but thoſe which ſhe finds with her ſecond husband at the time of marriage, ſhe is ſtep-mother to. She makes a great deal of difference betwixt theſe two: thoſe of her own ſhe loves dearly, but the other ſhe neglects; theſe as her own properly by nature ſhe loves, but undervalues thoſe to whom ſhe is a ſtep-mother. In like manner the earth is mother to what it brings forth of it ſelf, but to that which thou planteſt, it is a ſtep-mother. With this the Gardener was much taken, and believe me, quoth he, you have eaſed my thoughts, and pleaſed my phantaſie. Take your herbs freely, and as oft as you ſhall have occaſion, come, as into your own garden, and take what you pleaſe.

Xanthus now calls for *Æſop*; he doth ſtrait
Obey, and at his Maſters elbow wait;
Who leads him to his Garden, thence to bear
Such herbs as for his practiſe uſefull were.
Æſop loaden departs: the Gardener then
Doth call his Maſter *Xanthus* back agen,
And prayes that he his anſwer would afford
One Queſtion to reſolve: He doth accord:
The Gard'ner thus beginnes: Unfold (I pray)
How, and from what ſtrange cauſe proceed it may,
As by experience I have often found,
In herbs all of one kind upon the ground,
That there a difference grows, and thoſe appear
More freſh, and farre more early bloſſomes bear,
Which naturally grow, then thoſe that are
Manur'd and dunged with our chiefeſt care?
By Divine providence, *Xanthus* replies,
From which in them a virtue hidden lies.
Which anſwer lik'd not *Æſop*; wherefore he
Thus to his Maſter; This reply can be
No perfect reſolution: but give ear
And I will make the queſtion plain appear.

As

As when a Woman, whose first Husband dies,
And leaves her many Children, once more ties
The Nuptiall knot, and with a man is joyn'd,
Whose wife deceas'd, as many left behind:
But when together in one house they live,
She to her own all tender love doth give,
But proves to his a Step-mother; and they
Scarce thrive so well as her own Children may:
Ev'n so in Nature oftentimes we see
Betwixt two Plants the like Antipathie:
That thrives the best, and makes the fairest shew,
Which natures self manureth, and not you.
Thus *Æsop*, witty resolution lent
The Gard'ners doubtfull fancie full content.

CHAP. IX.

ÆSOP *boils one single Lentil to entertain* Xanthus *friends, and cuts off the fat hogs foot.*

After certain dayes, *Xanthus* being gone to Bath, (where he met some friends,) commanded *Æsop* to run home, and presently boil some Lentils in the pot; he went and boiled onely one corn: When *Xanthus* had now done bathing with his friends, he desired them to go and dine with him; apologizing that he had but

but ſlender proviſion, namely Lentils, and he hoped they would meaſure their welcome by his good will, and not any good chear. They all coming into his houſe, *Xanthus* commanded *Æſop* to bring forth ſome drink to them now coming from Bath; and *Æſop* taking up water from the ſtream of the Bath, gave it to *Xanthus*, who apprehending the ſtrength of the water, cryed out to *Æſop*, what's this? From the Bath, quoth he; *Xanthus* before his friends ſuppreſſed his anger, and calling for a baſon, which *Æſop* having ſet, ſtood over againſt him: *Xanthus* asked him, do you not waſh? he anſwers, Its fit for me to do thoſe things I am commanded; for you did not bid me put water into the baſon. *Xanthus* ſpeaking to his friends, asked them whether they thought he had not bought a ſervant, no ſaid they a Maſter. When as now they were ſet down to ſupper, *Xanthus* asked *Æſop* whether the Lentill were boiled; he takes the grain of Lentill in a cockle ſhell, and brings it to his Maſter, who took it thinking to taſte and try whether it was enough or not: Its well boiled, quoth he, bring them away. *Æſop* put all the water into ſaucers, and brought it in; *Xanthus* asked where the Lentils were; you have had it already quoth *Æſop*: did you boil but one grain quoth *Xanthus*? No more Sir, for you commanded me to boil a Lentill, ſaith *Æſop*; and not Lentils in the plurall: *Xanthus* ſtormed at this, ſaying, this fellow would make one mad. But that I abuſe not my good friends whom I have invited, go quickly and buy me four hoggs feet, and boil them preſently. This he cheerfully goes about, but while the feet were boiling, *Xanthus* willing to take ſome occaſion to beat *Æſop*, when he was buſie about ſomewhat elſe, ſtole away one of the feet out of the pot, and hid it. By and by *Æſop* came and found but three feet in the pot, he ſuſpected ſome trick; preſently runs he to the hoggs-ſty and cut off a foot from a fatting hogg, which he ſindged the hair off, and boiled it in the pot; *Xanthus* fearing, leſt *Æſop* not finding all the feet, ſhould run away, he threw the foot he had taken into the

pot

pot again. *Æsop* finding five when he took them out; *Xanthus* asked, how is there five? he repli'd, how many feet have two hoggs? Eight quoth *Xanthus*; Here then are five saith *Æsop*, and the fatting hogg hath but three feet. Whereupon *Xanthus* chafes, did I not say quoth he, that this fellow will make me mad? but finding no just cause to beat him all this while he pacified himself again.

Xanthus to bathing goes, where meeting friends,
To dresse a Lentil *Æsop* home he sends.
He dresses one indeed; the bathing done
Xanthus invites them every mother's son.
Come home; calls *Æsop*, bring us here a cup
Of drink new come from bathing; he takes up
The water coming from the bath: What's this
Saith *Xanthus*? what you call'd for, he replies,
'Tis drink come from the bath: *Xanthus* is mad;
That there were strangers *Æsop* may be glad.
A basons call'd for, *Æsop* brings it dry:
It is to wash, you rogue, doth *Xanthus* cry:
Then call for water master, if you will;
For till you bid me not a drop I'll fill.
'Tis Dinner time, *Xanthus* the Lentil wants;
Æsop it takes up in a cockle shell,
And brings it, *Xanthus* tasts, and sayes 'tis well;
Come bring them: *Æsop's* heart begins to pant,
You've had it Sir, you would not have it twice.
His Master storms to find more knaveries.
Quoth *Æsop*, Lord! do what I will I'me chid,
You bad me boil a Lentil; so I did.
Xanthus replies, shall I thus serve my friends,
Make them sit whistling on their fingers ends?
Go Sirrah, buy four hogs feet, boil them quick.
Xanthus steals one out of the pot, to pick
A quarrell with him, *Æsop* smells the trick;
Runs to the sty, cuts off the fat hogs foot,
Sindges and boils it; *Xanthus* puts his toot
Left *Æsop* missing it should run away.
Æsop finds 5. Quoth *Xanthus* prithee say, Five?

Five? how comes that? *Æsop* replieth straight
How many have two hogs? quoth *Xanthus*, eight.
Then we have five here and the far hog three.
Was man e're curst with such a rogue as thee?
Thus *Xanthus* frets, but fretting was in vain,
And so grows quiet of himself again.

CHAP. X.

ÆSOP bears the Presents, which Xanthus *commands to be delivered to her that lov'd him best.*

THe day after one of the Schollars invites his companions, and amongst the rest *Xanthus* to supper: while they were at banquet, *Xanthus* gave some dish to *Æsop*, and commanded him to carry it to her that loved him best: while *Æsop* was upon the message he thought with himself, now I have an oppottunity to be avenged of my Mistris, for her cavilling with me when I newly came. Coming to the house he sate him down in the entry, and calling for his Mistris, he set the messe which he brought before her: Mistris, quoth he, my Master sent this to her that loves him best, not thee: whereupon calling the bitch, said to her, come *Lycena* eat this which my Master hath sent thee, and so he cast it all to her. Afterward

coming to his Master, he was asked whether he had given the meat to her that loved him best: all of it quoth he, and she eat up every bit before my face. *Xanthus* asked what she said while she was eating. Nothing to me, but to thee she sent thanks quoth *Æsop*. *Xanthus* wife took this very heavily, and dolefully moaned her self in her closet, vowing she would forsake his house. Now at supper the cup going round, one propounds a question, when shall be the greatest confusion among st mortalls? *Æsop* standing behind, when the dead arise, quoth he, and shall enquire for their ancient possessions. The Schollars laughed saying, this is a witty fellow. Another asked why the Sheep died so quietly, and the Sow with such an hidious outcry? the Sheep, quoth he, uses to be milked and shorn, and so are silent, wherefore seeing the knife expect, nothing dreadfull, onely what was usuall: but the Sow which is neither milkt nor shorn, whose flesh and nothing else is good for use, makes an horrid noise at her slaughter. Upon these answers, the Schollars fell into excessive mirth. After supper *Xanthus* coming home, and according to his manner discoursing with his wife: she turned aside, saying, come not near me, give me what I brought, and fare you well; go you your way and make much of your bitch, to whom you sent your dainties. *Xanthus* amazed at this, asks his wife to whom he sent the dish of meat, if not to her? By *Jove* you sent them not to me, but your bitch, quoth his wife: *Xanthus* calling *Æsop* asked him to whom he gave the meat that was sent; to your beloved, quoth he: Whereupon calling the bitch, this is she that bears you most good will; Beat her, turn her out of doors, yet she will not forsake you, presently she forgets all, and fawns upon you again; You ought to have said, carry these dainties to my wife, and not to my beloved. Thou seest Mistris, quoth *Xanthus*, it was not my fault but his, that I sent: take it patiently this time, I shall have a good occasion suddenly to pay him for all. His wife believing nothing of this, went privately away from him to her own friends. Now

Master,

Maſter, quoth *Æſop*, did not I ſay the truth, when I told you that your bitch bore more reſpect and good will to you, then my Miſtris?

XANTHUS prepares a Banquet, and invites
Friends to participate of ſuch delights,
As for their welcome he provided had;
But his croſſe Wife diſdainfull ſtill and ſad,
Pouts in a corner: nor will preſent be
To welcome his invited Company:
Seeking to vex her Husbands humour ſtill:
Yet *Xanthus* ſtriving how to pleaſe her will,
Cuts off the beſt, and *Æſop* thus commands,
That Preſent to deliver to the hands
Of her that lov'd him beſt; who ſeeing well
How much ſhe did in wrath and hate excell,
Towards her Husband, ſtudied now to trie
Her angry paſſions worſt extremitie,
And thus relates his meſſage: Here you ſee
(Miſtris) the Preſent was deliver'd me
For her, who moſt reſpect to *Xanthus* ſhows:
With that, the meat unto a Bitch he throws:
This with new rage incenſeth *Xanthus* wife,
And ſets her love and anger both at ſtrife,
Which way to take revenge: at laſt reſolv'd
She is, while vengefull thoughts her mind involv'd,
To leave her husband quite; and ſo retires
Home to her friends. But *Xanthus* (whoſe deſires
Her abſence could not brook) inquires the cauſe
That ſhe 'gainſt modeſty and Marriage-laws
Should thus forſake his bed: but when he found
How *Æſop* gave the preſent to his Hound,
Not to his Wife; inrag'd againſt him thus:
Villain (quoth he) that ſow ſt debate 'twixt us,
Thy life ſhall anſwer it, unleſſe thou find
A way t' appeaſe her diſcontented mind,
And call her home again: but *Æſop* ſaid,
Thou for thy dotage now art well apaid,

For now thou seest who lov'd thee best; since she
Is gone, thy hound abideth still with thee.
Yet *Xanthus* writes, and sues for her return,
But his affection she requites with scorn;
And while he strives her presence to regain,
The more doth she reject him with disdain.
So pievish women (might they have their will)
Would use their husbands at their pleasure still.

CHAP. XI.

ÆSOP (*by a witty invention*) *causeth* Xanthus *Wife to return again.*

SOme certain dayes after, *Xanthus* wife not being reconciled, he sent some of his kindred to intreat her return; she refusing, *Xanthus* grows very melancholly and said: *Æsop* coming to him, said, do not thus perplex and trouble thy self, for to morrow I will make her come quickly, and willingly. *Æsop* taking his money, into the market he goes, and having bought geese and hens, and other fitting things for the banquet, he came with these at his back, by the house where his Mistris was, pretending not to know that it was her fathers house. When as he met with one of the servants, he enquired whether

whether they had any thing to ſell, that might be fitting for a wedding: The ſervant deſired to know who was to be married, *Xanthus* the Philoſopher quoth *Æſop*; to morrow he is to be married: the ſervant of the houſe ranne up ſtairs, and told this to *Xanthus* wife, as ſoon as ſhe had heard it, away ſhe went with all ſpeed back again to *Xanthus*, and exclaimed againſt him after this manner; You could not Mr. *Xanthus*, be married to another while I am alive. And ſo *Æſop* who was the cauſe of her departure, was an occaſion alſo of her return.

Xanthus inraged ſtill no reſt can take,
Since his diſcourteous Wife did him forſake:
Which *Æſop* well perceiving; he invents
This wile to cure his Maſters diſcontents:
Loaden with Foul and ſuch like coſtly fare,
Which he ſeems for a Banquet to prepare,
Againſt his Maſters wedding; doth relate
His errand thus to *Xanthus* Wife: Your hate,
And ſudden parting doth my Maſter move
From you to ſue divorce, and ſeek the love
Of one that ſhall with him more quiet live,
And not ſuch cauſes of diſſention give;
To morrow is the day: So *Æſop* goes,
Leaving his Miſtris boſome full of woes;
Till ſhe 'twixt hope and fear reſolves to try
The truth, and home returneth ſpeedily;
And with a mind more humble then before,
With ſighs and tears, her Husband doth implore
Her errours to forgive, and ſhe will prove
More mild to him, and conſtant in her love.
From whence let all men learn what will prevail
To curb a Shrew, when as intreaties fail.

CHAP. XII.

ÆSOP, commanded to serve the best meat, serveth Xanthus at his Table with nothing but tongues.

AGain after a while, *Xanthus* inviting the Schollars to dinner, gave command to *Æsop*, to buy the best and the choicest provision: while he was upon his way, he said to himself, I will teach my Master to command such fooleries. When as therefore he had laid out his money in hogs tongues, he brought them in with sauce to dinner. The Schollars highly commended the dish, as ministring occasion to use their tongues for discourse; the second and third courses *Æsop* brought in, and all was tongues: the guests a little moved to see nothing but tongues, *Xanthus* asked, what nothing but tongues? Nothing else Sir, quoth *Æsop*. Thou ill-favoured rascall, I bad thee buy the best and choicest dainties: I thank you Sir, quoth *Æsop*, for this chiding, before Philosophers; for what in the world is better then the tongue? all manner of exquisite learning and Philosophy is shewed, and given out by the tongue; by the tongue, givings, receivings; salutations, commendations; marriages are celebrated, cities built, and briefly, the tongue is the totall preservation of a mans life, therefore nothing better then tongue. Upon this, the Schollars, thinking *Æsop* wiser then his Master, took their leaves, and departed.

Xanthus

XANthus intends a Feast, invites home friends,
And therefore Æsop to the Market sends
The choicest dishes to provide; but he
(Still full of craft and witty subtiltie)
Buyes nothing else but *Tongues*; no other meat
Provided he at all for them to eat:
The first Course *Tongues*, and at the second came
No other fare, and at the third the same.
Villain (quoth *Xanthus* then) I bad thee buy
The choicest dishes that thou couldst espie,
And not course *Tongues* alone; wherefore did you
Thus crosse, and not my just commandment do?
But Æsop answers: Sir, the *Tongue*'s the best
Of Dishes to present at any Feast;
By that, Discourse and Traffick still is held,
'Twixt man and man: by that is right upheld:
What but the *Tongue* unfolds the mind, and gives
A light to Knowledge? by it Learning lives;
And grave Divines our straggling thoughts controll
Conducting in the paths of truth the Soul.
When neighbours jarre, the Lawyers fluent *Tongue*
Disputes the Cause, and punisheth the wrong
By a just Sentence, that example may
Instruct Offenders, Justice to obey.
The hidden Secrets of Philosophie
By *Tongues* of learned Doctours we descrie.
A thousand other benefits beside
The *Tongue* affords; then can it be deni'd
But that a *Tongue*'s the best Dish to prefer
Upon the Board of a Philosopher?

CHAP. XIII.

ÆSOP, commanded by Xanthus *to buy the worſt of meats for Supper, provides Tongues again.*

A While after the Schollars twitted *Xanthus* with his chear: he anſwered, it was not his mind, but the will of his perverſe ſervant; to day I will change your diet, and you ſhall hear what command I will give him: who calling *Æſop*, commanded him to buy the worſt meat he could lay his hand on: But he not moved from his purpoſe, went & bought tongues again, and when they were ready ſet them before them. The Schollars a little diſcontented to ſee nothing but ſwines tongues; *Æſop* brought in the ſecond and third courſe of nothing elſe. *Xanthus* much moved hereat, ſaid to *Æſop* did I now charge you to buy the beſt meat, and not rather the worſt you could get? He anſwered, and I pray you Maſter, what is worſe then tongue? Is it not the ruine of Cities? the death of many a man? are not all lies and evil ſpeeches and perjuries produced from her? are not marriages, and principalities, and kingdomes overturned by her? In brief, is not the whole life, by her ſtufft with infinite errours? *Æſop* having thus replied, the Schollars ſaid, as is his body ſo are his manners, and unleſſe you have a care, he will make you mad. Good Sir, quoth

Æſop,

Æsop, you seem to be ill-disposed, and too much a meddler, to provoke the master against his servant.

THis answer pleas'd them all, and *Xanthus* then
Invites them all to sup with him agen;
Commanding *Æsop* now not to prepare
Such curious dishes, and such costly fare,
But to seek out the worst, and that to buy;
Which *Æsop* apprehendeth craftily,
And *Tongues* makes ready still: night drawing nie
The Guests to Supper unto *Xanthus* hie;
But find no fare but *Tongues*; whereat they deem'd
Their welcome base, and some half angry seem'd:
To whom thus *Æsop*; Sirs, my Masters will
I never yet was backward to fulfill,
Nor have I done it now; for lo, he said
Go buy the worst of meats, and I obey'd.
For if abus'd, the *Tongue*'s the worst of all,
That sows sedition, making neighbours fall
At variance 'twixt themselves; by that 'tis known
Cities have been betray'd, Towns overthrown.
And too too often Children have revil'd
Their aged Parents, Parents curst their Child.
Besides, no man more mischief can expresse,
Then he that doth an evil *Tongue* possesse.
And thus you see the *Tongue*'s the worst and best
For mortall use, as 'tis in usage blest.

CHAP. XIV.

XANTHUS *commandeth* ÆSOP *to ſeek a man that regarded nothing.*

Xanthus upon the former buſineſſe deſirous to find occaſion to beat *Æſop*, thus ſaid to him; you run-away villain, ſeeing you have accuſed my friend of too much curioſity, ſee you find me a man that lives without care at all. The day after *Æſop* goes into the ſtreets, and looking about him, ſaw a man ſitting long in a place, whom he ſuppoſed to be ſimple and careleſſe, called to him; Ho, you, my Maſter deſires your company to dinner: The Ruſtick asking no queſtions who it was that invited him, followed *Æſop*, and ſate him down all in his dirty habit: *Xanthus* asks, who is this? a careleſſe man, quoth *Æſop*. *Xanthus* whiſpers in his wifes eare, to do what he deſired her, that he might have a fair occaſion to be avenged of *Æſop*. Whereupon in the preſence of them all, he ſaid, Wife, pray thee get ſome water in a baſon, and waſh the ſtrangers feet, for he thought the ſtranger would have been ſhie and refuſed it: She therefore taking the baſon of water, and about to waſh his feet; which the careleſſe clown ſeeing, ſaid, ſhe will honour me much, to waſh my feet, ſeeing there are maids enough in the houſe, whom ſhe might command; but

ſtretching

ſtretching out his feet, waſh Miſtris, quoth he, and ſo ſate down to meat. *Xanthus* commanded to bring him wine; the clown thought they ſhould have drunk firſt, but being it was their pleaſure, he drank it off. When his meſſe was brought him at dinner, *Xanthus* complained, the meat was not ſeaſoned, and thereupon beat his cook; the clown ſaid to himſelf, the meat is ſeaſoned well enough, and it wants nothing; if the maſter will beat his ſervant for nothing, what is that to me? *Xanthus* much troubled to ſee his gueſt not troubled at any thing, commanded the cheeſe-cakes to be brought in, the clown turned them about, and toſſed them down like bread: *Xanthus* pettiſhly chafed at the baker, that he had not put in pepper and honey into the cheeſe-cakes; the baker replies, if they be not baked, blame me; if they want ſeaſoning, the fault is in my Miſtris. *Xanthus* in a fury breaks forth, ſaying, if it be my wifes doing, I will burn her alive; he commands forthwith to make a good fire, and aſſaying to caſt his wife in, he looked about thinking the ruſtick would have beſtirr'd him, to have prevented ſuch a daring act, but he ſeeing no cauſe for all this chafing fury, ſtept in, ſaying, good Sir ſtay a while, and I will fetch my wife, that they may burn both together. *Xanthus* hearing this, and ſeeing the ſimplicity of the man, ſaid to *Æſop*, this man is verily a moſt careleſſe fellow, thou haſt got the better of me *Æſop*: its enough, I will ſhortly make thee free.

WHen *Xanthus Æſops* cunning did perceive,
How craftily his anſwers he did weave,
To ſave himſelf from blame; at length doth lay
A task on him (which *Æſop* muſt obey)
To ſeek a man whoſe care was fixt on nought,
That nothing begg'd, no earthly pleaſure ſought
Save what he did poſſeſſe: *Æſop* anon
Beholds a luſty Countrey-Clown alone,
Who walking to him, as the Clown he meets,
Him at firſt ſalutation thus he greets;

Xanthus

Xanthus invites thee home; the Clown doth need
No greater invitation, but with ſpeed
Along with *Æſop* walks: when *Xanthus* ſaw
The Clown approch, and near unto him draw,
Asks *Æſop* what he was? quoth he, a man
That cares for nothing: *Xanthus* then began
To frown at *Æſop*; but at length in mind
Revolving his command, he proves more kind:
Who lovingly now entertains the Clown,
And with himſelf at Table ſets him down;
Till queſtions paſſing upon either ſide,
When *Xanthus* the Clowns ignorance eſpide,
He ſeems to chide his Cook, nor having dreſt
The Dinner worthy ſuch a welcome Gueſt:
But the Cook ſtudying himſelf t' excuſe,
Doth with the fault his Miſtris there accuſe:
Xanthus the better then the Clown to prove
In his affection what he beſt did love;
Seems angry with his Wife, and threatens her
That ſhe ſhall burn alive before ſhe ſtir.
The Clown (ſuppoſing *Xanthus* angry grow,
And that his Wife ſhould to the fire go,
Shews all his wit at once) replies, O ſtay
A while, till I from hence but go away
To fetch my Wife, and then they both ſhall be
Within one Fier burnt for companie.
At which fond anſwer *Xanthus* did confeſſe,
Æſop the greater knowledge to expreſſe;
For ſince the Clown ſo little lov'd his Wife,
He nothing elſe regarded in this life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

ÆSOPS *answer to the Judge.*

THe day after *Xanthus* commanded *Æsop* to go to the bath, and see what company was there, for he had a mind to bath; while he was running, by chance, he met the Pretor, who knowing him to be *Xanthus* his servant, asked him, whither away? who answered, he knew not, thinking the Pretor would not regard him; who commanded for his saucinesse, to have him away to prison. While they were carrying him away, *Æsop* cried out; Thou seest, O Pretor, how rightly I answered, that which I looked not for, is befallen me, and I am dragged to prison: The Pretor amazed with the wittinesse of his answer, dismissed him; so *Æsop* running to the bath, saw much company, and withall a great stone laid, as one should enter into the bath; whereat many going in and coming out stumbled: One amongst the rest going in to wash, took the stone and laid it aside: *Æsop* returning, tells his Master, he saw one man in the bath: *Xanthus* coming and seeing a multitude, what is this, O *Æsop*, I see many here, and thou toldest me of one man? Sir, there lay a great stone at the entry of the bath, whereat many stumbled; onely one man turned it aside; there-

fore I ſaid I ſaw but one man, eſteeming him more then all. You have your anſwer ready, quoth *Xanthus*. On a certain time *Xanthus* coming out of the privy, asked *Æſop* why men after they had done their eaſement, looked upon the excrements. He anſwers, in time paſt, a certain man living delicately, ſate in the privy till he voided his heart, from that time men have looked upon their excrements, for fear of the like; but Maſter take you no care for any ſuch matter, for you have no heart at all.

THree dayes b'ing paſt, *Æſop* employed is
Upon another meſſage, which was this:
Xanthus would go to th' Bath, and ſent to know
(That he more privately might thither go)
What company was in it; *Æſop* now
That ne're to do his Maſters will was ſlow,
Makes all the ſpeed he can: but by the way,
He meets a Judge, who to him thus did ſay,
Now Loggerhead where go'ſt thou? *Æſop* then
Troth Sir, I know not, cries to him agen:
But when the Judge did his croſſe anſwer hear,
He calls two men, and will'd them *Æſop* bear
To priſon ſtraight; to whom thus *Æſop* cri'd
For this firſt fault good Sir be pacifi'd:
Knew I that you would me to priſon ſend?
How could I truely then an anſwer lend
Which way I had to go? the Judge (who ſmiles
At *Æſops* anſwer, and his crafty wiles)
Bids, let the knave go free. So, *Æſop* makes
All ſpeed away, and his quick journey takes
Towards the Bath; where being entered, he
Eſpies there bathing a great companie:
But at the entry ſeeing there a Stone,
Whereat moſt ſtumbled ſaving onely one,
Who (wiſer then the reſt) remov'd the ſame.
When *Æſop* therefore back, t' his Maſter came,
Who asketh him how many bathing were;
Æſop replies, he ſaw but one man there.

Xanthus

Xanthus was pleas'd at this, and thither hies,
But b'ing arriv'd, a multitude he ſpies,
Of ſtrangers altogether in the Bath;
Who thus to *Æſop* (b'ing incens'd with wrath)
Villain, thou ſaidſt here were no more then one,
And he himſelf was bathing all alone.
'Tis true quoth *Æſop*, for behold where lies
A Stone before the Bath, yet none ſo wiſe
To move the ſame, all ſtumbled ſave this man,
And therefore him ſo ſtile I onely can;

But deem the reſt like ſenſleſſe Idiots all,
Who rather then they'd ſtoop, would ſtumbling fall.
Thus *Xanthus*, though diſpleas'd, no way could blame
(Hearing his anſwer) *Æſop* for the ſame.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Xanthus foolishly in his Cups made a bargain to drink all the water in the Sea: But Æsop wittily taught him how to dissolve the wager.

A Feast on a certain day being appointed by *Xanthus* and other Philosophers, the cup beginning to conquer, there arose certain questions: *Xanthus* began to chafe: *Æsop* said to him, Master, *Bacchus* is commander of three temperaments, the first of voluptuousnesse, the second of drunkennesse, the third of reproching: You being now merry, and having well drunk have a care of the rest. *Xanthus* being now through drunk, one of the Schollars asked him, whether a man might not drink up the Ocean? Very easily, I can do it my self quoth *Xanthus*; I will wage all I am worth upon it: at present they bind the wager, with the mutuall deposition of their rings, and for that time departed. The next day *Xanthus* being early up, washing his face, perceived his ring was lost; he calls *Æsop* to an account for his ring; I know not quoth he, what's become of it: but this I know, you must out of your house, for yesterday in a drunken fit you waged your house that you could drink up the Sea, and you bound the wager with your ring; *Xanthus* replied,

plied, and what could I wage leſſe? But canſt thou tell me a way how I may either do it, or diſſolve the bargain? For doing it, its impoſſible: how thou ſhalt untie the wager I will tell thee. When you ſhall meet again to day, ſeem not to fear, but what you ſaid drunk, ſpeak with as much confidence now you are ſober. Command a table to be ſet upon the ſhore, and that lads be provided to reach thee the water out of the Sea in cups, and when the multitude ſhall meet to ſee this ſight, ask them, with whom you have waged, what the bargain was? it will be replied, that you ſhould drink up the Sea. Turning thy ſelf to all of them, ſay thus; ye men of *Samos* you know that many rivers run into the Sea, and I bargained onely to drink up the Sea, and not the rivers that run into it, let any one ſtop the courſe of the waters which run into the Sea, and I am ready to drink up the Sea. *Xanthus* knowing this to be the onely way to diſſolve the wager, rejoyced exceedingly; The people therefore coming to ſee the ſight, *Xanthus* did and ſaid as *Æſop* had taught him; whereat the *Samians* admired, and highly commended him: Upon this the Schollar fell at his feet, acknowledging himſelf overcome, intreated him to diſſolve the bargain; which *Xanthus* at the intreaty of the people did.

IT chanc'd 'mongſt his acquaintance on a time,
Xanthus o'recome with lib'rall cups of Wine,
Midſt their diſcourſe one of them doth demand,
If it with poſſibility might ſtand
For one to drink the water in the Sea?
Xanthus replies, it poſſible might be;
And he could do it: wagers then were laid
On either ſide, and ſtakes by either made,
An hundred Crowns to *Xanthus* houſe: but now
When *Xanthus* well had ſlept, and hearing how
He had himſelf ore-reach'd, he 'gan repent
His fooliſh bargain, full of diſcontent;
To whom thus *Æſop* ſpake, if you will pleaſe
To free my bondage, and my bonds releaſe,

I ſhall invent and eas'ly find the way
Whereby your bargain ſoon diſſolve you may.
Xanthus agrees; And *Æſop* thus began;
Maſter, you know the boundleſſe Ocean
Which worketh ſtill with an inconſtant ride,
Doth not alone within it ſelf abide,
But purging ev'ry minute, when it flows,
What ebbs receiv'd, again to Rivers throws:
Whoſe Currents if your oppoſites can keep,
From back returning to th' unſadom'd Deep;
Bear you the loſſe: this *Æſop* *Xanthus* taught;
Who next day, when his Adverſaries thought
To win what he had laid, all ready were
To ſee him drink the Sea: but firſt forbear
A while, (quoth *Xanthus*) ſeeing yeſterday
I did this bargain make, and wager lay,
I muſt perform it; but the Sea you know
'Tis onely I muſt drink, no Brooks that flow
Into the ſame; Therefore if you can ſtop
Their currents thence, I ſoon ſhall drink it up:
The which did ſeem a task as great as his,
As well for them as for himſelf to miſſe:
Which both the Parties ſeeing, they agree
To break the Bargain, and each other free.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

XANTHUS *his Ingratitude to* ÆSOP.

THey departing to their houſes, *Æſop* came to *Xanthus*, ſaying, I hope now I deſerve my freedome: *Xanthus* refell'd him with rebuke, ſaying, doeſt thou think I will not be as good as my word? Go and ſtand before the door, and view, if thou canſt ſee two crows, tell me, for it preſages good luck; if but one, ill luck is towards. *Æſop* return'd, and told him he ſaw two crows ſit upon a tree. *Xanthus* coming out, one of them fled, and he could ſpie but one ſitting ſtill, and he ſaid, thou curſed villain, didſt not thou tell me thou ſaweſt two? Thou takeſt delight to deride me: whereupon he commanded that *Æſop* ſhould be ſoundly ſcourged. While he was beating, there came in one to ſup with *Xanthus*, and *Æſop* cried out, ah woe's me! I am beaten that ſaw two crows, and thou who ſaweſt but one goeſt in to banquet, it was therefore an unhappy omen: *Xanthus* admiring his ſubtilty, commanded them to ceaſe beating him.

WHen *Xanthus* had receiv'd the benefit,
And freed his Wager by his Servants wit,

Æſop

Æſop his Maſters promiſes expects,
But *Xanthus* moſt ingratefully rejects
His juſt demand, ſtudying more and more
To uſe him harſher then he did before,
And mingle ſtripes with threats; but Æſop ſtill
So well conform'd him to his Maſters will
In all things to obey, that *Xanthus* hate
Could find no juſt ground (though inveterate)
To puniſh Æſop: yet as quenchleſſe fire
The more ſuppreſt, doth with more force aſpire,
Conſuming all it meets; ſo *Xanthus* rage
Æſops beſt duty no way can aſſwage:
Being reſolv'd, although (without a cauſe)
Now to burſt forth, and not one minutes pauſe
Admit to keep it in; for which intent
He on a fooliſh errand Æſop ſent
To ſeek about the field, if haply he
Could find two Crows perching upon one tree,
And ſo to bring him word; for two (quoth he)
Portend good luck; but one a Prodigie.
Æſop walks forth and finds them; back doth run
To *Xanthus*, ere who got out, one was gone:
Which he perceiving; Crook-backt ſlave (quoth he)
Thy daily cuſtome is to flout at me,
And now I'll take revenge, and bang thee well:
But Æſop cry'd, Sir, while I came to tell
The news to you, one of them fled away.
Yet *Xanthus* ſlights th' excuſe, and ſtripes doth lay
More thick on him, till dinner-time drew on,
And *Xanthus* to his meat was call'd upon:
When Æſop murmur'd thus; Alas, how curſt
My fortune is! I'm ſure to have the worſt:
Two Crows portend good luck, one onely Crow
My Maſter ſayes misfortune doth foreſhew,
But I ſpide two, and he but onely one,
Yet have I ſtripes; he to good chear is gone:
If men by Birds no better can divine,
Let them foretell their own good luck, not mine.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

ÆSOP waggiſhly diſcovereth the nakedneſſe of his Miſtris.

Xanthus having invited ſome friends, ſends *Æſop* to Cater for proviſions, who very diligently performed his Maſters commands and provided it. When dinner was ready and brought in, his Miſtris was repoſed on a Palate in the room, and faſt aſleep; *Æſop* awaked her and prayed her to watch, leſt the dogs carry the meat away: ſhe being angry replies that ſhe had eyes to ſee behind to watch the proviſion. *Æſop* took this merrily, and watcht his opportunity to retort, (but firſt making an end of ſerving in the meat) at his return ſtole gently to the Couch, lifting up her garments, unvailed her poſteriors. By this time *Xanthus* was come in with his gueſſe: At which ſight whether he was pleaſed or aſhamed, let the reader judge.

Xanthus again to Market *Æſop* ſends
To buy proviſion t' entertain ſome friends
Which he invites to Dinner; *Æſops* care
Not backwards is all ready to prepare:
When Dinner time approch'd, he brings the meats,
And on the Board each diſh in order ſets; But

But on a velvet Couch which ſtood thereby
He ſees his Miſtris ſleeping ſoundly lie;
To whom he calls; Miſtris, awake I pray,
And look the Dogs ſnatch not the meat away:
But ſhe b'ing angry that he wak'd her, cries
Villain be quiet, my back-ſide hath eyes.
Now *Æſop* who his Miſtris anſwer took
In way of courſe deriſion, could not brook
Longer delay, till he might back retort
So groſſe a frump, (though by a knaviſh ſport:)
And therefore, in his mind conceiv'd it beſt
To thwart her humour with an equall Jeſt.
Mean while (ere he the Project could effect)
His Maſters charge he held in firſt reſpect;
So goes back to the Kitchen to fetch more
Which brought, he finds his Miſtris as before,
Still faſt aſleep; with that he walks to her,
And ſoftly doth her ſmock and coats prefer
To hide her face, and to himſelf replies,
Miſtris, if your *Poſteriors* have eyes,
Pray let them be unmask'd: By this time home
Xanthus with his invited Gueſts is come;
Who entring now the Hall, and ſeeing there
His Wife to lie with both her Buttocks bare;
Of *Æſop* asks the cauſe; *Æſop* doth tell
His Maſter all; Reader, think thou how well
Xanthus was pleas'd; I more forbear to ſay
Leſt I too much the Womans ſhame diſplay.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Xanthus commands Æſop to admit of none to enter at his Gate, but Wiſemen and Philoſophers.

SOme dayes after *Xanthus* inviting many Philoſophers and Oratours to dinner, commands *Æſop* to keep the gate, and to let in no illiterate dunce amongſt them, but onely the grave Sophies. At dinner time, *Æſop* ſitting in the portall, there comes one who was invited and knocks at the gate. *Æſop* within, ſaid; what ſtirs the dog? He thinking himſelf to be called dog, away he goes: ſo in brief every one that came, went back, not taking ſuch an injury well: But at length when one of them came to the gate, and knockt, and heard the words, *what ſtirs the dog?* his ears and his tail, quoth he. *Æſop* judging his anſwer acute and proper gave him entrance, and brought him to his Maſter: ſaying, there's no Philoſopher come to dinner, Maſter, ſave this one. *Xanthus* was very ſorry hereat, that he ſhould be ſo much deceived by them whom he had invited. The day after when they came to the Schools, they accuſed *Xanthus*, ſaying, Sir, as it ſhould ſeem, you ſlighted us, and not onely ſo, but ſet that ugly fellow *Æſop* to abuſe us at your gate, and to call us dogs. But Sirs, quoth *Xanthus*, are you in earneſt, or jeſt? They replied, unleſſe we are aſleep, its

true

true as we tell thee. *Æsop* presently was call'd for, and ask'd upon what ground he abused his friends? who answered, Master, did not you command me that I should not admit any unlearned, or vulgar fellow into your feast, but onely such as were wise men? and what are these sirrah, quoth *Xanthus*, are they not wise men? no wayes, quoth *Æsop*; for when they knockt at the gate, I asked them, what the dog stirr'd? not one of them understood me: Therefore I gave entrance to none, but onely this man, who gave me a wiser answer. When *Æsop* had this said, they all agreed that he was in the right.

ÆSOP, who must supply all Offices,
And all his Master *Xanthus* humours please,
Must now become his Porter, and must wait
To see that no man enter at the Gate
But such as he appoints, and those to be
Wise-men, not Fools, else none must *Xanthus* see.
At length one comes demanding entrance there;
But *Æsop* still (whose answers rugged were)
Thus unto him doth say; Thou Dog come in:
The Wiseman, angry grown, goes back again:
In brief, thus *Æsop* answers all that came,
And all return with anger at the same:
Untill amongst the rest one wiser grows,
Not minding *Æsops* words, and in he goes.
The next day, those who were repulst relate
Æsops rude answer to them at the Gate
Unto his Master, who doth *Æsop* call,
And harshly chid with him before them all:
Who thus to quit himself (Good Sir) replies
You bad me let in none but who were wise;
Nor did I disobey; for no wise man
Will ev'ry foolish word or answer scan,
And anger shew at every fool, lest they
The greater folly in themselves display:
Therefore I him who entred hold to be
The onely Wise-man of the Companie.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

ÆSOP *finding a treasure,* Xanthus *proves ungratefull.*

NOt many dayes after *Xanthus* (*Æsop* following him) went to the monuments, and reading the epigrams, was much delighted. *Æsop* seeing these letters, *sc.* α, β, δ, ο, ς, ϑ, χ, ingraven, shewed them to *Xanthus*, and enquired of him if he knew what they meant: who after diligent study was not able to find out what they signified, plainly acknowledged himself dubious. Master, quoth *Æsop*, if I shall find a treasure by this column, what reward shall I have? Thou shalt have thy liberty, be confident, said *Xanthus*, and half the gold. Then *Æsop* four steps distant from the grave-stone, digging, found a treasure, and brought it to his Master; demanding, according to his promise, both freedome and gold. No sure, said *Xanthus*, untill I understand the letters, and the sense; for to be skill'd in that, I esteem above the treasure. *Æsop*, to satisfie him, told him, that a wise man was the ingraver of those letters, which, saith he, import thus much (according to the Greek) α *going*, β *paces*, δ *four*, ο *digging*, ς *thou shalt find*, ϑ *a treasure*, χ *of gold*. *Xanthus* replied, because thou art so cunning thou shalt be no freeman. Then Sir,

quoth *Æsop*, I will declare that it belongs to the King of *Byzantium*, for its hid here for him. *Xanthus* replies, How know you this? From the inscription, quoth he: for thus much they intimate (in Greek) *α restore, β to the King, δ Dionysius, ο which, ε thou hast found. θ treasure, χ of gold.* *Xanthus* understanding that the treasure belonged to the King, said to *Æsop*, take half the treasure, and hold thy peace. Now I take not this as thy good will; but as his that hid the gold: But hear me Sir, thus speak the letters; *α taking, β go your way, δ divide, ο which, ε ye have found, θ the treasure.* Hereupon *Xanthus* replied, come your wayes, take half the money, and your liberty. Departing therefore together, *Xanthus* feared the pratling of *Æsop*, commanded him to be cast into prison. While they drew *Æsop* away, alas, quoth he, are these the promises of philosophers? for I onely receive not my liberty, but thou giveſt command to throw me into prison. *Xanthus* therefore gave order for his liberty, saying to him, thou speakeſt truth: when thou hast got thy liberty, thou wilt stickle against me to some purpose: Then saith *Æsop*, do your worst, whether you will or no I will have my freedome.

As *Æsop* grew in years, his wisdome so
Increased still, and did exacter grow:
Who with his Master walking to behold
Decayed Sepulchres with age grown old;
Amongst the rest a Monument appears,
Whereon engraven were strange Characters,
Which the prefixed Emblem here displayes:
Æsop demands the meaning: *Xanthus* sayes
The meaning seem'd much difficult, and he
Could not unfold so great a Mysterie.
Quoth *Æsop* then, My Lord, what benefit
Shall I receive, if I resolve you it?
Xanthus his freedome promiseth; to whom
Thus *Æsop* then, Behold this aged Tomb
A golden Treasure in it doth contain,
As these engraven Characters explain: Which

Which we ſhall find by digging; for to us
In Latine ſo it anſwers:

Recedens, Paſſus, Quatuor, Fodiens, Invenies, Theſaurum aureum:

Engliſh'd thus:

Deſcend four ſteps, then dig, and there
A golden treaſure ſhall appear.

So digging there, they find what was foretold,
The Treaſure rich, and all of Maſſie gold:
Which having got, poor *Æſop* now doth crave
His Maſters promiſe, and his ſhare to have:
But *Xanthus* doth ingratefully denie,
Not onely ſhare, but *Æſops* libertie;
Detaining all himſelf. Then *Æſop* (thus
Defrauded) cries, King *Dionyſius*
This Treaſure claims, it is not due to thee;
For ſo the following Letters ſignifie;
In Latine thus:

Redde Regi Dionyſio, Quem Inveniſti Theſaurum;

In Engliſh thus expreſt:

The treaſure you diſcovered, bring
To Dionyſius your King.

This laſt expounding troubled ſore the breſt
Of wretched *Xanthus*, doubtfull what to do;
But yet the greater miſchief to eſchew,
He is contented now with all his heart
Rather then all to loſe, give *Æſop* part;
For ſo the later clauſe again implies,
In Latine thus:

Acceptum Euntes Dividite Quem Inveniſtis Theſaurum Aureum:

Thus Engliſh ſpecifies:

The golden treaſure, which you are
Poſſeſſed of, betwixt you ſhare.

Yet *Xanthus* home returning, big with hate,
And envying his ſervants proſp'rous ſtate,

Seeks more to do him wrong, then gratefull be;
And, honeſt as his word, to ſet him free;
But that he might the treaſure all poſſeſſe,
As old men mõſt are giv'n to covetouſneſſe,
Fearing leſt *Æſop* by his talking would
That mighty treaſure's maſſy ſumme unfold,
Thinks beſt to lay him faſt; which he effects,
And 'gainſt all gratitude, or due reſpects
Sends him to loathſome priſon, there to lie,
And adde more griefs to former miſerie.
Till *Æſop* thus, too ſenſible of wrong,
And injuries which he had ſuffer'd long,
In's Maſters ſervice; Thankleſſe man (quoth he)
Is this the Freedome once you promis'd me?
Is this the recompence? and muſt I ſtill
Be thus rewarded for my good with ill?
You Gods aſſiſt my juſt complaint! At this
Xanthus was ſomewhat mov'd, and did releaſe
Æſop from priſon: but by no intreat
From bondage could he his enlargement get,
Untill reſolv'd, he boldly thus did ſpeak;
Now do thy worſt, ere long my bonds ſhall break,
And ſpite of thy oppreſſion, or diſdain,
Ere few dayes paſſe, I ſhall my freedome gain:
The which as he foretold, effected was,
And in the following Chapter comes to paſſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

ÆSOP *is set at liberty.*

AT that ſeaſon after this manner it fell out at *Samos*. A ſtately feaſt was kept publickly, an Eagle flew ſuddenly over, and ſnatch'd away the publick ring, and dropt it into the lap of a ſervant; The *Samians* affrighted at this accident, and wondring what it ſhould portend, gathering together to conſult, moved it to *Xanthus*, being a chief citizen, and philoſopher, deſiring the meaning of this prodigy: He very dubious of the matter, enquired the time when this fell out; and going home, was very ſad and penſive, becauſe he could not reſolve them. *Æſop* ſeeing *Xanthus* ſo dejected, went to him, and enquired what made him ſo ſorrowfull; reveal it I pray you to me, and farewell to your ſadneſſe: To morrow when you go into the market, tell the *Samians*, that you are not skill'd in untying knotty riddles, nither can you divine, but I have a lad who will reſolve you this queſtion; and although I ſhall reſolve this, yet you ſhall have the honour of it, by keeping ſuch a ſervant, if it fall out otherwiſe the diſgrace will redound to me. *Xanthus* thus perſwaded, the next day came into the theatre, and ſtood in the midſt, according to the advice

of *Æſop*, declaring to them that met together, what he had counſelled him to do. They preſently deſired that *Æſop* might be ſent for, who when he came and ſtood amongſt them, the *Samians* looking on his face, derided him; will this countenance ever be able to reſolve us? And they fell into loud laughing. *Æſop* ſtretching forth his hand, deſired ſilence, and ſaid; Men of *Samos*, why cavill ye at my face? you ſhould not look upon my face but my mind; for oftentimes Nature hath covered an excellent mind, under a viſage unſeemly. Do you look upon the exteriour faſhion of the veſſell, and not attend the inward virtue of the wine? Hearing theſe things, they ſaid, *Æſop*, if thou haſt any thing to ſay, ſpeak it to the Citie. Then he boldly ſtood forth, ſaying; Ye men of *Samos*, becauſe fortune, which is deſirous of contention, propounds the glory of victory to the maſter and ſervant, if the ſervant ſeem inferiour to his maſter, let him go away ſoundly beaten, but if the ſervant excell, let him eſcape free: then all the people cried out, *Xanthus* give *Æſop* his freedome; in this obſerve the *Samians*, and gratifie them in their requeſt: *Xanthus* refuſed not, indeed, but the Pretor ſaid, *Xanthus* if thou hearken not to the people, I even in this hour will give *Æſop* his freedome, and then he will be equall to thee: then *Xanthus* was conſtrained to give him his freedome: hereupon the Crier cried out, *Xanthus* the philoſopher gives *Æſop* his freedome; and in the mean time *Æſop* ended his ſpeech, ſaying to *Xanthus*, now againſt your will I ſhall be freed. Thus *Æſop* being freed, ſtood in the midſt of them, ſaying; Ye men of *Samos*, the Eagle you know is queen of birds, and whereas ſhe dropt this imperiall ring into the lap of a ſervant, ſeems to intimate, that ſome there are of the Kings, who endeavour to bring your liberty into ſlavery, and to diſanull your eſtabliſhed Laws: The *Samians* hearing this, were exceeding ſad: Not long after there came letters from *Craſus* King of the *Lydians*, to *Samos*, requiring tribute of them, if otherwiſe, that they prepare themſelves for battel.

battel. Hereupon there was a generall conſultation, and fear to become ſubjects unto *Cræſus*; yet they thought it fitting to take *Æſops* advice: He told them; I will inform you what is beſt: fortune hath ſhewn us a double way, one of liberty, which in the beginning is difficult, but the iſſue eaſie: another of thraldome, whoſe beginning is eaſie, but the end toilſome. The *Samians* hearing this, cried out, ſeeing we are free-men, we will not, for nothing, become ſlaves, ſo they diſmiſſed the Embaſſadour, without terms of peace. Which ſo ſoon as *Cræſus* knew, he determined to wage war againſt the *Samians*, but the Embaſſadour told him, you cannot conquer the *Samians*, ſo long as *Æſop* is amongſt them, and counſells them. Rather, O King, ſend Embaſſadours, and deſire *Æſop* of them, promiſing them many thanks, and a releaſing of the required tribute; and then perhaps you may ſubdue them. Theſe things prevailing with *Cræſus*, he ſent, deſiring *Æſop* might come to him: The *Samians*, decreed to deliver him; who when he knew it, ſtood up in the midſt of them, ſaying, ye men of *Samos*, I am ready to proſtrate my ſelf at the feet of King *Cræſus*, but I will relate to you one ſtory. At what time the beaſts ſpake amongſt themſelves, the Wolves brought warre upon the Sheep, and the Dogs aiding them, ſent for the Wolves, the Wolves ſent an embaſſage to the Sheep, that if they would live in peace and quietneſſe, they deſired them to ſend them the Dogs, The fooliſh Sheep were perſwaded hereto, and ſent the Dogs, the Wolves forthwith tear the Dogs in pieces, and eaſily ſlew the Sheep. The *Samians* underſtanding the meaning of this fable, determined ſtill to keep *Æſop* with them; But he ſuffered them not, but ſet forth with the Embaſſadour to *Cræſus*.

NOt many dayes expired, there befell
An accident in *Samos*, ſtrange to tell,
Where *Xanthus* dwelt: Behold an Eagle o're
The City flies, and the chief Signet bore

Away with her, while as the *Samians* all
Were ſolemnizing a great Feſtivall:
Whereat (amaz'd) they unto *Xanthus* ſend
To be reſolved what it might portend;
But *Xanthus* grew perplexed in his mind,
Becauſe he could not the true meaning find.
Æſop perceiving now his Maſters grief,
Requeſts the cauſe, with promiſe of relief
To his content; *Xanthus* relates the ſame:
With that before the *Samians* *Æſop* came,
Whoſe crooked limbs did more derision raiſe,
Then hope to be reſolv'd; till *Æſop* ſayes
Thus unto them; Sirs, wherefore laugh ye ſo?
'Tis not the form, nor the externall ſhow
That makes the man; but wiſedome, and a mind
That can cloſe Natures deepeſt ſecrets find;
Nor ſhould a wiſe man 'cauſe a Veſſel's new,
Reject an old one of a blacker hue;
For older Veſſels may perchance contain
Far richer Wine then doth in new remain.
Which learned anſwer made them all admire,
And with intreaties *Æſops* aid require,
T' expound the meaning of that ſtrange event;
But *Æſop* of his wiſedome confident,
Fortune (quoth he) hath ſome ſedition ſowa
Betwixt a Lord and Servant of his own;
But if the Lord the victory do gain,
The Servant ſhall no liberty obtain,
Nor his juſt right: if therefore you would ſee
A true ſolution, give me liberty;
That ſo I may unfold with boldneſſe all
Which you demand, or may to you befall.
Then all reſolv'd that *Xanthus* ſhould releaſe
The bonds of *Æſop*, and his ſlav'ry ceaſe;
Which (though againſt his Maſters humour) they
Effect; nor durſt old *Xanthus* but obey.
Remembring now what lately *Æſop* ſpoke,
In ſpite of thee I ſhall caſt off the yoke;

Then

Then *Æsop* straight was plac'd before the seat,
Where all the *Samians* were in Councill met:
Who (silence b'ing proclaim'd) doth thus begin;
My Lords, the Eagle over birds is King,
Which having bore your Seal away with her
(The State and Power of your Governour)
Inferres thus much, a King by conquest shall
Orethrow your Laws, and liberties inthrall.
According to which saying, lo there came
Embassadours from *Lydia*, who proclaim
Their *Lydian* Kings command, and do relate
To them of *Samos* who in Councill sate,
How that great Monarch homage did expect
From those of *Samos*, and to that effect
Demands a yearly tribute: else that he
Will ruinate their City speedily.
A time for answer given, *Æsop* then
Is call'd to give them counsell once agen:
Who thus; *My Lords, I would not you dissuade*
But that the King of Lydia *be obey'd:*
Nor 'gainst the publique profit would I break
Silence, or else against the Citie speak:
Yet hear two things, which in this mortall age,
Fortune presents upon this earthly Stage:
The one is liberty, which to procure
At first seems hard; the end is sweet and sure:
Bondage the other, whose beginning shows
Sweet at the first, the end more sower grows.
The *Samians* hearing this, and knowing that
It tended to the good of publick state,
This answer to th' Embassadours did give,
Go tell your lord, that *Samos* will not live
Subject to any man: but still possesse
Her ancient liberty and happinesse.
With that the *Lydian* King did angry grow,
Intends to raise an Army, and o'rethrow
Their City, till the Embassadour spoke;
Sir, 'tis in vain to bring them to the yoke,

Vnleſſe thou *Æſop* from their Councel call,
And then into thy hands they ſoon will fall:
So ſtraight Embaſſadours provided be,
And ſent again to *Samos* ſpeedily,
Bearing this meſſage; *Lords, our Maſters will,*
Though once deny'd, at laſt you muſt fulfill:
Which is, that to his Court you Æſop ſend,
And then 'gainſt you his anger ſhall have end.
But Æſop hearing this did let them know,
He was not backward to the King to go:
Yet to the *Samians* do's a *Fable* tell,
Which long ago (when Beaſts could ſpeak) befell.

The FABLE.

THe Wolves intended warre againſt the Sheep,
But they (too weak their fury to withſtand)
Sent to the Dogs, deſiring aid to keep
The Wolves from quite deſtroying of their Land:
The Dogs ſend aid, and in full many ſore
And dreadfull fights did the wolves Army gore.

The Wolves then ſeeing force could not prevail
To curb their foes which had ſo powerfull aid,
Conſults with policie them to aſſail,
If poſſibly the Sheep might be betraid:
And with fair words, and promiſes at large,
Intreat the Sheep the Maſtives to diſcharge.

The Sheep believing what the Wolves did ſay,
Not dreaming of the treach'ry of their foes,
Reſolved are to ſend the Dogs away,
Hoping to live at quiet without blows:
And ſo rewards for what the Dogs had done
Being beſtow'd, they leave the Sheep alone.

But when the Wolves perceiv'd their ſtouteſt foes
Had left the Sheep, and to their home were gone,
Perfidiouſly they with redoubled blows
The Sheep (harm not miſtruſting) ſet upon,
And overthrew them. Since which, ſtill we ſee
Continuall diſcord 'twixt them two to be.

So,

So, when the *Samians* had this *Fable* heard,
They in his abſence their deſtruction feard,
And by all means they could, ſought him to ſtay,
But could not him by their intreaties ſway.

CHAP. XXII.

ÆSOPS ſucceſſefull entertainment with the Lydian *King, in the behalf of the* Samians.

THey coming forthwith to *Lydia*, the King ſeeing Æ*ſop* before him, was angry to think that ſuch a fellow ſhould prevent the ſubduing of ſo famous an Iland. Æ*ſop* anſwers, Mighty King, not of force or neceſſity am I come unto thee, but willingly and of my own accord, wherefore I humbly beg your patience. A certain man catching Locuſts killed them, he took alſo the Graſhopper, and when he would have killed her, ſhe ſaid thus, good Sir kill me not, for I am not injurious to the corn, nor any other way, but I chear up the weary traveller with my harmleſſe muſick, in me thou findeſt nothing but a ſound. This he having heard diſmiſſed her. Thus I, O King, humbly touching your feet, beſeech you ſpare my life, for I cannot be injurious to any man, and in this ſqualid body you ſhall find a generous ſoul. The King wondering, and pittying him ſaid,

So,

ſaid, Æſop, I will not onely give thee thy life, but a fortune alſo: therefore ask what thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it. May it pleaſe thee, O King, to be reconciled to the *Samians*; and when the King anſwered, I am reconciled, he fell down to the ground, and gave him moſt humble thanks. After this he wrote his Fables, which to this very day are extant amongſt the *Lydians*.

ÆSOP according to the Kings requeſt,
To *Lydia* goes; the King provides a Feaſt
To entertain the Stranger: but when he
Beholdeth *Æſops* foul deformitie,
He vents his anger thus: Is this the man
Whoſe Counſell made the *Samians* us withſtand?
Can wiſedome lurk in ſuch an ugly form?
And thus inrag'd he furiouſly doth ſtorm.
But Æſop whoſe invention ne're was ſlack,
(A ready anſwer unto all to make)
Reply'd; *Great King, thy power forc'd not me,*
But my deſire t' attend thy Majeſtie
Caus'd my arrivall, who with hope depend
That thou ſome audience to my words wilt lend.
The King attends, and Æſop thus replies;
The other day a man was chaſing Flies,
But caught a Nightingale: the tim'rous Bird
(Without deſert now to be ſlain afeard)
Cries to the Faulkner, Maſter, thee I pray
That me without offence thou wilt not ſlay,
I do no harm, nor any thing annoy,
Nor do I corn or fruits of earth deſtroy,
Like other Birds, but with my warbling Song,
Make glad the hearts of thoſe that paſſe along.
Neither canſt thou reap benefit at all,
By killing me, my Carcaſſe is ſo ſmall.
Which lamentation mov'd the Faulkner ſo,
That he the harmleſſe Nightingale let go.
Therefore, (great Sir) conſider my meak ſtate,
I wiſh none harm, then haſten not my fate,

By

By death or violence: for if I die,
My body profits none: but (living) I
Unto the World may by my wisedome lend
Things usefull for her till her latest end.
This *Fable* moralliz'd the King did please,
And rage 'gainst *Æsops* crookednesse appease.
Who answers thus; *Lo, Æsop, unto thee*
I give not life: 'tis fortunes gift from me:
But if within my power thou ought request,
As soon as asked thou shalt be possest.
Thus Æsops mind rejoyced, who (as soon
As he had promis'd) thus demands a boon:
Great King, I render thanks, and since your Grace
Is pleas'd such favours upon me to place
Without desert, if so you daigne to grant,
(For I my self no earthly treasure want)
The Samians *Tribute onely to be free,*
Your Highnesse hath enough rewarded me.
The King consents. And Æsop now began,
While he doth in the *Lydian* Court remain,
To write these *Fables* which hereafter do
Present themselves to each ingenuous view.
But some time past, Æsop doth now desire
Unto forsaken *Samos* to retire,
The news of their released tax to bring,
So freely granted by the *Lydian* King.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

ÆSOPS *return to* Samos.

ÆSOP having received letters from the King of *Lydia* which intimated the grant of peace, and releasing of a tribute to the *Samians*; the men of *Samos* seeing of him, came to meet him with garlands, and dancings; he reads the letters, and shews them that the King had freely granted them their liberty, whereupon *Æsop* was honoured the second time with the favour of freedome. Not long after this, he departed from this Island and travelled over the world, every where disputing with Philosophers, at length he came into *Babylon*, and there making his learning appear, was in great repute with King *Lycerus*, for in those dayes truce being between Kingdoms, there was great delight taken in mutuall sending philosophicall questions one to another: which, whosoever could resolve, received a relaxation of tribute from him that sent him.

ÆSOP returns to *Samos*; b'ing arriv'd,
The people with all gladnesse him receiv'd
Shewing all signes of joy; some few dayes gone
Æsop makes open Proclamation

How-

How *Lydia's* King their tribute did remit;
The *Samians* (joyfull of this benefit)
More thankfulnesse to learned *Æsop* gave,
And nothing thought too dear that he would have;
All honours seem'd too mean they could bestow.
Such gratitude did joyfull *Samos* show.
Æsop at last again to travell bent,
To see some other forraigne Regions went
His knowledge to increase, and now he came
To *Babylon*, a City of great fame,
This was the Seat of King *Lycerus*, who
Hearing of *Æsop*, entertainment due
To him did give, and other gifts confer
Worthy so famous a Philosopher.
Æsop now having spent some few dayes there,
The customes of the bord'ring Princes were
Problems obscure oft mutually to send,
And Riddles, which their learnedst men had pend,
To try the judgements of the wisest men;
Who if they could not answers send agen,
And rightly them explain; that King must claim
Tribute from him to whom he sent the same.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

ÆSOP unfolds all Secrets whatsoever, and by his wisedome much inricheth the Babylonian *King.*

ÆSOP therefore understanding the problems which came to *Lycerus*, gave the meaning, and so made the King renowned: and he in the name of *Lycerus* sent to other Kings after the same manner: which questions unresolved, caused an exaction of a far greater tribute from those Kings who were not able to do it. Now *Æsop* seeing he had no children, adopted *Ennus* a certain noble-man, and commended him to the King. Not long after this *Ennus* had to do with *Æsops* concubine, which when *Æsop* knew of, he turned him out of doors; who being much offended with this act, fained letters from *Æsop*, to those who moved these philosophicall questions to *Lycerus*, which letters signified his readinesse to do them service rather then *Lycerus*, and these letters *Ennus* gave to the King sealed with *Æsops* ring.

WHile *Æsop* with *Lycerus* did remain,
Divers wise men in forraigne parts did faign
Strange *Fables*; and dark Mysteries invent,
Which to the *Babylonian* King were sent, T'un-

T' unfold the meaning; each Philoſopher
His verdict gave, but none did true appear;
Till *Æſop* (being call'd) the perfect way
Found out the cloſeſt Secrets to diſplay;
And other *Fables* penned, to which none
Of other parts could give ſolution.
By which *Lycerus* full of Riches grew,
Which by that means from forreign Kings he drew.
And therefore now in ſhew of thankfulneſſe
For *Æſops* learning, and his love t' expreſſe,
He doth to greater Honours *Æſop* raiſe,
Whoſe wiſdome almoſt the whole Countrey ſwayes.
Till *Ennus* young, well manured, and fair,
(By *Æſop* b'ing adopted for his Heire,
And rais'd to ample fortunes) fell in love
With *Æſops* Concubine, and ſuits did move
To bring her to his will. To his deſire
(Burning with luſt full and unquenched fire)
She yields; And *Ennus* by her looks is wonne
To rivall who adopted him his Sonne.
But as alone one miſchief ſeldome falls,
But to the wronged part, another calls;
So *Æſop* now not dreaming of the wrong,
Already acted, but remaining ſtrong
In love to *Ennus*, *Ennus* to requite
His love, doth in ingratitude delight;
And fearing leſt that by ſucceſſe of time
Æſop would vindicate his loathed crime,
And caſt him out of favour, (big with hate)
He plots which way to haſten *Æſops* fate;
And therefore him of treaſon doth accuſe;
Then with falſe Letters *Æſops* truth abuſe:
Which do incenſe the King, that *Æſop* had
His Majeſtie to other Kings betraid,
By faigned *Fables*, the which here and there
He had divulg'd and ſcatter'd every where.
Thus Luſt oft-times at firſt which pleaſant ſhows,
'Twixt deareſt friendſhip moſt ſedition ſows.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

ÆSOP commanded to be put to death upon Ennus *his false accusation, and how he is saved.*

THe King giving credit to the ring, wonderfully moved with anger, he commands *Hermippus*, without any further examination to take away the traytours life. But *Hermippus* was *Æsops* friend and then he shewed it; for he hid him in a Sepulchre, and there nourished him; *Ennus* also by the Kings leave took possession of all *Æsops* goods. A certain space after *Nectenabo* King of *Egypt* hearing that *Æsop* was dead, sent a letter to *Lycerus*, requiring workmen that could build a tower, which should touch neither earth nor heaven, and one that could answer all that he should be ask'd. Which if he did, then he should exact tribute, if not he should pay. *Lycerus* having read this grows very pensive, seeing none of his friends could devise what the question concerning the tower meant: The King upon that cries out, *Æsop* the pillar of my kingdome is fallen and dead. *Hermippus* seeing the King so much dejected for *Æsops* losse, came to the King, and brought him word that *Æsop* was alive, adding that even for the Kings sake he had not put him to death, because he knew it would much grieve him afterwards.

The

THe King too easie *Ennus* to believe,
And to false accusations credit give,
Thinks all 'gainst *Æsop* true; and with command
(Whose will doth fixed as the Center stand)
Dooms *Æsop* straight to death. But as the Sun
(In spite of clouds) his wonted course doth run,
And (they b'ing chased quite away) appear
More full of lustre, radiant, and clear;
So *Æsop* now by kind *Hermippus* aid,
(Who in an obscure sepulchre him laid,
To hide him from the wrath of th' angry King,
Knowing the Letters which his Son did bring,
Against his Father, false; and sent him there
All things for sustenance that needfull were)
Some few weeks past, his honour doth obtain,
And in his former glory seat again:
Occasion'd by this means: Nere-silent Fame
This news in joyfull *Egypt* did proclaim
Unto the King, that *Æsop* now was dead,
Whereby he thought from *Babylon* was fled
All hope t' oppose him more: and therefore straight
Frames Letters which these Riddles did relate:
That *Nectenabus* lately did project
I'th' air a stately tower to erect,
To touch nor Heaven nor Earth; and did intreat
That King *Lycerus* would the Masons get,
And send them to effect it; and beside,
If for his use such men he could provide,
The Letters likewise thus much did display,
He of his Land would the tenth tribute pay.
But no wise-man of *Babylon* had wit
Enough to answer, or accomplish it:
Whereat their King *Lycerus* (with a brow
Whereon dwelt anger, which could terrour throw
'Gainst any which displeas'd him) curses all
That were the cause of *Æsops* wrongfull fall.
Which when *Hermippus* well perceiv'd, in haste
He goes, and on the ground his body cast

Before

Before the King; to whom he thus did say,
Great Sir, let no sad thoughts your passion sway
To grow inrag'd with me, and I shall bring
ÆSOP alive, and safe before the King:
For I preserv'd whom thou didst doom to death,
Well knowing that the losse of ÆSOPS breath
Could bring no profit; but his life might be,
(Though hatefull then) some benefit to thee.

CHAP. XXVI.

ÆSOP is brought before the King again, and re-obtains his former credit.

THe King not a little glad that *Æsop* was yet alive, he was brought to him all dirty and bemired, whom when he saw, he was moved with much compassion towards him, and commanded that he should be washed and cleansed. After this *Æsop* easily confuted the grounds of his former accusation, whereupon when the King gave command that *Ennus* should be put to death, *Æsop* begg'd his pardon. Not long after a letter came from the King of *Egypt*, which the King gave *Æsop* to peruse; he forthwith knowing how to resolve the questions propounded, smiled, and desired an answer might be dispatcht,

diſpatcht, and after winter ſent away, both who ſhould build this tower, and alſo one that ſhould anſwer all what ſhould be demanded: The King thereupon ſends the *Egyptian* Embaſſadours back, and gives to *Æſop* his former wealth, and *Ennus* alſo; whom he having received again, uſed him as his ſon, and with theſe or the like words admoniſhed him: My ſon, in the firſt place worſhip God, honour the King, ſhew thy ſelf terrible to thine enemies, that they deſpiſe thee not, facil and courteous to thy friends, that they may be enlarged in friendſhip towards thee. Alſo pray that thine enemies be poor, leſt they offend thee; wiſh thy friends in all things well. Cleave to thy Conſort, that ſhe make not tryall of another. Be not ſwift to ſpeak, but to hear; Envy not well-doers, for thereby thou ſhalt injure thy ſelf moſt: be carefull of thy domeſtick affairs, that thou mayeſt not be lookt upon as a Maſter, but adored as a benefactour. Be not aſhamed alwayes to learn the better things. Reveal not thy ſecrets to a woman, for ſhe is alwayes provided to domineer. Every day ſtore up for to morrow, for its better after death to leave ſomewhat to thine enemy, then want while thou liveſt for thy friends. Gently ſalute all thou meet'ſt. Repent not that thou haſt been honeſt. Turn a whiſperer out of doors. Do that for which thou mayeſt not have cauſe to repent. Thus *Ennus* being adviſed by *Æſop*, and ſtruck as it were with an arrow in his Conſcience, a little after his ſoul and body parted, and he died.

THe King b'ing full of joy that *Æſop* lives,
Deſires to ſee him, and commandment gives
That he before his preſence ſtraight be brought;
Who (as before to kill him) now his thought
Wholly was bent how to requite the wrong
That *Æſop* in the Dung'on ſuffer'd long:
And therefore doth to him his wealth reſtore,
And gives him greater honour then before.
Then ſhews what Letters late from *Egypt* came:
And *Æſop* having well perus'd the ſame,

Thus

Thus will's the King to anſwer; that when as
The Winter's paſt hee'l bring the ſame to paſſe:
And ſo Embaſſadours diſpatched are,
Lycerus will in *Egypt* to declare.
Return we now to *Ennus*, whoſe ſad breſt
With envy ſwoln, that *Æſop* is poſſeſt
Of wealth, and into favour call'd again,
No reſt can take; but full of foul diſdain
Runnes up and down with diſcontented looks,
And no ſociety or comfort brooks,
But Deſerts and wild places, like a man,
Whoſe ſenſes loſt, no reaſon bridle can.
And thus by baſe ingratitude we ſee
How *Ennus* brought himſelf to miſery.
Behold a gentle nature! *Æſops* love
From *Ennus* all his former wrongs remove.
He doth affect him ſtill, (although he may
A heavy and ſevere chaſtiſement lay
With juſtice upon *Ennus*) and with mild
And gentle words inſtructs him as a child:
Then takes him home agen; (there hath not been
In any Age ſcarce half ſuch kindneſſe ſeen)
Reſpects him ſtill, and (as he firſt begun)
Gives him the right of an adopted Sonne.
But this contents not *Ennus*, ſtill his mind
Is troubled and doth new *Chimera's* find,
Which freſhly do his vexed ſoul ſuggeſt,
That *Æſops* wrongs can never be redreſt:
And now with horrour and diſtraction flies,
Seeking a place to end his miſeries;
Runnes up and down; at length a mountain ſteep,
Whoſe hanging head ore-looks th' unfadom'd deep,
Nimbly aſcends, thruſt on by raſh diſpair,
Falls headlong through a ſteep deſcent of air;
Till the all-ſwallowing waves a grave do lend,
And to his moſt unthankfull breath give end.
Thus (though a while ungratefull men may flouriſh)
Theſe crimes orethrow them wch themſelves do nouriſh.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

Æ SOP resolves the former Queſtion of the King of Egypt who had projected to build a Tower in the Air.

Æ SOP after this ſending for the Fowlers, commands them to catch him four young Eagles: which being caught, he brought up, and taught them to carry young children in baskets, and obſerve them in what they ſhould command. The winter now being paſt, and ſpring coming on, he provides all things ready for his journey, taking the Eagles and the children departs into *Egypt*, to the great admiration of the people of that Countrey. *Nectenabo* hearing that *Æſop* was come, I am enſnared, quoth he to his friends, for I underſtood that *Æſop* was dead. The King commanded the day after that all the officers ſhould come together, clad in white robes, and he himſelf put on his royall attire, and his Imperiall Diadem. When he was ſet upon his high Throne, commanded *Æſop* to be brought: To what do you liken me quoth he to *Æſop*, and thoſe that are with me? Thee, quoth *Æſop*, I liken to the vernall ſunne, and thoſe with thee to a ripe harveſt; the King admiring his anſwer, beſtowed many favours upon him. The next day the King came

came clad in white, but commanded his friends to put on their purple, when *Æsop* came in he asked him the same questions. Thee, saith he, I compare to the sun, those that stand about thee to the sun-beams. *Nectenabo* enquires what he thought concerning his Kingdome, whether it was not farre beyond that of *Lycerus*? Do not think so quoth *Æsop*, for your Kingdome compared with his, though it shine like the sun-beams, yet if you compare it with his, the glory of it is palpable darkneſſe. *Nectenabo* admiring his answer, enquires where they were that should build the tower? They are ready, if you will shew us the place. The King going out of the City shews him a large plain: *Æsop* following him, brings the four Eagles, with the children hanged in baskets about them, and giving the children working instruments, bad them fly: they being carried aloft, cryed out bring us stones, morter, and timber fit for buildin g. *Nectenabo* seeing the children carried aloft by the Eagles, sayes to *Æsop*, how should I do for flying men? He replies, *Lycerus* hath such; thou being but a man, wilt thou contend with a King equall to the gods? *Nectenabo* confesses himself conquered: but let me enquire of thee, and do thou answer me further. I have here Mares, who when they hear the Horses of *Babylon* neigh, forthwith they conceive; if thou canst resolve me this, let me see it presently. I will give you an answer to morrow quoth he; going thereupon to his lodging, he commanded the boyes to take a Cat and drag her about the City; The *Egyptians* seeing, forthwith carry the report to the King, for they worship this animal; The King calling *Æsop* to him, asked him whether he did not know how that the *Egyptians* do worship to the cat. It did no small injury to *Lycerus* the King, quoth *Æsop*, for this cat the last night kill'd his fighting cock, which gave him intelligence how the tedious night passed. Art thou not ashamed to lie quoth the King? How could the cat in one night go from *Egypt* to *Babylon*? He smiling replied, and how, O King, can the mares of *Egypt* conceive upon

on the neighing of the horses in *Babylon*? The King attending the wisdome of *Æsop*, admired at his fortunate Genius. Not long after this he sent for men from *Heliopolis* to question with *Æsop*, with whom when they had disputed, he invites home to a banquet. When they were set, one of the *Heliopolitans* sayes to *Æsop*, I am sent from one of my gods to ask thee a question; Its false, quoth *Æsop*, the gods have no need to learn any thing, thou dost not onely bewray thy own ignorance, but accusest one of thy gods. Another again replies, there is an huge Temple, and a Column bearing up twelve stately Cities, each of which are born up with thirty rafters, which two women constantly course about. To this *Æsop* answers; The Temple is this World, the Column the Year, the Cities the Moneths, the rafters the dayes of the Moneth, the day and the night are two women interchangeably succeeding each other. The day following *Nectenabo* calling his friends about him, said, For this *Æsop*, we ow tribute to King *Lycerus*. One of them replied, we will command him to answer us to questions which we know not, nor ever heard of. To morrow, quoth *Æsop*, I will return you answer. Departing therefore he made a writing, wherein was contained, *scil. Nectenabo confesses he ows a thousand talents to Lycerus*, in the morning he brought this to the King. The Kings friends, before the writing was opened, all cried out, we know this, and have heard of it already. I thank you for confessing, quoth *Æsop*, did you ever know or hear that the King of *Egypt* owed King *Lycerus* a thousand talents? *Nectenabo* concludes, saying, *Lycerus* is very happy, having so learned a man in his Kingdome; and thereupon gave him the tribute agreed to be paid, and most friendly dismissed him.

BY this time Winter's past; the time drew on,
That *Æsop* now must give solution
To th' King of *Egypts* question; he provides,
And with all winged speed to *Egypt* rides,

Bearing four Eagles with him, which he had
Brought up, and for his purpose usefull made,
Unto whose feet four children fastned were
In baskets, that as th' Eagles mount the air,
They might support the children: b'ing arriv'd,
Th' Egyptian King him joyfully receiv'd.
The entertainment past, he asks the King
Where he shall now erect this wondrous thing?
So straight into a spacious field they go,
Which *Nectenabus* did to *Æsop* show,
And told him that's the place: *Æsop* survayes
The ground; and at each severall corner layes
An Eagle and a Child: The Eagles flie,
And with them bear the children up on high;
Till *Æsop* cries; Send up some Lab'rers King,
That thither may your stones and morter bring,
Before they go too high; and quickly they
Shall to thy Tower the foundation lay.
But when the King perceived *Æsops* wit,
He was with admiration struck at it;
And yields his tribute lost; but yet to try
Once more ingenious *Æsops* subtilty,
He now propounds a question, which was this;
A stately Temple in a place there is,
Wherein a Column stands, that Column rears
Twelve other, each of them a City bears;
And o're each City thirty sails are spread,
Upon the which two Women hourely tread.
Æsop replies, The Temple Heaven call,
The Column Earth, the which supporteth all
The twelve great Cities; and those Cities may
Be term'd the Months: the thirty sails display
The dayes of every month; the Day and Night
The Women are, one black, the other white.
Thus *Æsop* by his wisedome could foresee,
And soon unfold the closest Mysterie;
Whom now the King with farre more great regard
Doth entertain, and bount'ously reward:

And

And after many Diſputations paſt,
'Twixt him and the Philoſophers, with haſte
Æſop returns to *Babylon*, to bring
The Tributes paid by the *Egyptian* King.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ÆSOP *comes again to* Babylon.

ÆSOP at length returning into *Babylon*, declares all that fell out in *Egypt*, and gave the tribute to King *Lycerus*, who commanded a famous ſtatue to be erected to the renowned glory and memory of *Æſop*: Not long after he determined to ſail into *Greece*, and ſo with the Kings leave departed, ſwearing he would return again into *Babylon*, and there end his dayes. After he had viewed all the Countreys of *Greece*, and made himſelf famouſly known for his wiſdome, he arrived at laſt in *Delphos*.

ÆSOP arrives at *Babylon*, whom all (Hall,
The Sages meet, and bring to th' Kings great
Where he preſents the tribute, and doth tell
His Diſputations, and what elſe befell:
Which b'ing related, feaſting was prepar'd,
No ſumptuous coſt for entertainment ſpar'd;

So highly *Æsop* was esteem'd, that when
The King had seen him but return agen,
He thinks him 'bove a man, his wit was so,
That from a mortall brain it could not flow;
And to expresse his admiration more,
And shew his noble gratitude, before
In publick Market he a Statue rears,
Which *Æsops* Portraicture and Image bears,
That after times might not unmindfull be,
Of *Æsops* wisdome and true industrie.
But Æsop now, whose ever-working mind,
Though much he knew, more knowledge seeks to find,
Once more resolves to travell; which intent
Dislik'd the King, unwilling to consent:
Till Æsop, by a faithfull promise made
Soon to return, do's th' easie King perswade,
And so for *Greece* departs; that Region he
Of all the rest desirous is to see;
Where, in what place soever he remains,
By affabilitie kind usage gains:
(So court'ous wise, and affable was he
That good behaviour hid deformitie)
Thus through all *Greece* he travells; every place
Making him welcome with respective grace,
Till he arriv'd at *Delphos*, whose crosse fate
We in the following Chapter shall relate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

ÆSOP *coming to* Delphos, *is betrayed, and relates the* Fable *of the* Rat *and the* Frog.

WHen he was arrived at *Delphos*, many very gladly gave ear to his eloquence; but gave him little respect. He therefore looking upon them, said, ye men of *Delphos*, I may fitly compare you to the wood which is carried upon the Sea, seeing it afarre off, we judge it of great value, when 'tis come near we slight it. So I, when I was far from your City, did admire you, but coming amongst you, I find you the most useleſse amongst men, thus I am mistaken. When the *Delphians* heard this, fearing, lest he should disparage them in other places where he travelled, they determined craftily to make him away. And hereupon they took a golden cup out of *Apollo's* Temple, and cunningly put it amongst Æsops baggage. He not aware of their subtilty, went his way to *Phocide*, the *Delphians* after him, and charged him with sacrilledge. He denies the fact, they untie his baggage, and find the cup, which they shew to the Citie with no small uproar. *Æsop* seeing their subtilty, desired them to let him loose: they were so farre from that, that they cast him into prison, and passed sentence upon him. Now *Æsop* no wayes able to extricate himself from

their wiles, bemoans himself in prison as he sate; while he was lamenting himself, a familiar friend, *Demas* by name, came to him, and desired to know the cause of his grief. Thus he replies; A woman having newly buried her husband, wept daily at his grave: one plowing not farre off, fell in love with the woman, and leaving his oxen, went himself to the grave, and wept with her. She asked him, why do you lament thus? Because I have lately, quoth he, buried a good woman, and after I have lamented her, I find much ease. The very same hath happened to me, quoth the woman. If we are in the same case of mishap, why may we not make our selves happy in marrying together? for I love thee as well as my wife, and thou lovest me as well as thy husband: while this discourse held, a thief came and stole away his oxen. Returning home without his oxen, he determined to weep excessively. The woman meeting him, weep you still, quoth she? Now saith he, I have cause to weep. So I, having avoided many dangers, have full cause to mourn, not knowing any wayes to escape this. After this came the *Delphians*, and drew him by force out of prison to a steep and craggy precipice. Whereupon he thus spake to them; when beasts spake, the mouse was a familiar friend to the frog, invited her to supper, carried her into the store house of a rich man, where there was good food. Eat, saith the mouse, my good friend. After this banquet was ended, the frog led the mouse to supper with her, but that you be not weary with swimming, quoth the frog, I will fasten with a small thred your leg to mine; this done, she leapt into the water, the mouse is drowned before they get half over; who dying, thus said, you are the cause of my death, but your betters will vindicate me: The Eagle seeing the mouse dead, and swimming in the pond snatcheth at her, and carrying her away, finds the frog hanging by a string at her foot, and so makes an end of both. Thus I, who innocently am to die by your hands, shall find an avenger; for all *Babylon* and *Greece*, will require my life at your hands.

ÆSOP

ÆSOP in *Greece* ſuch love now having found,
And with ſuch good reſpect his *wiſdome* crown'd,
He next intends for *Delphos* to prepare,
Where ſtands *Apollo's* Temple, hoping there
To find moſt welcome; but (as in a fair
And pleaſant Meadow Serpents hidden are,
And in the longeſt graſſe do lurking lie,
To ſting th' unwary travellers paſſe by,
While heedleſly they on them tread:) ſo here
While *Æſop* wiſemen ſeeks, moſt clowns appear;
Who (envious at his knowledge) plot and ſtrive
Æſop of life and fortunes to deprive:
Yet without cauſe produc'd, or publick ſhew
Of juſt proceedings, durſt not ſeem to ſow
Their open malice, 'gainſt him; wherefore one
More ſubtile then the reſt, while to be gone
From *Delphos* *Æſop* with all ſpeed doth hie,
Conveighs into his Cloak-bag ſecretly
A golden Cup, which from *Apollo's* fane,
The Prieſt accuſeth *Æſop* to have tane:
So hue and cry is after *Æſop* ſent
And apprehends him although innocent;
Taxing him of high Sacriledge, and ſo
They ſearch his Male, and do the Goblet ſhow
Before a Judge; then back they *Æſop* force
To *Delphos*, where arraign'd, without remorce
The Judge him dooms to die, though each one knew
The accuſation falſe, and *Æſop* true.
But *Æſop* now (his Sentence being paſt)
(As richeſt Pearls among the Swine b'ing caſt,
Regardleſſe quite are loſt) to them doth tell
A witty *Fable*; trying to expell
Their malice againſt him, which thus begun;

The FABLE.

BEtween the *Rat* and *Frog* great love is grown;
The *Rat* invites the *Frog* with him to dine;
Great delicates provided were and Wine,

No coſt was ſpar'd : paſt Dinner to requite
The *Rat*, the *Frog* inviteth her at night,
To ſup with her ; but 'twixt their houſes was
A Brook, and dang'rous for the *Rat* to paſſe :
Yet that the *Rat* might o're more ſafely go,
It is decreed, the *Frog* unto her toe
A ſtring ſhould faſten, and the nimble *Rat*
Taking faſt hold, and hanging upon that,
Should ſo be haled over : but as they
(The *Frog* the *Rats* death plotting) ſtrugling lay
I' th' midſt oth' Brook ; a *Kite* (viewing the fray)
Stoops, and both of them ſeiſeth for her prey.
Thus while the *Frog* unjuſtly drew the *Rat*
To ſudden death, ſhe haſtens her own Fate.

So you, whoſe moſt untrue complaints do draw
The heavy judgements of the *Grecian* Law
Againſt my innocence ; the gods ſhall take
Due vengeance on your Countrey for my ſake.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

ÆSOP is led to execution, where he relateth the Fable *of the* Countrey-Clown *and unjustly receiveth his death, being violently cast down from a steep Rock by the Executioner.*

FOr all this the *Delphians* spared not *Æsop*, though he fled to *Apollo's* temple, they drew him thence, and led him to an high precipice: Hear me, ye men of *Delphos*, quoth *Æsop*. The Hare being pursued by the Eagle, fled into the nest of a Hornet; The Hornet intreats the Eagle to spare the Hare; the Eagle flaps the Hornet with her wing, and devours the Hare; The Hornet observing where the Eagles nest was, flew into it and brake her eggs: the Eagle the next time builds her nest higher, the Hornet serves her so again: The Eagle not knowing what to do, the third time flies up and layes her eggs between the knees of *Jove* (whose bird she is) intreating his preservation of them: The Hornet making a ball of dirt flew into *Joves* lap and there drop'd it, *Jupiter* arising to shake off the dirt, forgetting himself, lets the eggs fall, and brake them. But when he had learned of the Hornet that this was done in revenge of a former injury not willing therefore

that the Eagle ſhould decay in her kind, deſired that the Hornet and the Eagle might be made friends: The Hornet being averſe, *Jupiter* deferr'd the breeding of the Eagle till ſuch a time that no Hornets ſtir. And you men of *Delphos*, deſpiſe not this God to whom I have made my refuge, though he have but a ſmall temple. The *Delphians* little regarding what he had ſaid, hale him to execution. *Æſop* perceiving that nothing prevailed with them, cryes out, ye cruell bloud-thirſty-men give ear to me; A certain Husband-man growing old, had never been out in the City, deſired his ſervants to carry him thither to ſee it: while he was upon the way in his waggon there fell a ſtorm, and it becoming very dark, the Aſſes loſt their way, and led him to a ſteep hill, and now ready to fall down, O *Jove*, quoth he, what injury have I done to thee that I ſhall ſo unhappily be ſlain? eſpecially when my dayes muſt end not by generous Horſes, or good Mules, but by dull Aſſes? And that's my preſent miſery, that I am to be ſlain, not by men of worth and honour, but by the moſt vile and baſe ſort. He now upon the brink to be caſt down, related this *Fable*; A certain man dearly loving his daughter, ſent his wife into the Countrey, and in the mean time violates the chaſtity of his daughter: But ſhe cried out, father, you do amiſſe, I had rather this were done from any but your ſelf, though it proved my perpetuall diſgrace. This I alſo ſay againſt you, O ye unjuſt men of *Delphos*, I had rather have fell into *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, or into the quick-ſand of *Africa* then into your hands, ſo unworthily to be put to death. I call the Gods to witneſſe, that I die wrongfully, who will revenge my unhappy fate. The *Delphians* upon that threw him off the rock, and ſo he died. Not long after a grievous Peſtilence fell out amongſt them, and the Oracle told them, that *Æſop*s wrongfull death was to be expiated. Whereof they being guilty, erected over him a famous Monument: But the heads of *Greece*, and the wiſeſt Sages, when they underſtood what was done againſt *Æſop*,

went

went into *Delphos*, discussed the matter with them, and became severe avengers of innocent *Æsops* death.

WHile thus the *Delphians* slighting *Æsops* wo,
Along with him to execution go,
No just crime laid against him, but the hate
Of his accusers, to pursue his fate:
Envie so much prevail'd, that when he strove
By witty *Fables*, and intreats to move
Some pitty from them; all his foes appear
More deaf then Adders ever-stopped ear.
And all poor *Æsops* sighs and tears were vain,
His wisdome now could no remorse obtain;
But (like a Malefactour) hal'd to death,
Hath scarcely time to speak or draw his breath;
Till at the fatall place arriving, when
Æsop the spectacle of death did ken;
Some time of respite gain'd, he thus did say:

The FABLE.

A Countrey Clown *there was, which from the day*
Of his first birth had ne're the City seen,
But led a Rustick life, and scarce had been
Four miles from home; at last he doth require
Leave of his Lord, (who yielding his desire)
He for a Waggon asses doth provide,
And so in pomp will to the City ride:
But as he goes, a storm arising drives
The Asses from the way, and quite deprives
The silly Clown *of sense, (unskilfull how*
To guide them, being taken from the Plough)
Till wandring up and down, at last they came
To a steep Mountain, and ascend the same:
But at the top for want of guiders skill,
The Cart turns over tumbling down the hill:
While thus the Clown *cries out, great* Jove, *must I*
For no offences die thus wretchedly?

My

My death by Asses me far worse doth grieve,
Then if I it did from the Horse *receive.*
Ev'n so cries *Æsop* fares it now with me,
For I by Asses die most wrongfully;
But if I were by wise and just men try'd,
I thus unjustly should not now have dy'd.
This being hardly utter'd *Æsop* straight
From th' Executioner receives his Fate,
And head-long from a Rock is thrown; whose end
Unjustly wrought, mov'd juster Heav'n to send
A Pestilence through *Delphos*, and to take
Vengeance on them for wronged *Æsops* sake.
And thus the wisest of his times did fall;
Whose death may be a warning unto all,
That guiltlesse bloud revenged still shall be
On them and theirs that shed it wrongfully.

FINIS.

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